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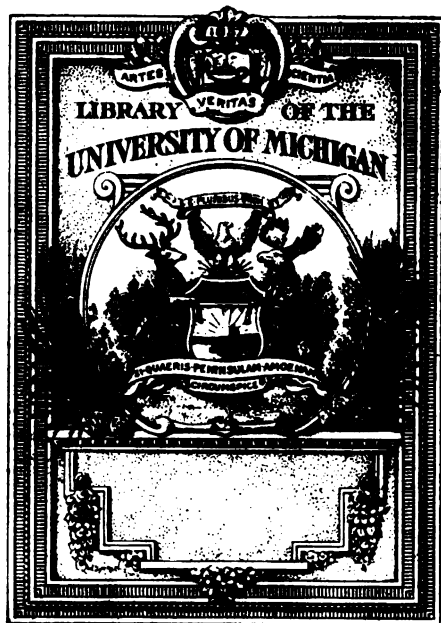
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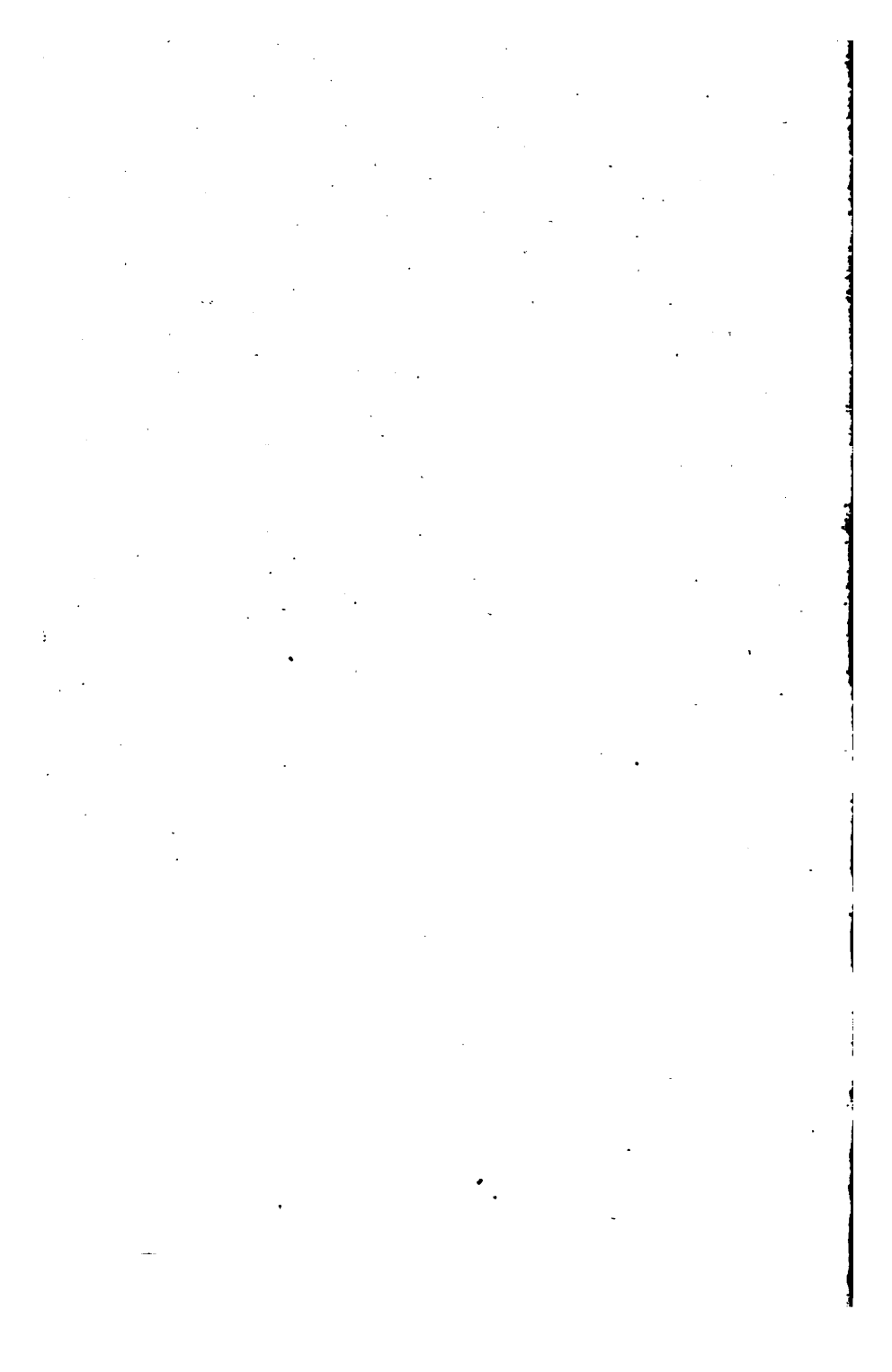


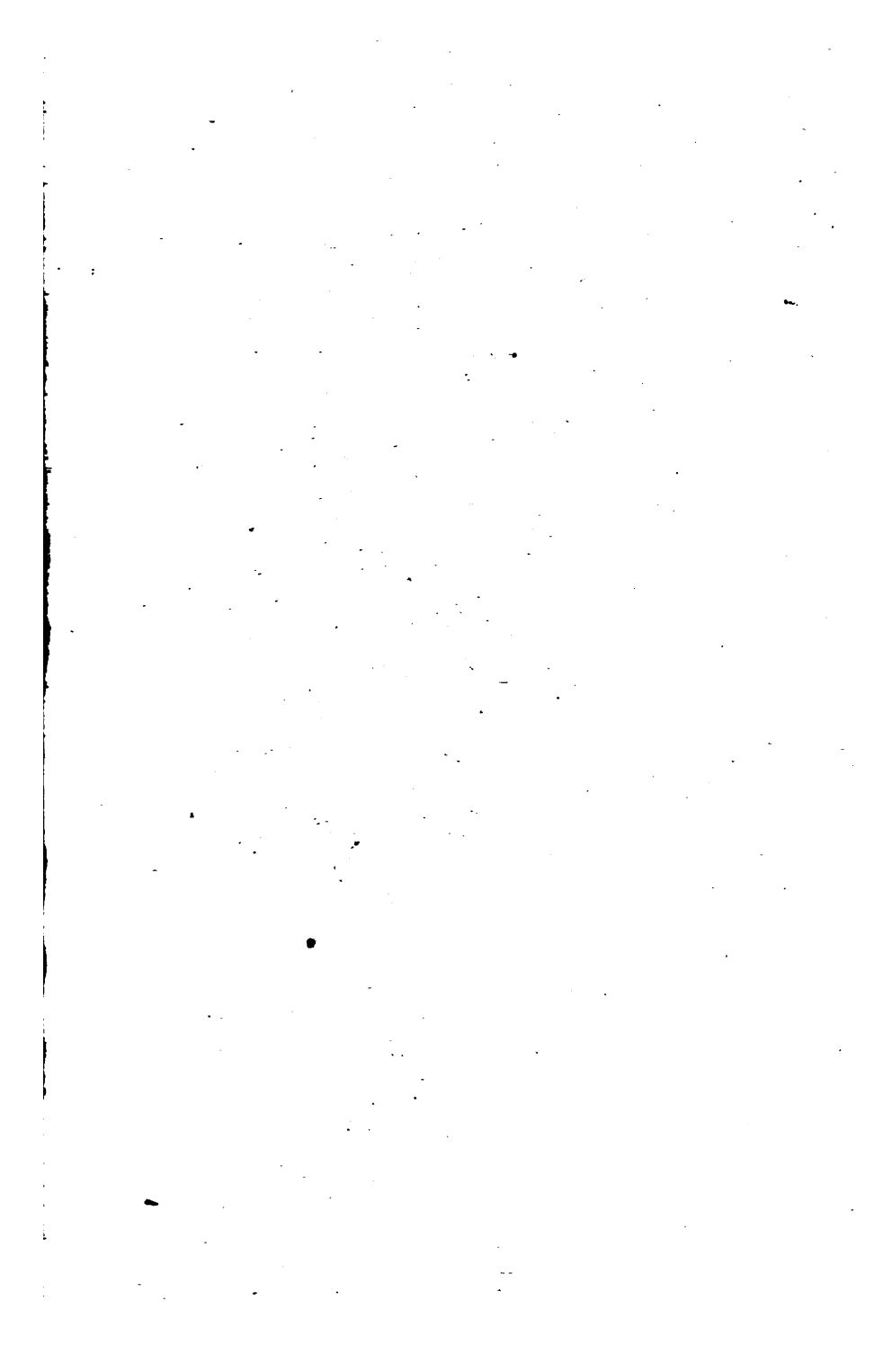
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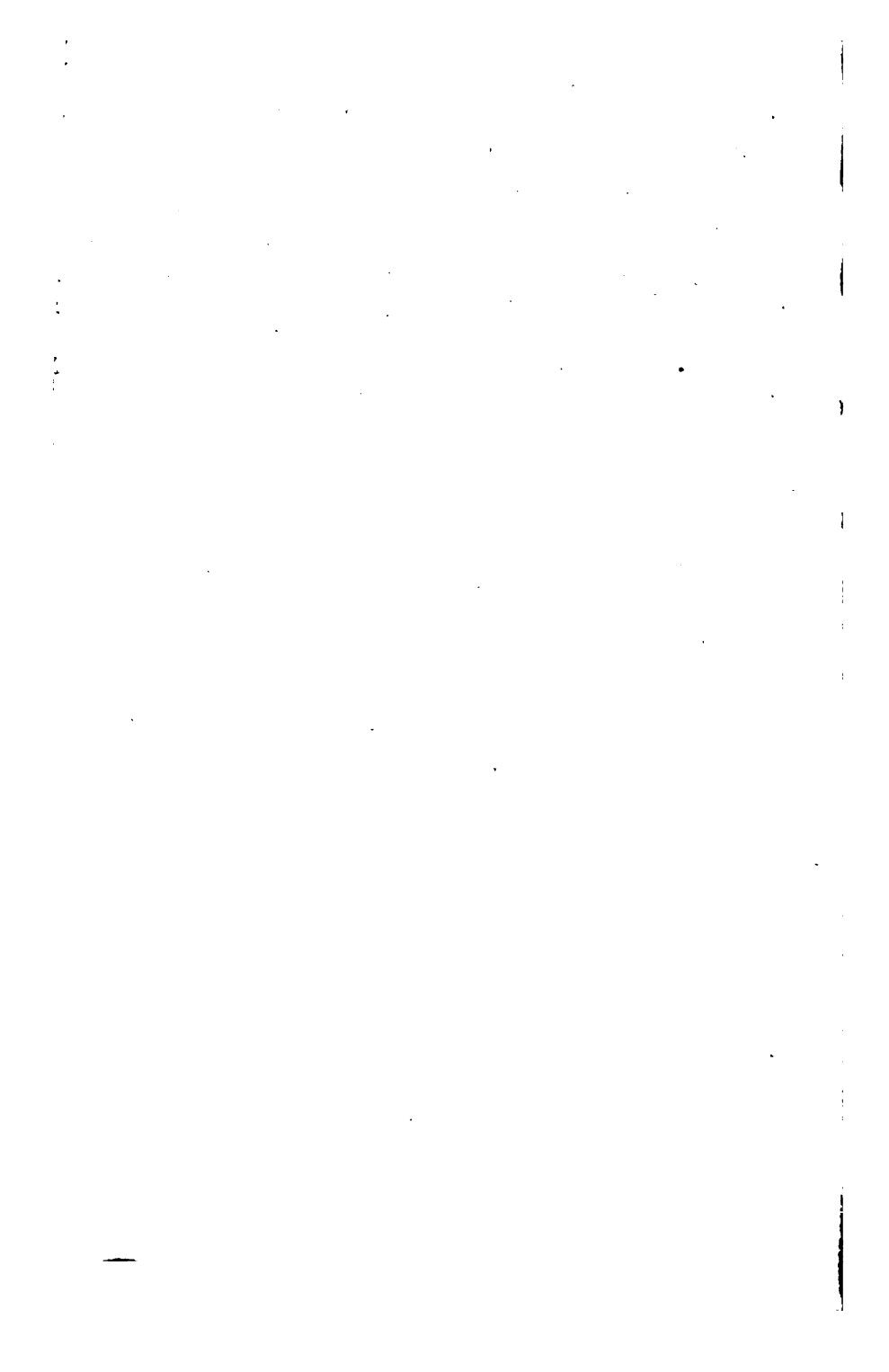
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The Ethics of the Coal Strike

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W.

THE ETHICS OF THE COAL STRIKE.

I TAKE as a text the words to be found in the fifty-sixth chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah in the first verse,—
“Keep ye judgment and do justice.” Keep ye judgment and do justice.

It is not an infrequent thing for ministers to be warned away from the Sunday and pulpit treatment of themes which are supposed to chiefly concern the political or business interests of society. I frankly confess that I have no right on Sunday morning and in this place to discuss business problems as business problems or political questions as political questions.

And there has been always a certain section of the religious world which has turned aside from dealing with any of these things in any of their aspects. The priest has always been inclined to be quiescent, to care for the institution and the ceremony, and to let the great practical problems of life be settled without his help; but the prophet has always been meddling with these other affairs. John the Baptist lost his head for meddling with the condition of things existing in his day; but he has been mightier from that day to this than has Herod, who was able to take his head. Jesus lost his life for meddling with affairs that the people of the time thought did not concern him; but Jesus is to-day king of the world in a sense of which it can be said of no other, however mighty he may be.

I believe it is the duty, not only the right, of every minister to discuss great practical problems of righteousness, whether they be mingled with political or social or industrial affairs or not,—his right, his duty.

By frequent iteration of the phrase, Matthew Arnold has made us familiar with the saying that "conduct is three-fourths of life." Meditation, worship, the quiet of the cloister, reverence, admiration,—all these other sides of religion are good; but that religion is without vitality or power which does not regulate the conduct of men.

We are face to face to-day with certain great practical questions of fundamental righteousness; and it is our business to think them out clearly, if we can, and then act upon our convictions. There are principles which are involved in this case, much wider than any temporary coal strike. They go down to the very fundamental ideas of our republic, and touch those liberties and rights for the maintenance of which this republic was established. I offer no apology, then, for attempting to do what seems to me clearly my duty:

The fact that labor troubles exist ought not to worry or discourage us. There are no labor troubles in Central Africa, nor in China, nor in India. There are very few, if any, in the rural districts of Russia. People are not troubled over the solution of problems which do not exist; and the problems which are concerned with the progress of society come into existence when society begins to progress. The fact, then, that labor troubles exist only indicates that society is suffering from growing pains. It is because the people have waked up to the idea that they can better themselves, and are trying to better themselves, that we are face to face with difficulties like these.

I wish to say at the outset that by impulse and sympathy I am always in favor of him who is technically spoken of as the "laboring man." My birth and my boyhood training allied me with the laboring man. I have been a laboring man ever since, and in the true sense of the word a wage-earner; and I expect to be one so long as I live. My sympathies then, at the first blush, always go out towards the man who is seeking to better himself, to lift himself to a higher level in any department of his life. So that, what-

ever position I take this morning, you will understand that it is not biassed by any prejudice against the "working classes," as we technically choose to call them.

The present situation grows out of the fact that two great organizations are pitted against each other, each striving for the mastery. So that at the outset it may be well for us to consider for a moment this question of organization, combination, trust,—by whatever name you choose to call it. Are these things right? Of course, they are right. Let us see what the principle is which is involved.

If a porter in a hotel has a trunk to move which is so heavy that he cannot lift it alone, he calls in some one to help him; and right in there is the fundamental principle of every organization, combination or trust, whether on the part of capital or labor, that you can find anywhere on the face of the earth. If a man cannot carry on his business so advantageously alone, he unites with somebody else to help him; and you have a firm, two or three or a half a dozen in that. Where are you going to set the limit? If a hundred choose to unite, who shall say that the principle is not the same? And, whether it is a combination of capital or labor, shall we not be obliged to confess that people have a perfect right to combine?

And yet we are naturally, instinctively, and I believe rightly, jealous of a great power, whether it is in the hands of an individual or a corporation. The best government on the face of the earth would be an absolute despotism if we only had an angel for the despot. If we had a perfectly wise and perfectly good man, then, we could do no better than put the management of affairs into his hands; but we have learned by experience that there are not a great many of that kind of people. If they are wise, they are not always good, and, if they are good, they are not always wise; and frequently they are neither very wise nor very good.

And, if we had a man in the management of affairs to-day who was both wise and good, he would not live forever;

and, if we admit the principle, the next incumbent of the position might betray our trust. We are therefore jealous of granting too much power to organizations of any kind.

I believe, for example, that capitalists have a perfect right to organize in any way they will; but they have no right to use the power of that organization in any way they please. For, how many soever there may be interested in a particular corporation or trust, there are thousands and tens of thousands more in the great public who are equally interested in the way in which its affairs are conducted.

So I believe that the President of the United States is wholly right when he says that there ought to be some power lodged in the government of the United States that can safeguard the rights of the people when they are threatened by great combinations of capital or great combinations of any kind. A capitalistic corporation, for example, has no right to combine to limit the product of something the people want and need. It has no right to combine for the sake of unduly and unnecessarily advancing prices, so that they may pocket the advantages themselves and let the public pay the bills.

A corporation, then, is limited in every direction,—rightly limited,—in the exercise of its powers, because it is the creation of a public necessity; and it deals with public necessities, and the public welfare is always paramount.

And, when we come to deal with a corporation of laborers, are we not face to face with exactly the same principles? I believe in the organization of labor. Laborers have just as much right to organize as capitalists have; and I believe that they can work out problems of their development and progress in that way as they cannot possibly single-handed and alone. They have a right, then, I believe, and the right perhaps passes into a duty, to organize for the sake of helping on their own condition and the progress of mankind. But precisely the same principles apply here, it seems to me, as apply to the organization of capital.

Let me note right here, before passing, one important principle, lest it should be forgotten. Capitalists' organizations are at the present time responsible before the law, no matter whether the laws are at present arranged so they can touch every point of their conduct or not. They are legal corporations, and legally responsible.

I believe that labor organizations ought to be compelled to become legally corporate, and so legally responsible to somebody, to the powers of the States or of the United States. But a corporation of laborers has no right, any more than an organization of capital, to limit production for personal advantage, to say that the public shall not have as much of any particular product as it needs or desires. It has no right to limit the number of laborers. It has no right to say that only such and such persons shall engage in this or that occupation.

I believe, for example, that it is wise for them to attempt to increase their wages just as much as the prosperity of the country and the condition of business affairs will permit. I believe that they ought to try to shorten their hours of work just as fast and as far as the industrial conditions of the time will allow. Men must have leisure if they are to think, if they are to study, if they are to become educated or civilized.

And if you say, as I hear people saying constantly, What is the use of increasing a man's wages when he is likely to spend them for drink? or What is the use of giving a man leisure when he is likely to abuse it? — if you ask that question, my reply is this: The laboring man has just as much right to use his wages for drink as the rich man. He has just as much right to abuse his leisure as the rich man. Neither of them has any right; but until the rich are free from faults of this kind they cannot very safely use that kind of argument against increased wages and increased hours of leisure for the workingman.

A great many persons will abuse their time if they have it.

A great many people will misuse their money if they get it. But look abroad over society, and see how many people who are not laborers are misusing time and money; and let us not throw stones at the workman. At any rate, they must have opportunity, if they are ever to better themselves.

I admit, then, these principles; and they seem to me so clear-cut that we need to take them for granted before we can profitably discuss the great problems which are involved in the present condition of affairs.

Capital, then, has a right to combine. Labor has a right to combine. Each has a right in every legitimate way to better itself. But neither has a right to disregard the welfare of the great outside public; neither has a right to misuse its power to the injury of the other.

Just how are we situated at the present time? For months there has been a great strike in the anthracite coal regions. We could look on with comparative equanimity while the old supply of coal lasted. We could imagine that the strike would end before there was any great amount of cold. While the warm weather continued, we did not wake up to any thought that we might ever be cold. So we have patiently looked on, and wondered what was going to happen next.

Now I shall not claim to know the inside history of the strike. I shall not assert anything that is not a matter of common knowledge, so far as I believe. They say that the operators are to blame for the present condition of affairs, because they have imported large amounts of cheap and ignorant and irresponsible labor in the times of strikes in the past, and that they are now suffering as a result of their attempts in this way to get ahead of the strikers of previous years. This may or may not be true. I do not propose to go into that.

It is said again that the operators have capitalized their mines to such an extent that they are attempting now to get an income for much more than their real value, and so that their claim that they cannot profitably operate the mines is a

fallacious one. Whether this is true I do not know : I only mention it, that you may know that these points have not been overlooked.

On the other hand, I cannot convince myself, after the most careful study that I have been able to make, that the miners at the time the strike was inaugurated were in any condition of extreme suffering. They had a perfect right to try to get higher wages and shorter hours if they could in any legitimate way ; but there was no such necessity or widespread suffering among the strikers as to rouse the popular sympathy of the country, as for people who were abused, down-trodden, or maltreated in any special way. They were not as well off as they would like to be,—none of us are. They were not as well off as I wish they were. I freely grant that I wish they might have shorter hours and larger pay.

I simply wish to say that we need not be troubled in making up our minds as to what ought to be done by any condition of actual suffering on the part of the miners or their families at the time the strike was inaugurated. They were at the time fairly comfortably off ; some of them, as I know of my personal experience and observation, a good deal more than that.

But the strike has been going on now for months and months ; and we are beginning anxiously to stare into the pitiless eyes of a winter such as this country has not seen for a good many years. The poor in all our great cities are likely very soon to be face to face with actual distress ; children are to suffer with the cold ; mothers are to hear the little ones crying, and not be able to help them. Hospitals and charitable institutions all over the country are going to be crippled in their operation. Schools, they tell me, are likely to be closed because the coal supply cannot be obtained. Colleges, universities,—the whole country is facing a condition of actual need ; and not only this, but, as coal enters into the product of almost everything else, we are likely to see the prices of all the necessities of living rising day by day, with-

out any increase of wages or increase of ability of those who are needing to obtain their supplies.

If those who are comparatively well off could forget, and not suffer sympathetically, we might not be so seriously troubled. But the great masses of the people are face to face with actual need. And what shall be done about it?

I wish right here, before I go on to the condition of things in the coal fields and discuss methods of finding a way out of the trouble, to point out one fact to the consideration of which the public is only beginning to arouse itself. No matter what the merits of the controversy may have been in the first place, no matter whether the operators or the workmen are to blame, we have got beyond that. The condition is becoming intolerable; and the great outside party to the difficulty, the suffering public, must come in and demand its rights. No matter who is to blame in the first place, why should the public stand aside, do all the suffering, and pay all the bills? The public has a right to demand that this condition of things shall be ended, and ended at once.

Now I ask you to consider with me for a little the condition of things in the coal fields, as to whether there are any principles of righteousness which are being disregarded there.

Strikers have a perfect right to strike. That is a simple statement; but it has very serious limitations. Manufacturers or corporations of any kind which are carrying on a large business have a right to establish a lockout, we will say. Have they? Yes and no. If the condition of things gets to be such that a lockout is necessary, they have a right to stop work; but men who have trained hundreds of thousands of people to look to them for employment and support have no right to cut off that employment and support merely as a matter of whim, or to spite somebody, or as an expression of personal anger.

So workmen have a perfect right to strike. Yes. But here again the rights of the operators and the rights of the

public must be regarded. They have no right to strike merely for personal gain, merely for a little temporary advantage, merely as the result of whim, merely because they are angry with their employers or for any reason of that sort. They have a right to strike only when the condition of things becomes intolerable, and this seems to be the only way out of the difficulty.

Then they have a right to strike. But—and here is the point we are facing now—no body of men on the face of this earth has any right to interfere with the liberty of any other man. This is a fundamental principle of human rights, fundamental to the very safety and perpetuity of our republic.

Two men have a disagreement. They are talking about arbitrating, they are discussing it. The matter is pending. Meantime one of them assaults or attempts to murder the other. Has he any right after that to talk about arbitration? He is a criminal, and ought to deal with the police and the courts first, and talk about arbitration and his rights as a business man afterwards.

The strikers in Pennsylvania have put themselves in the attitude of criminals before the law and the organization of United Mine Workers has taken a position that is criminal through and through. If Mr. Mitchell has no power to preserve order and protect life and prevent assault and the burning of houses and use of dynamite on the part of his followers, he should confess that as a man, and resign his position. If he has power to do it and does not exercise it, then he himself is a criminal before the law.

I do not vouch for its accuracy; but I wish to read to you a list of things that have happened during this coal strike as published in yesterday's *Sun*. If it is not correct, the *Sun* is responsible.

Killed, 14; severely injured, 42; shot from ambush, 16; aggravated assaults, 67; attempts to lynch, 1; houses dynamited, 12; houses burned, 3; buildings burned, 10; washeries burned, 3; stockades burned, 2; riots, 69; works

dynamited, 6; trains dynamited, 1; railroad bridges dynamited, 4; railroads seized, 5; trains wrecked, 6; attempted wrecks, 9; trains attacked, 7; strikes in schools, 14.

Not only this. I am credibly informed that ministers have been persecuted and abused for attending the funeral of a person or member of his family because he did not belong to the union. I am also credibly informed that doctors have been assaulted because they would attend the sick in families of those not belonging to the union.

It seems to me, friends, that the country is getting altogether too callous and indifferent to this fundamental principle of the right to life and liberty, the right to labor and live our own lives and sell our own labor in our own way. If these rights are not guaranteed then the republic is a failure. We are getting altogether too indifferent to such matters. If things had happened during the last five years in Bulgaria, or Roumania, or anywhere else in Europe, which have happened in these United States, we should have been on fire with indignation; but we are getting indifferent to it,—people mobbed, assaulted, burned at the stake, while hundreds congregate to see the horror. These things are getting common, so common that the cheeks of American citizens ought to tingle with shame, that we ought to rouse ourselves, and every power which we possess, and cry until the governors of the States prevent these things, or, if the governors will not prevent them, then appeal to the United States.

Had we not become accustomed to these things, we should not have been so quiet, so ready to let things go in the anthracite region. It seems to me, no matter what the merits of the strike may have been originally, that the Union of United Mine Workers is to-day out of court as criminal before the law, and that the first thing to be done is to establish and maintain order, to protect liberty, life, property, freedom of activity; for, as I said, if we do not possess these, then what is the use of the forms of law or the maintenance of the republic?

Now I wish to discuss with you for a little several proposed ways out of the difficulty. Of course, we should all have been glad if the operators and the union could have found some way of coming to terms voluntarily, if they could have settled the matter themselves. Of course, that would have been the best way. But they have not settled it; and, so far as we can see, there is no immediate prospect of their coming to an agreement.

What next? The Democratic party, in convention assembled, has recently declared in favor of government seizure and ownership of mines. I cannot go into a discussion of so large a question as socialism. If you wish to see how it has worked on a small scale recently, find and read an account of the doings of the Borough of West Ham, one of the great suburbs of London. See what they have come to under socialistic rule during the last few years. It will be worth your study. The Socialists had been in control there since 1898. They have just got rid of them, and they have left the borough in debt somewhere near two million of pounds, to say nothing of mischief of every other kind which they have left behind.

But whether you believe in socialism or not, in the government ownership of the mines or not, there is no use in discussing that now: the public cannot wait. How would you get control of the mines? The President would have to call a special session of Congress, and there is no certainty that it would vote in favor of anything of the sort, if we wanted them to; and I do not believe that the sober second thought of the country would want them to do anything of the kind. The government has not yet proved itself a good business manager. It carries on the Post-office fairly well, but always with a tremendous deficit, which the people are glad to pay for the benefits received. Whether the government would be a good manager of the mines of Pennsylvania nobody knows; but, at any rate, we are standing face to face with immediate distress.

If a man is drowning, it is hardly wise for people on the shore to consider methods of getting him out which they can only put in operation some time next week. We need something done right away. So, whether this government ownership of the mines is a wise thing or not, it is utterly incompetent as a solution of the present difficulty, and so ought to be out of court as to all wise and sensible discussion.

Another thing proposed — some friends of mine whose judgment I usually agree with, and whom I always like to think wise, have been proposing it during the last day or two — is that we have compulsory arbitration. Here, again, we cannot wait for compulsory arbitration. That might be a fine thing. I am not at all sure but I believe in the government establishing a court of arbitration that shall have full powers in the future in regard to matters of this kind; but the people need coal. We are face to face with the prospect of immediate suffering. In order to establish a court of compulsory arbitration, the President again would have to call a special session of Congress; and we are not sure that it would agree with us, even if we wanted them to establish such a court; and meantime we are suffering. We cannot wait for compulsory arbitration.

Is there anybody in the United States who has the power to do anything, and to do it right away? There is one, and I marvel that such a storm of indignation has not swept this country as it has stood face to face with the condition of things as to make the one man who could do it hide himself for very shame. Governor Stone, of Pennsylvania, has had the power any time these three months to put an end to the situation in a week; and he has done nothing. Not only that, but it has been his plain duty to do it. He has forsworn himself as chief magistrate of a great Commonwealth. He pledged himself, on taking the office, to execute the laws. All that he needs to do is to put the laws of Pennsylvania in force for the protection of life, of property,

and of the right of men to work and to sell their work to any one they please. That is all he needs to do ; and he has not tried to do it.*

He should call for the entire military force of the State of Pennsylvania to back him up in this effort to enforce the law ; and, if he has not power enough in the State of Pennsylvania, then he has the right to appeal to the President of the United States, and it will be his duty to back him up with the entire military force of America.

Governor Stone, then, can end the condition, and give us all the coal we need. He can end it in a week. Let the people of this country make their insistence on his doing his duty so strong that he will not dare to defy or disregard it.

Is there anything next, if he will not do it ? I speak very modestly now, I am not quite sure of my ground. I confess that ; but I wish to make one suggestion. If I am wrong, then think I have not said it.

It seems to me that the Constitution of the United States guarantees to every American citizen personal protection, the right to hold and manage his own property, the right to labor when and where and how and for what wages he will. It seems to me that the Constitution of the United States guarantees this to every citizen. The President has no right, we say, to interfere in a State's own affairs ; but suppose an American citizen in Pennsylvania is not being protected by the government of the State. Let us take a parallel.

It has been our grandest pride and boast for years that the power, the majesty, of the United States government, was such that a citizen of the United States should be safe anywhere in the world. We say to any ruler, any emperor, any people anywhere : Touch an American citizen at your peril. The full power of the country shall blaze forth for his defence.

*As I am correcting proof this Tuesday morning, the news comes that Governor Stone has at last admitted the existence of anarchy and violence, and has issued an order calling out the State military.

Is a citizen of the United States to be less safe and less protected within the limits of the United States than in Africa or China or Russia or the South Seas? It seems to me — and I respectfully make this suggestion — that, if the governor of any special State fails to execute the laws and protect the citizens of that State, then the President of the United States would have a right to issue a proclamation calling upon such governor to protect a citizen of the United States, and warning him that, if he did not do it, the authority of the United States would intervene.*

I wish that President Roosevelt, whose intelligence, whose manliness, whose integrity, whose character and noble purpose I thoroughly believe in, would carefully consider this point, and let Governor Stone know that there are certain things which he must do or have them done for him.

It seems to me, then, friends, that, no matter what may have been the original merits of the quarrel, whether the operators or the miners were most to blame, we have got away beyond that situation to-day, and that the miners, the strikers, have so put themselves in the wrong that they have no business to talk about arbitration until they first learn to keep the law.

There is one other point which I should like to suggest in order to make the treatment complete,— the operators have offered at last to arbitrate. Mr. Mitchell has told the country that he does not insist on the recognition of the United Mine Workers as an organization, he only asks for arbitration. The mine owners have said they would arbitrate any question which they could not settle with their own employees by putting it into the hands of the Justices of the Courts of Common Pleas in the region where the dispute is carried on, and they pledge themselves to abide by the result.

In face of that declaration, if Mr. Mitchell is honest, it

* Since preaching this sermon the *Evening Post* has come out editorially advocating this very point, and quoting the United States Statute which gives the President just this power. *The Sun* has taken a similar position.

seems to me that he has no right to continue the present condition of things for twenty-four hours. But no matter whether he is honest or not, or whether the operators are honest or not, or who was to blame in the first place, the great public has its right, and should not be called on needlessly to suffer; and the great fundamental principles of liberty, of life, of property, of occupation,—these, whatever comes, if we are to be free, if there is to be a republic worthy of the name, must be protected.

Our God, the God of justice as well as of love, let us not dare to prate of other things while looking in Thy face, and defying the fundamental principles of truth and right. Let us make ourselves true with Thee, and with Thy eternal principles, and then we know that Thy blessing of liberty and prosperity will come upon us all. Amen.

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IS GOING TO CHURCH A DUTY?

THIS is the question which I am going to try to answer; and my text you will find in the fourteenth chapter of Romans, at the seventh verse: "For none of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself."

A duty is something which is due, something which we owe and ought, so far as possible, to pay. The nature and extent of our obligations to our fellow-men, it seems to me, are rarely considered sufficiently to be adequately understood. How much and what do I owe to humanity? Literally everything,—everything I have, everything I am; and this is so literally and so simply true that no man has a right to say, "I will do as I please with my possessions, my time, or my powers."

Consider for a minute. Suppose I have a strong and fair body. Where did I get it? Is it mine in the sense that I have a right to be proud of it, and that I may do as I please with my physical strength? The long struggle and effort of the race in every stage of its evolution, from brute towards angel, has evolved whatever is fine and fair in the human form; and it is an outright gift to me, whatever of it I may have or say I own.

How about the brain? Perhaps I am more than usually intelligent, or have some remarkable brain power. Is that mine? (When I say "I," I am merely speaking for all the rest of you, as you will understand.) Is this mine? The human race from the beginning, again, has been developing, creating the human brain. When men have thought, and tried to think straight and clear, they have been creating brain cells as much as the athlete in his exercises creates

lung cells. Whatever mental ability I have, then, is an outright gift to me.

How about my conscience, my sense of right? Again, that is the result of the age-long evolution of the human race. How about my religious liberty and opportunities, my high and fine aspirations to reverence and worship? Again, the human race from the beginning has been religious according to its light, as best it has been able; and it has developed all that is high and fine in the religious life of the world, and has conveyed it as an outright gift to me.

Our religious liberty! Every man that has dared to speak in the face of the opposition of his time, every man who has gone to prison or the stake, all who have been consecrated to the high and noble, have been those who have transmitted to me the priceless heritage which I enjoy to-day.

Suppose I am a remarkable business man, have unusual power, shrewdness; put me anywhere you please, I am able to see the situation and control it. Am I to pride myself on that, and say, if I accumulate a large amount of money as the result of it, I may do as I please with it? No! Where did you get your business ability? Again, this is a heritage, an outright gift of the race; and the opportunity, the business chance of which you have taken advantage, every discovery, every invention, everything that has made the race able to conquer and civilize the earth; all that has put its forces within our control, every telegraph wire, every ship that sails the sea,—all these things that have created the present condition of interdependence and interchange among nations have given me my opportunity. These, again, are outright gifts, the result of the age-long struggle and effort of man.

So there is simply and literally nothing that I am or have that I do not owe. No man has any right, then, to stand apart, in isolation and attempted independence, and say, "I will live as I please, and let the old world wag as it will." You are responsible for the way the old world wags, and

under the highest conceivable obligation to do what you can to make things what they ought to be.

One step more, and we shall be ready to find ourselves face to face with a consideration of our relation to the Church. There are a good many ways in which I can serve people; but, if I serve them in the highest things, I serve them most effectively and in the best possible way.

Take, for example, the training of a child. I may train a child to be dependent upon somebody else at every step; but I may be able to appoint guardians and to lay up provision for him in such a way that there shall not be an hour of his life long when every wish may not be attended to. But, if I train my child in such a way that he becomes master of himself, his own faculties and powers, and is able to make provision for himself, do I not do better by him? In that way I not only satisfy indirectly his wants and needs, but I make a man of him, which is infinitely more important.

So you may help a man who is hungry. You give him something to eat; but, if that is all, you must give him something to-morrow, next week, next year, and perhaps until the end of his life. You make him dependent. But, if you can train him, appeal to his self-respect, create in him a high ideal as to what it means to be a man, call out all the latent forces and faculties of his nature, you render him an unspeakably higher service. So, if I can serve men in the best way, I render them the most effective and lasting benefit.

We are now ready to face the question of our relation to the Church, and the question whether there is any duty about it. The title I announced was, "Is going to Church a Duty?" Of course, "going to church" is simply a general term to cover our whole relation to the Church. Ought we to belong to the Church, consecrate ourselves to its service?

Let us see. What is the highest obligation resting upon a man? So far as he personally is concerned, it is that he shall be a man, with all that that implies. What is it to be a man? To be a fine animal? The finer animal you can

be, the better ; but that is not being a man. Cultivate and develop your intellectual power to any extent you please, but that is not all, nor is it the highest.

Herbert Spencer has dwelt, in his last volume, with a great deal of insistent emphasis on the idea that we do not necessarily make people better because we make them know more. He says that the advancement of intellectualization does not necessarily keep step with the work of moralization. If you teach a man to be wise and shrewd, and he has no conscience or character, you only make the more efficient scoundrel of him, that is all.

So intellectual development is not enough ; and intellectual development may be purely and simply selfish. The man who shuts himself up in his library, keeps himself away from his fellow-men, cares only to enjoy his books, may be as selfish as the man who lives only for the saloon, may cut himself off as completely from any vital and helpful relations with his fellow-men. Intellectual development, then, is not enough.

If you cultivate your æsthetic side until you appreciate and admire everything that is beautiful in nature and art, you may not even then transcend that which is purely selfish, you may not come up into that which is highest and most characteristic of your manhood. A man is what ? He is a child of God. He is a soul. He is a spiritual being.

I do not mean now to dogmatize on theological matters. Do not understand the terms I am using from that point of view. The highest and finest thing in a man is love, sympathy, tenderness, pity, helpfulness. No matter what your theological ideas may be, no matter whether you believe in God or the future life or not, so much is true. The highest and most characteristic thing in a man is this which we call spiritual. And, when we say that a man ought to be a man, it means that he ought to climb up and live in these ranges of his being.

Any creature ought to be what it can be. We buy a singing bird, and it does not sing. We feel that we are being cheated. A horse that is destined for the race-course, we say, ought to be able to run. A dray horse may be simply strong and well trained. A pointer dog must point. A setter dog must set. We claim that a creature ought to be what it is called and capable of being. A man ought to come up and live in the spiritual ranges of his being. If he does not, he is not a man, is not true to the highest and noblest conception of his being.

Can a man do this alone? Can he do it out of relation to his fellow-men? Can he go into his library or into the woods, and do it? Can he do it simply on his own account? To ask the question is to answer it. A magnet might as well be a magnet, and not attract anything. A river might as well be called a river, when it is incapable with the onward rush of its waters to turn the wheels of a mill that is adapted to their power. The sun is a sun only as it shines. A man, then, is a man, in the highest and truest sense of the word, only as he cultivates the highest and finest qualities that make him a spiritual being; and these are the ones which of necessity relate him vitally and helpfully to his fellow-men.

You cannot love and sympathize and be tender and helpful all by yourself, and with nobody to love, with whom to sympathize, towards whom you are to be helpful. The very fact of cultivating these things, which constitute you in the highest and truest sense of the word a man, of necessity put you in vital and helpful relation to your fellow-men.

What then? The Church is the only organization on the face of the earth that has this cultivation of manhood, this development of the highest and most essential characteristics of men and women, as its one essential aim. The Church exists for this. It is a place where these faculties and powers are appealed to, where they are called out and developed, where they are directed and brought into play. This is what the Church is for; and there is no other organization in all

the wide world the one aim and end and object of which is to make manhood and womanhood.

I do not mean to say that a man cannot cultivate these qualities and not go into a church during the whole length of his life; I do not say that he cannot be such a man and not become united with any ecclesiastical organization; but I do say this: he must cultivate those qualities and faculties in him, and he must live the kind of life that the Church exists to cultivate and help him attain. So he must, if he do not link himself with any outside and visible Church, *be* what the Church is for. He cannot escape it.

So that the essential truth of our contention remains; and, if a man with difficulty lives this kind of life without associating himself with those of us who are trying to live it, he admits the supremacy of those things for which the Church stands and which constitute it what it is.

Another point. We do not believe any longer in those conceptions of God and the future life which used to make it the one great end and aim of the Church to save the soul from the wrath of God in another life. There was no trouble in getting people to go to church in the old days, when everybody believed that the Church was the one means by which their souls could be saved from eternal wrath.

If a man is drowning and a boat puts out to his rescue, it does not require a great deal of eloquence to persuade him to get aboard. But this idea of the Church has passed away. People no longer believe in that kind of punishment in another life, or that the Church under any of its forms has exclusive power to save men from that kind of wrath of God.

But does it follow, therefore, that we do not need any preparation for that other life? I believe we need preparation quite as definite and distinct and earnestly pursued as men supposed themselves to need in the days gone by. I believe neither in rewards nor punishments in this world or in any other, using those words in their arbitrary sense; but I believe with my whole soul in results in this world and in all

others, believe there is no other one thing so essentially urged and uttered by our modern scientific conception of the universe as this,— the inevitable connection between cause and effect, in this world and in every world.

What then? Go on and pass through the shadow, and issue, as I believe, into that other life which is the next step beyond this. Does it make no difference whether I am ready for it or not? As an illustration, suppose you were liable to be caught up by some force that was beyond your control, carried on board a ship, and compelled to sail for some other country. Suppose you were liable to this at any minute. Would it be of no concern to you to know what you could about that country, to understand something of its manners and customs, to learn, if you could, the speech of its people, so that, when you got there, you would not be entirely out of your element?

I believe in that other country. I believe — yea, I know — that, if that other country exists, the qualities, the faculties, powers, that will come into play there, are these of which I have been speaking,— love, tenderness, sympathy, pity, helpfulness. It will be the spiritual man that will live there; and so I believe that it is of the utmost importance for us to cultivate and develop our spiritual natures here day by day, so that, when we take that next step, we shall come into a familiar land, and one for which we have prepared ourselves and where we shall feel at home.

Take another illustration. A Harvard graduate,— or Yale or Columbia; no matter of what university,— does it make no difference whether he attends to his business, makes himself familiar with his text-books, develops himself in every way he can during his college career? Suppose, if he does not do so, he knows that, when he gets out of college, he is not going to be beaten or clubbed or put into prison, that no one is going to inflict corporal punishment upon him, or torture him,— suppose he knew that, would it make no difference whether he did or did not? Would it be

of no importance on the day of graduation as to whether or not he had trained himself so as to be ready for life?

So I believe that this is a training school,—this world. We are here getting ready for life; and it makes all the difference in the world, when the time comes, when the door is opened and we step out into that outer room in the great Father's house, as to whether we are ready for it or not. And the way to get ready,—not the old way, not placating God's wrath,—the way to get ready is not something magical, something disconnected from the kind of life we are leading here: it is just living this life as we ought, in the noblest and highest and finest things that are in us.

In that way we are helping on the development through which this human race is passing, from brute to angel, and, getting ready for angelic fellowship and an angelic career,—the simplest thing in the world, and at the same time one of the most important.

And, again, the Church is the only institution on the face of the earth that is specially and entirely devoted to this one thing. The Churches are not perfect, they are made out of the kind of people who live in the places where they are organized: they have to be. But the ideal, the aim, the purpose, the end, of the Church, is the finest and highest of which we can conceive. For there is nothing better, can be nothing better, than to help people think and feel and love and worship and live; and that is what the Church is for.

One other thing let me hint just in passing. A side issue, if you choose, and yet one so intensely important that I feel it to be a part of my theme. First or last, all of us have to meet great sorrows. Young people, some of them, have not yet tasted these sorrows; and the words I speak have no special meaning to them. But those of you who are older know that it is universal, that there is no escape. We lose father, mother, brother, sister, friend, husband, wife, or child. We lose those dearer to us than life.

This is an experience from which no one escapes. It is

a strange voyage we have started out on. No matter what the nature of the ship,—a great merchant ship, a man-of-war, a pleasure-boat, a little pinnace, a canoe, no matter what,—every craft afloat on this sea of life is doomed to go down before it reaches any visible harbor. Is not that a strange arrangement?

What does it mean? Does it mean pessimism, the loss of all heart and faith, that there is no meaning or purpose in life, that either God is a devil or does not exist or does not care? Does it mean these things? I do not believe it. I believe that every ship that sinks sinks to another sea, and sails on to some port as yet invisible to us, but finer than anything of which we can dream. I believe the apostle's words, that "it has not yet entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love him."

When these experiences come,—and, as I have said, they come to all of us,—what shall we do? Shall we lose heart, "curse God and die," mourn our hearts out, wrap ourselves up selfishly in our personal griefs, and leave the world to its sorrows? What shall we do? I believe that the hopes and thoughts and aspirations and inspirations which the Church stands for have the only sane and divine answer.

The Church stands as a witness to the Fatherhood of God, his eternal love and care; and, if I may believe that,—and I do believe it,—then let my ship sink. Let the ships of my friends go down. That is not the end. The end is just over there, beyond the shadow, in a light that shines from a sun that shall nevermore go down. The human heart, then, in its great exigencies of sorrow and despair, needs, if it may rationally have it, this hope and help for which the Church stands and of which it is an eternal witness.

But now I come to a more practical—as perhaps some of you may think—side of my theme. No matter whether anything I have thus far said in regard to the special phases

of this subject be true or not, let us consider another side of our great subject.

As we look over this world, we find all sorts of things out of joint,— in the business world, the social world, the political world; injustice, selfishness, cruelty, wrong, suffering, such as does not need to exist, because it is the suffering which men inflict on each other. And let me suggest to you right here, in passing, that, if we could eliminate from the problem of human suffering all that for which we ourselves are responsible, what would be left would be so slight and so apparently necessary and of the nature of things that it would constitute no problem which would trouble us as to our faith in the good government of the world.

The great evils of the world are caused by human selfishness, ignorance, greed, cruelty, the determination of particular people to have their own way without any regard to the consequences to any one else. Now how are we going to help this condition of things? Some claim that it is to be remedied by the newspapers. The newspapers are doing a great deal to civilize and Christianize the world, but I leave you to adjust their claim according to your own personal conviction. A large part of the newspapers so preponderantly deal with the evil side of human life as to discourage and dismay instead of give help and strength and cheer.

The public schools, we used to think, were going to redeem the world, and make everything what it ought to be; but we have learned that vice and crime remain even in those places where public education has been carried. And, to recall to your mind again what I said a few moments ago, the best authorities of the world are beginning to recognize that intellectual cultivation and development, and the cultivation and development of moral character, are not necessarily the same, that the one may be carried to almost any extent without any commensurate effect being produced upon the other.

During the time of the French Revolution the people seemed to have the idea that, if they could only sweep the kings and nobles from the face of the earth, and establish the doctrines of equality and of liberty, all would be well. There was a school of philosophers who taught that all the evil in human society were the result of these artificial distinctions and conditions, that it was caste and class which were responsible.

But the French Republic has been established. On all its buildings throughout Paris there are the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." But is France at peace? Is there no more vice and crime, no more evil, in France? We had a dream in the early days of our republic that we were going to create an ideal condition of things here in this country. But every little while we are compelled to wake up and recognize the fact that evil and injustice and selfishness and greed exist, and play their part of havoc and destruction just as of old; for human nature is very much the same.

I do not mean by this that the world has not been growing slowly better. I believe it has, from the beginning, and that there never was a time in the history of the world when, on the whole, men and women were so good as they are to-day. But—now I come to the very point—what is the secret of whatever good we find in human nature, and why is it that the evils persist? Socialists, still dreaming the old dream which haunted the people at the time of the French Revolution,—only they have changed the form of it,—tell us that, if we could only reconstruct society, poverty and vice and crime and all these things would be done away.

But just consider, friends, the fundamental principles involved. Here are twelve people. Rearrange the relations in which they stand to each other just as much as you please. Have you changed *them*? If not, then the same old passions, the same old ignorance, greed, the same old

forces of every kind, will come into play again, and, modified a little by the changed conditions of affairs, produce substantially the same results.

You never will get a perfect society until you get some perfect men and women of which to make it; and whatever perfection there may be will be the perfection, not of the organization, but the perfection of the individual men and women, whatever the organization may be.

Take the condition of things to-day in the industrial world. Let me recur once more to the coal strike in Pennsylvania. What is the matter? On the one hand are certain capitalists, owners, managers of railways, organized for what? Chiefly to have their own way. On the other hand there are a hundred and fifty thousand miners, organized for what? Chiefly, again, to have their own way. If the managers on both sides desired to be fair, to be just, to arrange things so that mutually they should be benefited just as much as the condition of things would allow, if they were true and noble and unselfish men, the matter might be settled in twenty-four hours.

There is no intellectual problem that the wit of man might not solve. It is merely the prejudice and selfishness and anger and hate; it is that these qualities of the evil side of human nature are so dominant that they will not permit them to get together on the basis of a common human brotherhood that cares first to serve God the Father, and help their fellow-men.

And so in every department of life, in business, in society. If we could only learn the fundamental facts which the Church stands for and tries to teach,—that God is our Father and that all we are brethren, and that the differences of rank, education, possession, culture, and refinement are differences, not of the essential manhood and womanhood at all, but differences of favoritism, that have been created and conferred upon us; if we would only come to understand that, and deal with men and women as men and women, for the sake of

helping and lifting up their manhood and womanhood,—all these evils would slough off and fall away.

The thing we need to-day in society, in the industrial and political worlds, more than everything else put together, is simply straight out, upright, downright manhood.

To make the world right, we need to make you right and me right, that is all. Every one of these difficulties and disturbances can be settled and arranged if only you will be what you ought to be and I will be what I ought to be. And there is no other way of getting at it.

Political rearrangements will not affect the result. New laws will not affect the result. Law is one of the most clumsy bits of machinery on the face of the earth; and the best laws in the world are no better in their effect than the people who make them and either obey or disobey them. You cannot carry out and put into effect any laws that the people do not believe in or want made efficient.

So it comes back to this one question of personal character, nothing else. Here, again, the Church—let me say it once more, and emphasize it with all the power of which I am capable—is the only institution in the world that exists for the sake of creating character, that has no other object, that lives to make manhood and womanhood. Inasmuch, then, as this is the one great crying need of the world, you who wish to help the world must help the Church. At any rate, whether you join any particular church or not, you must help do the work for which the Church stands. You cannot escape it if you would be true to God, yourself, and your fellow-men.

Now at the end. What Church will you join or belong to or help on? I am not pleading for this Church or the Unitarian Church as such. I am pleading for the active, consecrated, religious life,—that is what I am pleading for. But you can help it on better by connecting yourself with some vivible organization. Now what one?

In the first place I would advise every man to have some

convictions. Then I would advise him to connect himself with that Church which best represents his earnest and honest conviction.

And do not let any small or slight thing stand in the way. I know people who do not go to the church where they belong because of convenience, because friends go somewhere else, because they have married into some other kind of church, because the church is a good ways off and it is not convenient, because they do not happen to like the music, because they are not quite satisfied with the preacher,—for one of a thousand things that are of no consequence at all when brought face to face with the real principles involved.

I am amazed at the silly childishness of men and women sometimes. I had a parishioner in Boston. He claimed to care for me, to be devoted to the principles of the Church; but he left the Church and left me, proved false to God and his duty to his fellow-men, because he got mad over something connected with the management of the choir. I know people who get angry and leave the church because an unfamiliar usher puts a stranger in their seat. I mention these as illustrations. All sorts of silly, childish reasons keep a man from being a man, from being true to God, to his minister, to his fellow-men. No true man will be false to these eternal and far-reaching considerations for some little tiny whim like that.

Suppose the minister is not brilliant or brilliant every Sunday: the Church is not a lecture association. You should not go to church because the minister entertains you: that is not what the Church is for. The Church is an organization of men and women trying to lead a high, noble, religious, spiritual life. It is an organization to work in the city, to lift the life of the city; and you join it for the sake of that work.

It is not a concert; and you do not go because you like the music. That is not what the Church is for. The Church is an organization to do something; and you belong to it for

the sake of accomplishing these high and grand things for which it exists.

Find out, then, what Church best represents the ideas you believe in, then consecrate yourselves to its service, and do not let matters of convenience, because you happen to be tired on Saturday night or it is cloudy Sunday morning, stand in the way of this great and noble and faithful service to your fellow-men.

I do not know any reason in the world why the minister has not just as much right to stay at home Sunday morning, when it rains, as anybody else. If it is anybody's duty to make the Church efficient for the sake of helping the world, then it is every man's duty to do it; equally his duty. I repudiate that idea of my relation to God and my fellow-men which makes it one whit different from that in which all of you stand. Consecrate yourselves to this high service to your fellows, and feel that the grandest thing you can do is to co-operate with God in helping make the world better.

Father, we thank Thee that we can have the grand opportunity of doing something for our fellows, making the world a little lighter, making the path of life a little easier, giving courage and cheer to those that are troubled, helping Thee bring to pass the kingdom of heaven on earth. Amen.

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RELIGION AND THE CHILDREN.

My text may be found in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy, the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth verses: "Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, and they shall be for frontlets between your eyes. And ye shall teach them your children, talking of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up; and thou shalt write them upon the door posts of thy house and upon thy gates."

The old Hebrew who wrote these words believed that the historical dealings of God with his people had been so real and so important that they should be remembered and transmitted to the children. He regarded them as the most precious heritage that they could receive. He believed that they were bound up with all the issues of happiness, of prosperity, and of life.

I believe that the old Hebrew was right. This does not mean that there is to be no growth of religious idea, no broadening of thought, no uplifting of theories: it only means that God has dealt with people in the past, that he is dealing with them now, and that he will deal with them in the time to come, and that to understand this, enter into it, co-operate with him, is the most important duty of life.

All of you, even those who are grown and married, have not children: I wish you had; but, whether you have or not, you are almost equally interested in the problem of the relation between the children and the religious life. It is a trite saying that the children hold in their little hands the future

destiny of the world. Oh! if we only understood it, if we only realized it, if we only knew how much we could do about it! If all of us who have children, or have any influence in the matter, would only begin from the very first, we could shape the coming destiny of humanity, industrially, socially, politically, as to literature, music, art,—everything. The little children are to make the next step in the history of the world. The right training of the children, then, is by far the most important thing for this present generation to consider.

The Catholic Church has always contended that, unless a child was religiously educated, it was not properly or adequately educated. I believe that the Catholic Church is entirely right in this contention. The only quarrel I have with this Church in regard to the matter is that it wishes to take possession of the public schools, and make them a means for a religious education of the children according to its ideas. In this country—whatever may be true anywhere else—there can never be religious education in the public schools. These schools are supported by Catholic, Protestant, theist, atheist, agnostic, by Confucian, Hindu, Buddhist, Mohammedan, by people of all religious beliefs and no religious beliefs; and they equally have rights in the advantages of the public schools. Public money for public and universal ends,—that seems to me a principle which is incontrovertible.

We cannot, then, have the children religiously educated in the public schools. This does not mean, however, that religious education is not the most important education for them, after all. Intellectual training is not enough. We are beginning more and more to find that out. I had occasion in another connection to tell you last Sunday how Herbert Spencer is telling us over and over again that moral education, the training of the higher faculties and life of the children, is even more important than intellectual training; and Mr. Spencer will not be regarded by any one

as unduly biassed against knowledge or science or intellectual training of any kind.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, in a recent article, has called our attention to the fact that Ralph Waldo Emerson held a similar idea. He tells us how year after year he sat on the Board of Overseers of Harvard College with Mr. Emerson; and year after year he opposed by the whole weight of his opinion and influence the change that was taking place at Harvard in regard to allowing the students to stay away from morning prayers, Mr. Emerson saying in justification of his position that the habit of attendance on religious services, the regular religious training of the young men, was more important than anything else they would get in their college career.

I believe that the Catholic Church and Mr. Emerson and Mr. Herbert Spencer are right in saying that intellectual training is not enough for the child.

In the old days the religious training of the children was looked after at home. This was before the time of Sunday-schools. The children were expected to learn the catechism, to read the Bible, to listen to its reading in family worship. The minister was expected to go from house to house and catechize the children. They were brought up with the idea that to become practically religious men and women was the most important thing in life. It was in the midst of this kind of influence that I was trained. I was taught to believe that to "become a Christian," as they expressed it, to be converted, to be practically religious, was of the greatest possible concern, that anything else should be overlooked and forgotten before that.

Now my conception of God, the universe, the nature and the destiny of man, has completely changed. The old reasons for being religious have passed away,—the old reasons that I used to hold, and that were taught me; but the importance of it I hold still. I believe that the most important thing you can do for your child, or for any child, is to rouse, develop,

and rightly train his religious nature, waken him up to the fact that he is a child of God, and that a great and divine life is more important to him than anything he can learn, anything he can come to possess, anything he can achieve. I believe that this is the only rationally defensible position to-day. No change in the theoretic conception of things is likely to antedate this or to cause it finally to pass away.

We are passing through a great transition time. It is commonplace to say this; but it is immensely important. Thousands of persons in the modern world are born out of the old universe; and they are not yet born into the new. The old reasons for the religious life have become discredited in their thinking; and they have not yet waked up to the idea that there are any adequate reasons left.

On the part of liberals and Unitarians in particular; perhaps, this is true. It is an infection that touches all modern life; for I believe that there are thousands and thousands of people whose parents belong to other than Unitarian churches, to the old evangelical churches of one name or another, concerning whom substantially the same statement might be correctly made. Because people have ceased to believe that they are to be burned or tormented in the next world if they do not cultivate their religious life, they wonder if there is any reason left why they should do it. This shows little thinking, and most shallow thinking, so far as there is any at all. I shall deal with this a little more fully later on in the morning, but just now I wish to suggest one or two other points.

Last Sunday I told you, touching on another theme, that a man was not essentially man until he had developed that which characterizes and constitutes him a man, the higher ranges of thought and emotion and life. Until man comes up into that which links him with God, he is not peculiarly and distinctively a man. I told you that last Sunday; and I wish to suggest it now because it is important to the right appreciation of this morning's theme.

The child cannot be fully developed, rightly and completely developed, until its religious nature is roused, until it is evolved and trained. This is that which is the highest and best in him; and you render him therefore the highest and best conceivable service when you lead him to understand this, and to live up here where he is a man.

And since a man cannot in the best way influence and help his fellow-men, except as he understands what is highest and best in humanity, so the boy cannot be trained to become of the greatest service to his fellows, except as he is brought up into this higher and nobler life. For the sake, then, of the true development of the boy and the girl, for the sake of their grandest and noblest service to their fellow men and women, you must give your children religious education.

How is this to be done? I said a moment ago that the old methods of doing it in the home have largely passed away. I suppose the number of homes in which religion is made prominent or brought to the special attention of the children is to-day comparatively small. The Church and the Sunday-school, then, seem to be almost the only practical agencies left.

But the children do not go to church any more. When I was a boy, I was expected to go to church as much as I was expected to eat my breakfast or to sleep at night. It never occurred to me that I was to do anything else. I went to church twice, heard two sermons during the Sunday, went to Sunday-school, and almost always to prayer-meeting in the evening.

Children do not go to church any longer. So the Sunday-school is almost the only agency left, apparently, for religious training on the part of the children; and the Sunday-school as at present organized, or disorganized or unorganized, has most serious defects and shortcomings. Parents do not care much about it: the children go or not very much as they please. It is inconvenient. Children who live a good

ways off cannot come unless they have nurses or governesses to come with them. If the parents come with them and take them home again, then they themselves cannot attend church. The parents therefore do not feel it very important one way or the other.

Then we have voluntary teachers: they are not trained. If some one offers to teach a class, we are grateful to them for their willingness to help. We cannot make any inquisition into the matter of their fitness to teach; and, if we find one incompetent and suggest that he or she leave, we make trouble in the church. It is very difficult to manage a Sunday-school and make it efficient.

Then in most Sunday-schools there is no systematic teaching, even on the theoretical or ethical side of things. There are serious defects and difficulties in our way. If I could have my way — I do not expect to have it — and were compelled to choose between having the children attend church or Sunday-school, as Sunday-schools are at present, I would decidedly have them attend church. I believe that the habit of going to church, of uniting with the older people in singing hymns, listening to the reading of the Bible, listening to the prayers, catching what suggestions they can from the sermons, would be immensely beneficial.

As I look back over my life, I got more out of church attendance than I ever got out of the Sunday-school. I am grateful for the fact that I was compelled to go to church.

Why is it that parents feel that they must not bring any pressure, even of earnest persuasion, on the children in this matter? I hear people say sometimes, "I had to go to church when I was a child: it was unpleasant to me; and I am not going to subject my children to the same kind of influence." This means simply that parents do not feel that religious training for the children is of any importance; that is all.

You bring pressure to bear upon the children to have them go to day-school, to have them intellectually trained.

You would to have them morally and religiously trained, if you believed it meant anything. And the children would be grateful to you for it to the last day of their lives.

You let your children grow up in this haphazard sort of fashion, and then wonder at the results, that they are not loyal to Unitarianism, that they have no convictions, that they go this way or that, or nowhere at all, in after life. You carefully prepare for certain results, and then are astonished that they are brought about.

I was talking with a very intelligent lady last summer, who is now a prominent member of a Presbyterian church. She said, "My father and mother were both Unitarians; but I cannot remember that during my whole life either the one or the other ever said a word to me on the subject of religion, ever made me feel that it means anything or was of any importance."

I do not know how many other fathers and mothers like that there are in Unitarianism. I am afraid there are a good many.

How, then, shall we train the children? To what extent? What shall we do for them? One thing, at any rate, we ought to accomplish in some way; and, if it is not now done in the Sunday-school or in the home, you can, if you will, accomplish it. What is this one great thing?

If a man is to stand in his place and play his part in life in any direction with any intelligence or success, he must first know *where he is*. To make clear just what I mean. The world started away down there in savagery and barbarism. It has climbed up with extreme difficulty to what we call civilization,—some parts of it have. In doing so, if you think a moment, you will see that of necessity there have been certain lines of social progress, governmental, industrial, intellectual, moral, and religious progress. That is, the world began somewhere; and it has followed certain definite lines of advance until it has reached where we are to-day.

Now one of the most important things in the equipment of any young man or woman who wishes to start out in life is to know how far he has got, where he is; and he needs to understand as to whether a next step which he takes will be a step ahead or a step back. In industry, politics, society, everywhere, you find people making the mistake, through ignorance of the history of the past, of urging in the direction of the accomplishment of certain things, which particular things have been tried and exploded already, only they do not know it.

So you find people religiously taking definite steps backward because they do not know that they are back. They do not know enough about what the world has been doing religiously to know which way is forward.

Let me indicate, then, two or three things which any young man or woman ought to know; and then you will see the inference from it.

First, either in the Sunday-school or home or somewhere every child ought to learn the authentic story of the life and teaching of Jesus, because there is the central fact in the religious history of Christianity.

Next, every child ought to know the outlines of the history of the Hebrew religion, because that is the background against which the Christ stands. He is the culmination, the out-flowering, the perfect fruitage of that; and, in order to understand him, you need to understand that out of which he has come.

Next, you ought to know something of the other religions of the world. It is Max Müller, I think, who has said that the man who knows only his Bible does not know his Bible. This means that you cannot know anything isolated, cut off from everything else, because any one thing must be known by comparison, contrast, with other things to which it stands related. If you wish, then, to know the nature of this Bible, you need to know something about other Bibles. If you wish to know the nature of the Christian religion,

you need to know something about the other religions of the world, the religious attempts of mankind. You must know that these are not false religions, placed over against the only one and true, but that they are genuine, earnest attempts on the part of the human race, differently situated, to feel after and find God, who, as the old apostle tells us, "is not far from every one of us."

Then after you know something about Jesus and the religious history of the Hebrews which preceded him and out of which he came, and after you know something about the other religions of the world, you need to study at least an outline history of the Church, the growth of Christianity as an institution, its beliefs, its rituals, its development as it has come up the centuries until to day. You need to see what religion has come to in the midst of the clearer light and the freer and broader thought of the present century.

When you have done that,—and any boy or girl can do that to-day without any great amount of effort,—you will know where you stand, whether going to some other church is going backward or forward.

I cannot understand how any one who has read even a smattering of history, and who understands the price that has been paid for liberty, can ever again ally himself with the forces, institutions, and organizations which have done their best to hold the world back. Thousands of people to-day, trained or untrained liberals, are for one reason or another going into this or that one of the old churches. Those old churches are becoming freer. Why? Under the pressure of these great ideas for which we stand. Let me call your attention to one significant fact: never did a great organization, institution, since the world began, reform itself from the inside,—never. The only way any of them have been reformed is by people coming out and battering and bombarding their walls until they have broken down, and the freedom and light of the modern world have been permitted to enter in.

The Catholic Church claims to be very free and broad in this country to-day ; but, if you will watch the course of the pope, you will note that it has never given up one jot or tittle of its claims. It no longer compels because it no longer has the power, that is all.

And to-day the Episcopal Church in England is doing everything it can to dominate the secular instruction of all the schools in the interest of the establishment. This is clericalism everywhere and in all time. It claims everything, and grasps and keeps everything that it has the power to.

I cannot understand how men and women, trained in this liberty which has been purchased at the price of age-long struggle, effort, imprisonment, rack, thumb-screw, torture, tears, heart-break, death, can be so false to God, to truth, to the interests of humanity, as for a mere matter of convenience to go back on the blood-bought inheritance of the past.

And, if you parents knew and cared, you would train your children so that they would understand this. It amazes me to see how Unitarians all over the country, thoughtlessly or ignorantly, will send their daughters to be educated in convents, schools of any kind that happen to be convenient or fashionable ; will send their boys to schools anywhere, for the sake of prestige or standing, or because they have a large number of boys there, or for one reason or another, when they know perfectly well that every conceivable influence will be brought to bear to make them false to the principles which their fathers and mothers claim to believe to be true and important.

Let me now for a moment call your attention to a few considerations which seem to me to enforce the importance of the religious training of the children. These children of yours are growing up rapidly. Soon they will be beyond your influence, or at least they will be outside the circle of your immediate daily intercourse, your home. They are to be

confronted on every hand with dazzling apparent successes in this direction or that.

It is said that the young Jesus, when he first began his public life, was taken by the devil on to the pinnacle of the temple and all the world spread out before him ; and he was tempted to take this or that or some other thing rather than his own high and divine career.

So your sons and daughters are going to be tempted. They go out into the world. The daughters are going to be made to feel that brilliant social success is the one great thing worth seeking. Your boys are going to be made to feel that getting money, honestly if they can, but getting it anyhow, is the one great thing of importance. They are going to be made to feel that a life of pleasure, of self-indulgence, is so glittering and alluring that it is a question whether anything else is quite so worth while. They are going to be made to feel that intellectual distinction, authorship, the writing of books, the painting of pictures,— success in this direction or that,— is the great thing. They are going, some of them, to be made to feel that, if they can become famous in the political life of the country, this is more than everything else. These young people are going to be pulled this way and that way.

Now do you not know, if you think of it a moment, that the one most important thing for this boy or girl is that he or she should have such clear-cut ideas as to what life really means, that he or she can go out into the midst of these solicitations and be true to the best? I do not mean that it is not worth while to try to be famous, to try to get money, be socially successful ; but I do mean, and you know, that the person who aims merely at these things aims at disaster and failure. For none of them ever made a man or woman either good or happy in themselves.

I have learned that by this time in life ; by my knowledge of people who have written books, painted pictures, been politically successful, been rich, and done all the things that

the world calls great ; and, if I could have my way about my boy or girl, I would rather that he or she should be trained into trust in God and love for humanity than to have any or all of these things without that. This is the secret of the happy, the good life.

One other point. You know by this time — you that are grown — that the children have got to meet great sorrows, great disasters, great losses. All of them have got to meet them. And the most important thing in an hour like that is that they shall have some hold on life that shall keep them from shipwreck, from despair, from bitterness, from rebellion, from the loss of heart and hope.

I get letters by the hundred every year telling me the story of how people who have been successful have come face to face with some great grief that has wrenched them from their moorings and set them adrift under a dark and apparently Godless sky, which in the midst of tremendous forces means to them nothing. In an hour like this, to have a hold on something that makes one superior to such experiences is more than money, fame, more than any success that the world can offer.

One other consideration. No man, no woman, ever yet went through life and attained the ideals and dreams of youth ; no one, I have never known of one. As you go on in life, there comes over you a sense of disillusion, of disappointment. You write a book : what of it ? After you have written it, it is commonplace, it has not done at all what you expected it would. You paint a picture : that is easy and commonplace again. You climb to some height that you saw afar off ; and, when you get there, there is no satisfaction in it, and you want something else.

If you can only have some idea of life that shall teach you that all these things are only experiences, materials out of which to make something, powers for training, to develop you into something, then you are safe.

In a little introductory letter to "Sordello," Mr. Robert

Browning talks about the development of the soul, and adds that little else is worth study. Now, if, as you go on in life, you can say, Let riches come or go, let fame come or go, let pleasure come or go, let this thing or that thing or another happen or not happen, you have no control over these things, but will make them the means by which to develop yourself,— if you can only say that, then you have won the victory over all the forces and powers of the universe. You stand master of yourself, supreme over all conditions. The great thing is to become *a man, a woman*. If you have wrought that out of life's training, the one grand end is attained.

These are some of the things that the religious development of a child can offer. I have not time to dwell on these any longer this morning; for I wish just to hint the practical working of this religious training. How will you train a child?

First, start with the child's curiosity. Every child wonders and asks questions. And this curiosity, if you trace it and develop it, will lead to what? To the first element in the religious life, to reverence. You talk about knowledge taking away the wonder and poetry of the world. Knowledge is only deepening the wonder and mystery at every turn. If you ask questions about a grass-blade, it will take you face to face with the Infinite. A star can do no more. Human life, the inventions, discoveries, the telephone, telescope, whichever way you turn,—mystery and wonder on every hand. And, if you only teach the child to recognize the fact that all these things are just God the Father at work, in activity, then you bring the child reverently and wonderingly into the presence of God.

The next lesson the child needs to learn is utter and absolute obedience. I do not mean by this that you have a right to order your children in any way you please, according to your whims and fancies merely, and demand their utter submission. You have no right of that kind at all.

What I mean is this: that you ought to teach the children that all the good things of this world of every kind and in every direction come from obedience to God. The health of the body means recognizing the inexorable laws of God in the body and obeying them.

Strike a note on the piano, and teach the little child that music means absolute obedience to the laws of God as manifested in the structure of the piano, and that any departure from that is discord. Teach the child that all the discoveries, mechanics, manufactures, of the world, mean simply obedience to the laws of God.

We talk sometimes about "wielding the lightnings," pride ourselves on our power over electricity. We have no power over electricity at all. What is it we do? We humbly study this marvellous, mysterious force, this manifestation of divine energy, about the intimate nature of which we know absolutely nothing. We study the working of this force, and find out that, if we only implicitly obey it, it will do almost everything for us; but, the minute we carelessly presume to disregard any of its laws or conditions, the power is instantly at an end, so far as any service to us is concerned.

Teach the child that in every department of life all its power, its happiness, its goodness and knowledge, everything, comes from recognizing and obeying the laws of the Father.

In the third place, teach the child to worship. There is one good in bringing the child to church. I do not mean cringing or crawling: they are not worshipping. Merely getting on your knees is not worship. Simply pretending to be very humble in the presence of God is not worship. If you analyze worship, you will find that it is simply admiration. If you admire something that is above and beyond you, you are a worshipper; and no man and no nation ever made progress in any direction except as it admired, worshipped, and reached out after the admired and worshipped idea.

Worship, admire something better, the beauty of the world, the nobility of human character, human action,—all the fine things of the world,—and teach the child that, when you are admiring them, you are worshipping certain manifestations of the wisdom and goodness of God; that is, you are worshipping God as far as it goes.

I wonder if you will be surprised at my last point. The most important one of all in the religious cultivation of the child is to teach the child to pray. I have changed my conceptions about God and my ideas of prayer; but I still believe that prayer is the most important thing in the religious life of the individual child, man, or woman.

What does it mean? It means the recognition of the personal relation between God and one of his children. I try to be sensible and reasonable in the words I use when I am engaged in prayer; but I do not worry about it as much as I have sometimes in my life. I think the most important thing about it all is that I pour out my heart to God. He knows what I mean, and I have no expectation that he will give me things that he does not want to, and I hope he will not give me anything that is not good for me, no matter how I plead for it; but I do not think I do harm in telling him everything I think or desire.

My little child used to climb up into my lap and prattle and talk, and tell me a thousand things that he wanted. I listened, delighted. What did I care whether he was wise or not or whether he asked for just the things he ought to have. I was going, even if he did not ask, to do the very best for him I knew how; but I loved to have him talk to me, and tell me his little ideas and wishes and sorrows and cares.

And I believe that this tenderness and sympathy of the human heart towards our children is just a little of the infinite sweetness and tenderness and pity in the heart of God; just as a flash from a broken bit of glass in the gutter, or as each gleam in a drop of water, means the sun. So all these things,

in whatever ways they are manifest, mean the infinite life and love and care of the eternal Father.

Teach your children, then, to think of God as one who cares about them as a friend, as one to whom they can go in trouble, as one whose hand they can get hold of even in the dark, as one who will be strength to them in the hours of need, as one who will guide them through the paths of this life, as one who will see to it that they pass through the valley of the shadow and have no evil befall them, but find life on the other side.

If your children can only lead this practical religious life with God, they are safe in the midst of the temptations of life, they have a refuge in the midst of its storms, they have a peace that is deeper and higher than all the world's sorrows, they have triumph and victory at the last, no matter what may have been the troubles and disasters of their career.

Take as a suggestion the life of Jesus. Suppose you try to live the kind of life Jesus did, throw yourselves into that kind of life on trial and see how it works, see if it does not vindicate itself as real, as the practical outcome of your putting it to the test. Take God for your Father; trust him, love him, believe in him; work for your fellows, for the highest and best things in them, and see if you do not get the grandest and noblest things out of life as the result.

And at the last, if instead of feeling defeated as you get through, if instead of being pushed by an inexorable hand towards the edge of a gulf over which you are going to fall into the dark,— instead of having that kind of feeling as you get towards the end and face the fact of death, you can only have the feeling that Walt Whitman expresses in these little lines,— what a difference it will make !

“ Joy, shipmate, joy !
Pleased to my soul at death I cry,
Our life is closed — our life begins ;
The long long anchorage we leave,

The ship is clear at last, she leaps,
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, shipmate, joy ! ”

Father, if we can only have hold of Thy hand and be led,
feeling that life has a meaning and an outcome, then we can
bear all the crosses, suffer all the pains, face all the dangers,
overcome all the obstacles by the way. Amen.

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A NOBLE ANGER

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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A NOBLE ANGER.

“Be angry, and sin not.”—EPH. iv. 26.

AND so to Paul's mind there may be a sinful anger and a sinless, so that I have often thought, as I have heard or read the homilies so common about the sin, some word might well be said about the holiness of anger for a good and true reason, and, instead of concluding it is always a vice to be ashamed of, the time may come or must come to a sound and true manhood when it shall be a virtue to be proud of.

We might suspect this is true, indeed, when we note how it is as natural to be angry as it is to use our hands and feet, and is something we do not need to learn,—an inborn instinct, of kin to eating and drinking or laughter and tears, an instinct before it becomes a passion for good or evil, or has anything to do with our life for good or evil. The finer ear can detect its presence in the revolt of the infant of days against the chill of this strange world, and the hunger; while those who have raised many children do not need the finer ear to find it in any strong and well-made child Heaven may have sent them by the time the days have grown to weeks and months, or to learn that here is the old Adam rampant, as the fathers say so often and the mothers so seldom,—the old Adam cropping out in the cradle and the nursery.

Now to my own mind there are two ways of accounting for this inborn passion of our human life. We can say it is the old Adam coming out, the proof positive and conclusive of our human depravity, or we can say it is no such thing, but the instance rather of a primitive instinct which

in its own time and place must be as true and good as any we possess, capable, to be sure, as all these are, of being turned and degraded to ignoble uses, not to be condemned for this reason, but to be guarded and guided rather to a true and right purpose. For we can sin with our hands and feet, with our eyes and ears and our tongue; but who will say these are depraved in the marrow of their intention, or that love is depraved because it may turn to lust, or the loyalty of man to man because there is honor among thieves?

So we can sin through anger, and do sin; but this evil use must not blind us to the noble and true purpose. The power, the passion, may be, or indeed must be, right; while the use we so often make of the power may be all wrong. And so on this ground of the common gift and endowment there must be room for the faith that a right noble anger holds a true place and worth in our life, or, if you will not allow this claim to be true, holds the right to demand a suspension of judgment until we see what may be said for the defence by those who believe in the radical goodness of our human nature, and not in its total depravity.

Once more, I think it may help us to believe in the worth and nobleness of a true and right anger, when we notice what a grand part it has played in our human history and life, and how men of the noblest quality seem to be most capable of feeling in the true and right moments this mighty impulse, and of doing through anger what they never would or could have done through a temper as sweet and placid as an inland lake on a still summer's day. For, had Luther's temper been as sweet and even as the temper, shall we say, of Melancthon or Erasmus, I think the world must still have waited for the bell to strike or the trumpet to sound which ushered in the great Reformation. No quality or power in him, to my own thought, was of a greater worth than this of waxing to a white heat and then hurling the thunderbolts of his anger out of the fire.

Or, had the Lion of England never roared and leapt forth in men like Cromwell and his Ironsides, the foot of the Stuarts might have been on the nation's neck to-day. Or had all your fathers been as placid and patient as some were we can name, there would have been no revolution there and then, or, it may be, a republic to-day. They were men capable of a noble anger, men who could pour out words of flame and send them flying over the seas, and, when this was of no use, could take the paper on which such words were printed and wad it down into guns, while every thud of the ramrod was the answer to a thud in the man's own heart. Their anger struck fire in the clang of arms, in the roar of cannon, and in the old, strong battle-cry of freedom. They tried prayers and petitions and protests to find they were of no use; and then they grew angry, so that the pulpit shook under the preacher. The town meetings were smitten with cloven tongues like as fire. The church bells clashed and clanged in the steeples to call the manhood to arms. Lights were hung in them for beacons glaring red against the dark. There was anger in the horseman rushing to the fray. The eagle swooped down in place of the dove, and then there was an end and a beginning what time

" The embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

It is the same story of a noble anger when we touch the times we elder men remember in the fight for the extinction of slavery and the freedom of the slave. No more gentle or kindly soul lived among us than William Lloyd Garrison, and no man more angry. Find him as I remember him in our own home with the children, and he was as a child, so gentle and sweet of heart. Hear him on the platform as I heard him in this city forty-five years ago last May, and you could only think of the old prophets with their burden of " Thus saith the Lord," pouring out their vials of anger on the oppressors.

They were men and women who had plenty of furnace room and the fuel in them for this white fire,—men and women who did not hesitate over their words when the time came, but found those that went home like barbed bolts. A good man here and yonder would make speeches perfect in political sagacity and of the sweetest temper while freedom fainted to hear them, and then the great conflict came to the crisis through this noble anger in the heart of the heroic band.

It was the hot passion in them for freedom that finally set the nation afire. "Eloquence," Emerson said, "was dirt cheap" in the abolition meetings. It came pouring out like molten gold. You might mob them, give them, as I heard one of them say, ovations of evil eggs, hound them out of the halls: what did they care? Angry men never know when they are hurt, and this was the anger of the Most High.

And so, when we set the truth in this stern light, you will see how no question we can consider could involve us in a more fatal contradiction than to say a quality of such high moment as this to the race or the nation is an evil thing always when you bring it home to the man, or that the nursing mother of so much worth is in itself a sin, or be at any loss touching the essential nobility of a noble anger. Or when we hear this said of some man, "He was never known to be angry in his life," and then hear those who say this draw the conclusion that he must have been a saint, therefore of more than common sanctity in life and temper. For myself, I should feel free to suspect that, if anger is always a sin, there may have been times when he would have been a holier man in the measure of his capacity to be such a sinner.

Indeed, I would make this claim in the interest of the religion which admits of no base or mean anger, and not allow for one moment that such men as I have taken for my illustration of the truth I would tell may have been good

men after all ; but the passion wherewith they were smitten was a blot on their 'scutcheon rather than an emblazonment, or that, while such a spirit may have its fine uses in our life, it has nothing to do with our Christian faith, but is indeed and in truth an unsanctified passion in our nature, bound by the Scripture that God maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him.

I would broaden the base of my faith as a Christian man, so that it must take in the flaming force men must have and reveal, now and then, to so grand a purpose, and insist that, so used, we are within Christian lives. I would cite the ensample of the Master in the temple when he platts the whip and hurls himself on the herd who would turn the house of God into a den of thieves.

In speaking of the Bible, Carlyle said : "Some years ago I read the four Gospels through, and found them full of sincerities and everlasting truth, and did not find Christ that pound of fresh butter character which people have made of him. He is a man with a great deal of anger in him, but the anger is all on the right side." He was angry, and then he struck home ; and, if you should say this was his divine prerogative, but we may not do this because we are not what he was,—the Son of God,—I would answer there may come times when we must do this also, that we may be proven sons of God, and that the men who were angry for such reasons as I have named were not only nobler men, but truer followers of the Holy One than those who would still be gentle and all sweet when the day demanded not peace, but the sword of the spirit piercing to the joints and the marrow, and not exquisite sentiments, but a good hearty thundering curse like those he hurled at the hypocrites who devoured widows' houses and for a pretence made long prayers.

Anger, the books tell me in our mother Saxon tongue, is a constriction of the heart. It has grown too great for your breast. No gentle action now, but a passion that sets the

man on fire; and, when such a man is set on fire of Heaven, where will you find his match in the battles we must fight for God and the right with tempered steel or with the sword of the spirit, which is then the word of God?

"Anger," Bishop Butler says, "was designed by the Author of nature not only to incite us to act vigorously in defending ourselves from evil, but to engage us in defending the helpless." The good bishop is a safe and true teacher; and so, while I know very well that "charity suffereth long and is kind," all the same I say there are and must be times when charity has to stand aside and let severity take the first place,—nay, when charity herself burns to the bone in anger.

No greater shame can be done to our common manhood, therefore, than to cherish the idea that this pure white anger, this constriction of the heart, is somehow not of God or God-like. And those who have answered to its holy demand may be glad for what they have done; and we may be proud of the deed, but must be sorry all the same for the temper in which it was done. The temper, I say, is the very thing to be proud of and glad for, the horseshoe on their brow like that of Redgauntlet, the patent of their nobility. They were whole men because, when the demand came, they were angry men, and could burn and flame for such holy reasons and so grand a purpose.

But here I must pause, lest we should be exalted above measure, who are apt to conclude too easily that we do well to be angry for poor and petty reasons in no way worthy of the man or the manhood. I have tried to justify the young men because they are strong, and older men like myself, because touchwood is so easily set afire, while still the absence of this noble passion at other times in you or me may shadow our manhood with shame.

On the first of these questions I am not sure I can say a word, because only those of a rare grace and sweetness of temper escape the condemnation of their own heart and

conscience over many things which are in no wise worthy this noble quality.

When the old Scotch serving-man said to the laird, "I must leave your service, sir: I cannot stand your temper," the laird answered: "You must not mind my temper. You know I am no sooner in one of my angers than I am out again." "True," said the man, laying down the spade,—for he was at work in the garden — "but the trouble is, ye are nae sooner o't of your angers than ye are in again. So I will just leave ye, sir, to yoursel'." Now that man's anger was not a power, but a weakness. He squandered the noble gift on mean and small demands, and was like the man who is forever swearing in contrast with one who uses modest and gentle words, until in some supreme moment of a mighty indignation, like that which came to Washington in the fight across our river, the pent-up power breaks down all the barriers; and then, for the moment, it is like the commination, shall I say, in Deuteronomy. We must put no indignity, then, on this grand gift of anger; and it is at our proper peril we permit the gift to be debased and degraded down to a bad temper. We must find the grace to hold it high for a beacon flame, and not a torch hissing and smoking out in the mire of mean and poor reasons, or waste the power as the vessels on our river blow off their steam, vexing all who hear them, and then just swinging to the dock.

This power is in *us* also to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm. So I know of nothing nobler in its true time and place than a true and right anger, and but a few things meaner than to be forever getting angry.

Shall I say once more that this lesson so many of us need to learn we should teach to our children when the time comes, and to no small number the time comes soon? That there is no harm in their high temper if they will save it for high uses; for it will be a very true factor then in the sum of their life, and the pledge so far that the devil is not to have his own way either with them or with the world they

live in. For I think it is a grave mistake to leave our children ignorant about the nobility of this gift, and be forever harping on its evil quality, or try to break their temper as we say, instead of leaving it whole and sound for the stern demands of their life. There is an indignation now and then in a well-nurtured boy equal in its way and degree to anything you shall find in Luther or Knox, Cromwell or Washington or Garrison, generous, beautiful, and replete with self-forgetting, so that we should be glad for it to tears; for to strike fire then over meanness, falsehood, cowardice, or cruelty, is still more noble to me than it is in you or me, because it comes fresh from the fountain of a divine revolt, more like the anger of the angels we see in the great old pictures, but do not see in the new, now that even genius seems to have lost track of the great sacred passion.

Shall we touch the truth I would tell in the light of a nation's life? Then this is the truth: that this anger will sometimes compel a nation to hurl itself against some overgrown evil, and sweep it away at any cost; and such an anger is to me the proof of the nation's greatness. While, if we ourselves should lose this grand passion which can leap out heedless of all cost or consequence when the true time comes, while much as we may deplore war and love peace, there may be something worse than war; and that is the soul born of a just and noble anger, and the might of it that strikes home, it may be, in a cruel desperation.

We deplore and condemn the terrible things that were done in the French Revolution a century and more ago, and well we may; but we should never forget the horrors that gave birth to the anger and the woe. A hundred years before the hell broke loose over there John Locke, a safe and true witness, travelled in France, and tells us how he found the peasants living on black bread, and not half enough of that, in hovels of one room with no windows; while, if they could not pay the intolerable taxes laid on them by the tyrants, the tax-gatherers sold the pan from the

spark of fire, the pipkin from the table,—yes, and the bed from under the sick mother and the new-born babe,—while the nobles were living in palaces and eating from gold. We deplore the cruelty. It would never have come if the hapless manhood could have risen to a just and noble anger, and made an end, instead of waiting until the passion had swollen to sheer madness. And so I cannot but believe that the fire fell from heaven as well as spouted up from hell to consume the intrenched and hopeless iniquity, for which the starving hordes had been crying through centuries of time, “How long, O Lord, how long!”

Infidelity,—what would you have? It was the infidelity of the animal hunger-smitten and mad to its keeper,—mad with the torment. Here, then, is the truth as it touches our wider life in the nations: that in such revolts we should neither be afraid nor ashamed of a true and noble anger. It is the revolt of the heart against that which no nation or true man or woman should tolerate. I know, as you know, what worth lies for ever and ever in a gentle pity and charity, our most divine endowments; but this is also divine. *He* was angry, I have said, for divine reasons,—the most gentle and pitiful and God-like man, to me, our world ever saw. So we must not imagine that such a temper and spirit is not in accord with this gentleness, this pity, and this charity; for it may well be true that because of this very grace in the noble manhood we say our burning word and strike our mighty stroke, for it is then the wrath of the Lamb.

What manhood is there in me if there is no white passion at the cruelty of some brute to a helpless child or a woman, or the things we hear about the ruin of innocent girls,—yes, and boys? I think this was the spark of white fire that burned to such a purpose before the election in our city,—these and many things besides equally ugly and evil in their way; and my prayer is that the fire may be still kept burning. It is as natural for true men and women to grow angry over

such things as it is to breathe, and as noble as it is to pray. Yes, and to hold in strict abeyance Paul's gentle suggestion, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," with which the text I have taken ends, until we see how the account stands, because the reason for my wrath may be more imperious to-morrow than it is to-day; and then I had better take my way to the arctic world, where there is no sun up for half the year, than not have it out with the evil thing once for all, and mind the old Welsh minister's prayer until my work is done,— "Lord, if our hearts are too hard, do thou soften them; and, if they are too soft, do thou harden them by thy grace. Amen."

So it is and must be with many things that reach inward and are most sacred. I have heard people say that a minister should never be angry. I think they say this because they believe that to be angry must always, to say the least, be on the doubtful side of a minister's faith and life. I must not tell you how many years I have gathered the experience of such a ministry, and have long ago come to the conclusion that he must wax angry for noble reasons when these confront him or he cannot make full proof of his ministry, and that he neither loses the power nor the dignity through this holy passion, but may win both, while the long-drawn sweetness, whatever may be the demand, brings the suspicion of something left out in his manhood. He will not, and must not, care over-much about his own poor matters: we are none of us of such moment as to warrant a great outlay of this treasure upon ourselves. But when a great principle comes into instant peril, or a sacred duty confronts us, or whatever may be the reason, and we know that gentle persuasions are of no more use than a straw would be against an elephant, then we shall do well to be angry, summon all the forces and all the fires to the fight with men like Luther and Theodore Parker, and become in our measure and degree an angry angel of the Lord. We do not *lose* our temper then, we *find* it. It is neither a sin

nor a shame to reveal this splendid indignation on fire for the truth and the right. Yes, and no matter what may be our calling and election, we shall see things done as cruel and base as if we should see a brute smite our mother in the face. Times when humanity is wronged in her temples, justice and truth slain on their altars, then the outrage burns in us; and we strike, and strike home. And it is kept alive for these supreme moments if we are the men and women I would find, and we must never get out our artillery to kill flies withal.

Then, when the wrong is righted or the lie is branded, in the measure of this noble anger will be our power to forget and forgive, as we have done and still do on Decoration Day, when we lay flowers gently on all the graves and in all the burial-places where our dead rest, while the angels of the covenant sing, "Behold, how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" And so mote it be till

"All men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year."

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MESSIAH PULPIT

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DEBT

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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DEBT.

"Pay thy debt."—2 KINGS iv. 7.

"Provide things honest in the sight of all men."—ROMANS xii. 17.

I KNOW of few things in our life so full of peril to a man as running into debt. It has done more damage to our finest manhood than any other thing I can think of, except drinking whiskey; and to a good many men there is no danger from that, so long as they stand free from this curse. But a man is driven into the second evil in trying to forget the first or to abate its burden; and so he is like one who tries to escape from some place so dark that he can bear it no longer,—to find the light he plunges into ending in a conflagration.

Debt is the old story of the slave who was told by his tyrant to forge a fetter for his limb and then to forge a chain one link a day and then to drag along the ever-growing load until he lay down in his tracks to die. But it is the old story with this difference: that the debtor accepts the fetter and chain as a favor; thinks he can easily unlock the thing before long and go free; finds this is all the time growing harder to do, while each day adds a new link to the chain. And he revolts in the measure of his sterling honesty from saying, "I will drag the chain no longer," because he knows he is bound to drag it to the last sore pinch by a law to which we must stand true,—the law of obligation. Then if, for his life, he feels he must be free, and has to go through the courts, the brightest day he can think of is the day when he shall have paid the last cent he owes, or when those who have trusted him shall say: "We know you have done your very best to pay your debts. It is a

misfortune we must bear together : here are your vouchers, put them in the fire."

That is about the best release we can imagine for this sad burden ; but the worst is that a man may be able to break the fetter, and care so little about it that, if he can find some one to trust him, he begins at once to forge another, breaks this, and so keeps on until the sin smites through his life, and ruins all the safeguards God sets about us as we set fences about fair gardens. Then those who might look up to him by reason of his ability look down on him by reason of his character, as a man who will not keep faith with his fellow ; and pity, at the best, takes the place of respect.

So runs the story of many men who have made shipwreck of fortune, character, and life itself, within my knowledge, some seeking graves that were opened by their own hands, or who still live to work more mischief, and cover themselves with a deeper disgrace and shame. So what word can be said to the new generation, every serious man, who has seen much of life, should ask, not in the pulpit only, but at the fireside, and in the stores and schools and workshops, which may help those who have to take hold as we leave go, so that they may never come to the sorrow and loss which has overtaken the elder generation in our time.

And it is not true, as we might well imagine, that only those of a poor and shiftless sort drift into debt, who, being hardly able to make the world about them aware they are in it by the weight of their intrinsic worth, gather moment by every cipher in the sum they manage to owe, so that, when death comes to close the account, there is a keener sense of loss among their creditors than might have come through the death of much better men. So, if this were the only man who is taken in these traps or who takes honest men in them rather, it would be bad enough. But I might spare this talk, because the chances are they would not be here to hear me, while the creditors of such men who take their risk at cent per cent perhaps might be left to pocket their loss.

But the worst of the curse, as we elder men know, is this : that it so very often takes our choicer young men captive, and drags them down to this shame ; young men with that eager and high spirit in them through which so much is done ; men of a genuine honesty, so far as good intentions go when they set out in life, and who run into debt, if they don't take care, with some such feeling as your eagle has for a great wall. "I can soar over it," they say, "never fear. Once let me spread my wings and find free play, and I shall be free from this at one flight."

Nor is it the fetter and chain, we saw just now, to which these finer natures become imprisoned. It is rather a thread of golden wire so fine they do not see it at first or feel it ; but day by day other threads are bound about them, and these twist themselves at last into a cable from which they find it very hard and bitter work to get free.

I see these new men waking up to face the new day. There are thinkers among them, and orators, statesmen, and great merchants, if they will only take care. They may not take care ; and then, though they still attain to the eminence, it may be with them as it was with grand old Walter Scott, who, as he sat on the green at Abbotsford, dying of overwork through debt, threw off his wrappings, moaning : "This will never do. I must get to my work" ; and, when he tried, he could not hold a pen or dictate a word, but sat still with the tears running down his fine old face, beaten in the brave battle and slain by debt. Such young men as I think of may be ready to create new homes, bring a family about their knees, and be in God's stead, almost, to the little community within the four walls. But this fair promise may be blighted, too. Yes, and I can see how they may lay this thing to heart and say, "I will make it the one thing needful to pay my way from the start, and keep right on ; for this is the one safe thing to do." I see such men growing old at last, their homes standing on strong foundations, and their children rising up to call them blessed.

And if, once more, my years have brought me any wisdom, this danger from debt follows very straight and simple lines.

It was said of Edgar Poe that he was a millionaire who never had a dollar to his name ; and I had a friend who said to me once, with a real sadness, " I have the fortunes of a pauper with the tastes of a prince." Well, you shall have a gold-mine in your brain, as my friend had, with this trouble in you also, and never be free from this curse of spending when you cannot spare. A wise old Roman said once that not to have a mania for buying whatever strikes your fancy, is to possess a revenue. And no truer word has ever been said about these debts which are made from over-spending, this weaving of the fine wires that take us captive.

I knew a man some years ago whose genius was in itself a noble fortune, and who might be said to talk golden eagles ; but here was the trouble with him : he had this mania for buying everything that took his fancy. Bring him to New York with five hundred dollars in his pocket, and set him down in Madison Square, and the chances would be that by the time he reached the Battery he would not have ten dollars left, or would be five hundred dollars in debt if he could get the merchants to trust him ; and nothing he had bought would be of any real use to him. Now what was the result ? I will tell you. He was kept grinding to earn money, like a blind horse in a mill, or like the poor creatures I pity so, on the threshing machines, that are always climbing, but still stay down, and have to be content, when their day's work is done, with the raff and refuse of the grain. It is but the instance of a vice which has eaten like a cancer into our life, and wrought untold disaster.

You come to a city like this, from your wholesome country homes, with the power in you to win your way to a good place. You begin low down, and hold on for a time to the careful habits in which you have been trained, and make

ends meet, and something over. The firm is generous, or, it may be, only selfish : it wants, at any rate, to keep its good men, and so it promotes you. Then you have more money, and you know the reason why. You are worth more. Then the world about you begins to notice you are a rising man, and invites you to its feasts and frolics ; and there is a fine grain in you which makes it hard to refuse or to be mean in the matter of paying the world back in its own coin. So there may be no evil in you when this happens ; yet this vice will creep in of spending for a score of things that are proper to society, but are a threat, all the same, to the sincere safeguards of your life. And you may not run into debt as yet, but you have come to where they draw the golden wires.

You spend all you earn, with the feeling you can make more. And you do make more ; but then you spend that, too.

Moreover, you find a wife some day, very much to your mind. But you cannot begin life in a couple of rooms, with a hempen carpet and cane chairs, because society might turn its back on you. And society is now your god. You find new powers to meet the new demand, and are promoted again, or, it may be, go into business yourself. And, still, you might do well if you would stand true to the safe and solid things you understand and can do. But the fatal lesson you may have learned of being able, as you imagine, to command success, steals in and lures you after vain shadows. We must be patrons of the arts, perhaps, and purchase pictures with the money we shall sorely need some day to tide us over a panic. We are not content with the modest house we can pay for as we can pay for a loaf of bread, but must rent a mansion. Then the " promoters " come along, or the speculators in the things which have no solid substance of worth in them show us what they call a " good thing " and say they will let us in on the ground floor ; and they do. So we may drift into speculations we understand no more than the man in Mars, or think we can clutch a fortune at a

stroke from the wise and wary men in Wall Street, who have given their life to watching the rise and fall of the stocks. We can take it all in, as we imagine, at a glance. And this is the story of the wreck and ruin of thousands of men of a fine promise who, twenty years ago, were on the way to a fair fortune.

But I say that no one lesson men can learn, whose life lies in the main before them, can be of a deeper moment than this: that, if we devour all the corn we can raise in the seven good years or go sowing it on the barren wastes of speculation, we shall have to hang round the garners of the prudent and careful when the seven years of scarceness come, and implore, when we might command. "How is it," they said to the good Scotchwoman, "that your son, John, who had so fair a chance when you set him up in business, should have broken down, while you began with nothing at all, and are now well off?" "I will tell ye," she answered. "When we began, my auld man and me, we lived on oatmeal and oat bread, and a' things of that sort, but, when we began to be weel-to-do, we would noo and then have a chicken to our dinner; but the trouble wi' John and his wife is that they began wi' the chicken, and noo they can hardly get the oatmeal."

That has been the trouble with thousands who twenty years ago caught the trade winds to a fair fortune; while, if we could explore the secret of hosts of men who have made fortunes, and have not one dirty dollar in their account, we should find they began with the oatmeal, and let the chicken wait, did not trust at all to their genius for carving out a fortune while they spent one, but made sure of the overplus in the good times which would tide them over the bad.

So the first thing to be sure about is this: Do not spend money you cannot well spare. If you buy a Bible even you cannot afford to buy just then, you wander to where the wires are set, and may do more harm to yourself thereby

than the Bible will ever do you good. Nay, I will say more than this. If you so misread your Bible as to trust God will take care of you when you ought to take care of yourself in this most sacred business of paying as you go, you had better sell your Bible at the first old bookstore, and buy "Poor Richard's Almanac" or "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin."

And so I like that word of a sound divine who says that, "next to the grace of God, paying our debts right along is the best means of grace in the world to deliver us from a thousand snares."

And, if such a word as this should miss its mark, there would still remain a cloud of witnesses, we elder men remember, who have stripped themselves to the bare bone to keep their good name, and are brooding over their broken fortunes and their lives robbed of hope and joy,—men who struck on the rocks over which it seemed easy enough to ride when the high tides of prosperity were running full and free, but that are fatal as death if you are in the channel when the tide goes down and the storm comes up, and there is no escape.

I must disdain to be a royal spender, then, contract no debts, and take no risks I cannot see through or make good. And then I go far to compel Fortune herself to give bonds for my success; but, failing here, it is as when the spring fails in my watch.

I knew a man in my youth who was a pattern of piety; but he ran deep into debt, insured his property for quite all it was worth, was told it was on fire one morning, but would not turn out and see to it until he was through with family prayers. The place burned down, and he tried to collect the insurance; but the insurance men said, "No." And there were good people who said this was all wrong, and he did right to have family prayers before he went to put out that fire; while the honest and manful world about him said that to put out the fire first, and then say his prayers, would

have been the most honest course to take, to say nothing about its piety. He went down, and his good name with him, and is buried in a lost grave on the other (under) side of the world.

Dr. Johnson said of a man in his day he had no genius, but he was so true to his pledge that, if he had promised you an acorn, and none grew in England that year, he would send to Denmark for one rather than break his pledge. It was a grand thing to say of a man; and it comes home to the heart of my thought, for, of all the promises I know of, my promise to pay stands among the first.

Now I might tell you to say some little prayer over all this; and I will not tell you not to,— God forbid! But would you not also do this at the prompting of one who has seen a great deal of ruin wrought through debt and easy-going spending, with no resolute will to save on his way through this world? Would you not see where the leaks are in your young life, if there be any; or where the wires are that may as yet be almost invisible, but which may grow to cables or chains in a few years' time? And, then, would you do a little sum for me, and so for yourselves? Take your pencil, and find what even a dollar a week may come to, well invested, in ten years, and then in twenty, and so on to the end of the chapter, and see how much better you can do than that even, and yet be in every way a generous and kindly gentleman in the measure of your means. For, in asking you to keep out of debt and be careful in your outlay, I advocate no meanness. Money may be bought too dearly; and we may any of us run some risk of becoming like the old Scotch nobleman, who would not give his tenant a quittance for the rent until he had hunted up a missing bawbee.

He brought the coin, and then said, "Noo, my lord, I will give you a shilling if you will let me see all the money you have in the house." He took him at his word, showed him all his treasure; and then the farmer said: "That will do. I am just as rich as ye are noo. I have seen all the

money ; but I cannot spend a pound of it, nor can ye, my lord, either."

He was richer than the old lord. He was free from the chains the money had made for him. I would have you so free ; and yet I would speak to you as my sons touching this need to keep free from the other and more woful fetter of debt. We can save if we will, and still spend for all fair and true purposes ; and the wise and prudent do save, while the heedless spend as they go, and, it may be, we take hold and help them. I never quite digested one of the best dinners I ever sat down to in my life, because it came out afterward that my host owed for that dinner and a great many more. There may be danger on the other side. The habit of saving may grow on us so that we shall never bloom out into a sweet and generous manhood ; but this will always be the exception, not the rule, among the men we breed in this New World, while this is the contrast all through between such men and your heedless spender ; that, cleaving to strict and stern justice in their dealings, as your "close" men always do, the day never comes when they do not keep their side of the contract. Do not run into debt, then. Save, that you may spend. Do what a true man may do to provide things honest in the sight of all men. Owe no man anything in this way, and then you will make all men your debtors for the sterling and noble example you set to the world about you.

We must never spend when we ought to spare. One of the saddest things I have struck in my life has been the woe of some families left destitute through an easy-going generosity in the man out of whose life they sprang,—a man who would have everything of the best, trusting to his luck to come out all right, who would spare nothing so that he might have things handsome, while he did not lay up a dollar for the rainy day or for the instant peril of death which dogs our footsteps from the cradle to the grave.

Saving is so slow to such men, and so hard ; and they do not or will not remember that a hundred dollars a year paid to a sound life insurance, on a healthy life at a certain age, is the assurance of five thousand dollars down on the nail, if the stroke of death comes the day after the insurance is secured, and that the assurance of ten, or even twenty, thousand may be secured from the savings in things well-to-do people may manage to dispense with, and still suffer no loss.

For myself, I can say this, that from the day, more than forty years ago, when I took as much insurance as made me feel sure that, if I should die, my friends would not have to say, Poor fellow, he was so generous with his money that there is nothing now for his family : we must subscribe and help them,—from that time the poison for me has been taken from the sting of death. For to a well-bred man of our home-loving race the sting is more surely in the intolerable pain such a man must feel when he kisses his wife and children for the last time, and knows he has made no provision for their future, than it can be in any possible fear of what death may be or do.

While I should not take much stock in the man who would not close instantly, if he had the chance, in such a case with the proposal of a decent competence for the widow and children in exchange for the open heavens and the angels waiting with the harp and crown. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out," the old Hebrew cries ; and I answer : Surely, surely, if you mean mere things. But somewhere within me, when I go hence, I carry the account of what I have done to fend for those I leave behind me and to save them from the bitter pangs of poverty by my forethought and self-denial, from the day when I took the maiden from her home and said, Trust me to take care of you and the children God may give us, and be a true husband. And I can easily imagine how a man would be glad to exchange that

golden harp and crown, if he could, for good five per cent. stock, if he should find himself in heaven,—always supposing they would have such a one there,—when through his heedlessness he has left a wife and family of children without a dollar in the world.

And now I will say that I know of no city in all the world where a young man can find a finer opportunity to be and do his best than on this island, where you may not only find a more ample living, but may also make the best of your life and find the best there is in you brought out by the strong attrition of man to man, as gems do in the grinding, to be finally rated at what you are worth, revealing your latent powers as they never could have been revealed in some small commune in the hills or by the sea. It is in this manhood, compacted together as we are, that we can nourish forth whatever is noblest and best in our human life. Have you come here eager of heart and resolute to do your good life's work? And are you touched with fear, wondering what the days and the years will bring? Be of a good courage and do your level best, not alone for the fortune it may bring you, but for the wealth which lies in the worth of what you are and what you do. It will be all right if you are all right, honest, diligent, faithful, trusting in God, and loving all that is good to the core, standing by your city and doing your share to maintain her magnificent institutions; for she also is a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

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TALKING.

I FIND several remarkable statements bearing on this matter in different parts of the Bible; and I shall read four of them as my text. The first is in the Book of Ecclesiastes, the fifth chapter and the second verse,—“Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few.”

The next is in the Gospel according to Matthew, the fifth chapter, the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh verses: “Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let thy speech be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: and whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.”

The next is in the twelfth chapter of the same Gospel of Matthew, the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh,—“And I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment: for by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.”

And, last, in the third chapter of the Book of James, the seventh and eighth verses,—“For every kind of beasts and birds, of creeping things, and things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed by mankind; but the tongue can no man tame, it is a restless evil, it is full of deadly poison.”

I know of nothing more wonderful than this fact of speech. Let us stop for one or two careful minutes, and analyze it as far as we may, so that we may not only understand it, but be impressed by its marvel.

Here I stand this morning shaping certain vibrations of the air by movements of what are called the vocal organs,

the lips, the tongue, the teeth. I make no noise. I simply start certain vibrations. These vibrations are received on the drum of your ear, and certain corresponding vibrations are there set up; and these are carried by the nerves up somewhere into the brain, and there the marvel takes place. These vibrations, in some way that the world has never been able to comprehend, are transformed into — what? Something utterly unlike any physical movement or vibration whatsoever. They become a thought or a feeling or an impulse to action.

Dr. Minot, of Boston, in an address given not long ago, has called afresh attention to the fact that there are in the universe two great things,— force and consciousness. But the gulf between them is just as wide and just as deep as it was to the wildest savage in the woods hundreds of thousands of years ago.

Just consider. Some one speaks, and the face of a listener becomes glad with smiles; some one speaks, and the eyes of a listener suddenly become aflame with anger; some one speaks, and the listener drops tears of tenderness and pity; some one speaks, and those that listen are roused and anxious to do something. Wonder and mystery that no one has ever comprehended or been able to explain!

These vibrations started, and you listen to the soliloquy of Hamlet. You see Lady Macbeth urging on her reluctant husband to the deed that shall make him both murderer and king. Some one speaks, and you are in Sir Walter's country, in Scotland, among the lakes, seeing all those marvellous pictures of beauty that he has unfolded for us in his wonderful books. Some one speaks, and the drama of human history is unfolded, and you see the far-off beginnings of human life, and watch the process of human development from the beginning until to-day. Some one speaks, and the beautiful poems of the world echo in our ears and charm our hearts. A wonderful thing is this talking!

Note another aspect of the wonder. We are more or less

acquainted with each other; but I am sometimes overwhelmed with the thought of the loneliness of human lives, the isolation of souls. They are as far apart as are the lonely stars in space; and the only medium of communication between them, the only one that amounts to much, is just this talking. I have a thought or a feeling, a fear or a hope; and I am able to give utterance to it so as to kindle a corresponding thought or feeling, or fear or hope, in some one else. And so we enter into communication with each other; and what were else separateness and loneliness become aggregations of those that are bound together by love and tenderness and sympathy. We have friends, we have a family, we have neighborhoods, cities, states, nations; we have the thought of mankind. And all these are possible only because of the existence of this marvel of human speech.

Now you will note that, by as much as we are careful in the use of this medium of communication, by so much can we be practically certain that we are really understanding each other. It is difficult enough to understand each other when we try. When people really say what they mean and when other persons earnestly and seriously listen, it is difficult enough then.

I have practical experience of this almost every week. I find myself amazed sometimes when there comes back to me a report that I said such and such a thing, that I hold such or such opinions. I wonder whether the trouble is with myself or whether it is with the hearer or the reporter. But there is a break in the communication somewhere; and this hints the idea,—that we need to be careful in the use of words, how we speak; and, when another person speaks, careful how we listen, and then, again, careful how we dare report what we suppose we have heard.

The practical outcome of this thought is right here. This precious, sacred medium of communication, if the communication is to be clear and accurate and helpful,

needs itself to be guarded carefully and kept intact; but people in all sorts of ways are constantly injuring this medium of communication. Yet they have no business to be careless about it.

This English speech is not yours to do with as you please. It is not mine to do with as I please. It is a sacred inheritance from the past; and it has brought down to us the treasures of human history, human discovery, human invention, human song, art, political and social experiment. It has brought down to us all the accumulation of good that the race has been able to attain up to the present time; and, if these treasures are to be kept guarded carefully and transmitted, then the medium that brings them to us must be taken care of and kept in the clearest and finest possible condition.

Let us note a few ways in which we either carelessly or perhaps maliciously, sometimes, injure this medium of speech. Now I have no indiscriminate condemnation of slang in my mind. Slang is sometimes justified. Slang is sometimes a new-born, vital word; for this marvellous language of ours is alive. It is growing. It is like a tree. It sheds leaves, so that words become obsolete; but it puts out new leaves and shoots and branches.

If you trace this English speech of ours from the eighth century till to-day, you will find what a wonderful, living thing it has been, how much it has left behind, how much of new it has taken up in the course of the years, how it has been able to absorb the best things in other speech, and now has the best. I am inclined to think that it is preparing to make for itself the conquest of the earth.

Slang is sometimes justifiable. Now and then there is a slang word that hits an idea, that fits a case as nothing else can; and it was born of the need to hit that particular case. In such conditions slang is justifiable. But the person who uses slang merely because it is slang, who loves slang because it is *outré*, who misuses the dictionary because he

likes to, is committing a crime against speech and is making it difficult for others to speak accurately and be understood.

Then there is the careless use of language, particularly on the part of young people. Perhaps it is a bubbling over and effervescence of life; but it makes for something evil if it is carried too far. I hear young people say sometimes, and it is not uncommon, "Why, I just thought I should die." What had happened? They had heard a funny story or seen something which had occurred on the street. As a matter of fact, they did not think they were going to die at all. And, when they come to face death for themselves or anybody else, with what words will they give adequate utterance to the emotions of such an hour if they have wasted them all on something frivolous and meaningless?

I hear young people talk about being "awfully jolly." When something really awful occurs, with what word will they utter the fitting emotion of such an hour? I have a friend at the present time travelling abroad. He gave humorous expression to what is of very serious importance in my thought about this matter. He has been travelling through Ireland and Wales, and this letter was written from the Scottish Highlands; and he said, "I have used up all the adjectives I am acquainted with over Ireland and Wales, and I have not any left to describe the things that I am experiencing and seeing and feeling at the present time." It was, of course, a mere touch of humor; but, in real life, people use up the noble, the sorrowing, the grand, the significant words and phrases over frivolous and petty and every day affairs until, when they come to face these grand experiences of life, they have no words with which to adequately or fitly express themselves.

It comes to be a very evil thing in one department of our life, this misuse of words, this exaggerated utterance. I refer now to our political dissensions and discussions. What word to-day will a man have left if he wishes to score a

villain? All the epithets, bitter and venomous and outrageous, that the language affords have been wasted within the last fifty years on good people. There is no word of infamy that was not flung at Lincoln, at Grant, at some of the noblest men that this country has produced. And during any political campaign the opposition candidate is blackened by the use of every word that the writer can conceive of or use. So that the real scoundrel does not fear the lash. If you call him a scoundrel, if you call him a thief, a villain, a bribe-taker or a bribe-giver, if you call him anything whatever, he says: "I am in perfectly good company. All the best men in the country have been called these names." So he does not care; and it produces no impression on the popular mind.

Let us keep our words for their true uses. When we say a man is a villain, let us mean that he is a villain, not merely that he belongs to the other party. If we say a man is a scoundrel, let it mean that he is a scoundrel, not merely that he disagrees with us on the tariff. If we say that a man is a thief, let us mean that he is a thief, not merely that he differs with us in regard to some practical question as to governing the city of New York.

We make it impossible for us to fight grandly, with a noble anger, against the evil, because we have broken and blunted all our weapons against the armor of the good. This becomes a very serious evil when it is carried to such an extent as this.

I wish to hint one or two other things for you to think of by yourselves at home. We talk too much. All of us talk too much. I remember some humorous man said of another that he knew that man was a liar; and, when somebody asked him how he knew it, he said, "I know it for this reason: there is not truth enough in the whole world to keep a man talking as much as he does."

We talk so much that we are pretty sure to say things that are not true. And, then, how careful are we to know

that they are true? This is the point now I wish to come at. You express an opinion in regard to politics, art, literature, science, in regard to the character of some one who is running for office, no matter what it may be. Have you taken pains to have a real opinion on that subject before you have uttered it? If not, would it not be a good deal better to keep still and spend the time that you give to talking to looking the matter up?

One of the wisest men I know said to me, when I asked his opinion on a matter, "I do not know: I have never made a study of that." I have had great respect for that man ever since. When he said he did know something, I felt perfectly sure there was some ground for it; because he was careful not to say he knew that which he had not made the subject of careful investigation.

What right have we to entertain a passing whim, a feeling, a prejudice, and say, "I believe that," and begin to propagate it over the country? You have no business to propagate errors. It is your business, before you begin to start ideas, to do your best, at any rate, to find out as to whether or not those ideas are true. You have no right to talk and talk and talk, with no basis for the claimed reality of your opinions.

This comes to something serious in religious matters. If a person does no more than merely, parrot-like, repeat what were vital beliefs once, but are nothing now but chatter, do you not see that he does two things that are evil? — he helps propagate ideas that he either does not believe or does not know are true; and he injures the fineness of his own moral nature by claiming to believe things that are not vital to him.

Do not dare to repeat religious formulas thoughtlessly without any brain or heart in them. If you address the infinite God of this infinite universe or express yourselves in any way concerning him, be thoughtful, reverent, and take care that you comprehend at least a little that in which you

are engaged. Let the words represent your thought, utter your heart, lift your reverence and aspiration towards him.

I come now to another phase of this matter of talking, perhaps the one you may have supposed I would devote myself chiefly to: I mean talking about other people. I wish to say a few things here as earnestly, simply, clearly, as I know how. The most interesting thing in the world to a person is, naturally, and perhaps necessarily, another person. People are more interesting to us than things. A writer in the last *Harper* has said that the most interesting object of contemplation in the world is two young people in love with each other. Emerson, you know, said, "All the world loves a lover." People are naturally interesting to us.

But now consider. How shall we talk about them, why, when, to what end? Gossip is natural, and may be harmless; but the most of it is not, by a good deal. There are certain men who love to tell a story that is off color. They seem to take delight in just that phase of it. I think that such men ought to be put out of decent society. There are men and women who love gossip about people that is just a little off, that hints and, as they think, smells of evil, of something that is questionable. They love it, they seem to revel in it; and, just as I have said about the men I speak of, I say these people, whether men or women, ought to be put out of good society, and kept there.

Why should you talk about somebody else? Only three conceivable reasons; you do it to help them, to hurt them, or merely to amuse yourself,—one of the three. Talk about people forever if you can help them. Why should you delight to talk about people for the sake of hurting them? Why should you find amusement, entertainment, in dissecting people, taking their characters to pieces? Why find soiled, evil, and questionable spots about them?

There are vultures that fly in the heavens, carrion crows, turkey buzzards: they are not favored birds on the part of

people with good taste. The eagle and the sweet song birds are better company. Why should we care to associate with men and women who love human carrion?

We need the "white wings" on our streets here in New York. They gather up the refuse, the garbage, and carry it off out of our sight as rapidly as they can and dispose of it. We should not like to have them come and dump a load of it on our front doorstep. If there are any men and women who love to gather this sort of thing, I certainly do not thank them for bringing it to me, and dumping it down in my front yard. I do not like it. I am not interested in gossip; and, if anybody has anything of that sort, I beg them not to bring it to me. I should not receive it with a good grace at all.

It seems to me an infinite and unspeakable wrong. Something is suspected about a person's character. Something they have done is questionable. The appearance of things is against them. Now stop and consider. Do you know that the thing suspected is true? If you do not, keep your mouth shut about it. What business have you to speak? Who gave you a right to retail insinuations, unfounded, unproved, against the characters and lives of other people?

Shakspeare has said : —

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

If you know something against a person's character, what will you do? Will you talk about it? Why should you? If you can help any one by talking about it, then talk. If you know that a person is deliberately planning a wrong against somebody else, and you can protect that person, warn him. But all of us have made mistakes, I suppose. The vaunted virtue of thousands of persons only means protection.

They have been guarded, sheltered. Others have been exposed, and have gone astray.

Suppose a person has done wrong, and you know it. Can you help that person by talking about it? If you can, talk, talk, talk. If you can not, why talk? Do you love it? If you do, then I have no respect for you. If you do not love it, consider whether you are doing anybody any good by talking. If you are not, then a little silence.

And these people that have gone astray perhaps are struggling hard to get back into the road again. Go to them, and give them your sympathy, if you think they are trying; but, in Heaven's name, do not block the road, and make it impossible for them to recover themselves. Take for your shining example the attitude of Jesus. Never once did Jesus show anything but tender sympathy and pity and helpfulness for weak, passionate people and people astray,— never,— always tenderness and readiness to help. When he blazed in anger, it was always at the "good" people who talked about their neighbors. All his wrath was for the supercilious, self-righteous people who were not like these publicans and sinners. Follow the footsteps of Jesus in this matter, and you will not go far astray.

Now at the end I wish simply to hint some uses we can make of the great sayings of the world. I pointed out at the beginning how wonderful it is, this fact that we can speak, that we can crystallize a thought or feeling into words, that these can be reproduced again in the brains and hearts of others.

I have a friend who tells me that she has for years been in the habit of committing to memory great and beautiful sayings of the great and noble men, snatches of verse, inspiring utterances of this kind or that; and they have become treasures to her, companionship in the night watches when sleep is far away. They become inspiration and help.

What magnificent words these are! "The Lord thy God is one God." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy

heart," etc. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "The Lord is my shepherd; and, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

Then that beautiful saying,—we can trace it to Egypt, and we find it in our New Testament,—“God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” “Overcome evil with good.” “It is better to give than to receive.” These mighty words of the wise and the great, what a treasure they are to us!

Consider those two sayings of Lincoln. Is there anything finer in any religion? “With malice toward none, with charity for all.” And what he said to his friend, “When I die, I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow.”

Thank God for such great, inspiring words, that shine for us in the sky of our souls like constellations; shine as does the North Star. We may never come up with it, but we can always pursue it. We may never reach the height of these wonderful words, but we can come nearer to God as we direct our ship always towards these wonderful lights that are set for our guidance.

Words are mighty. How a bitter word has lasted for years, rankling in a soul,—stood between a father and his son, a father and daughter, a husband and wife, a friend and friend, a business partner and a business partner! What power of separation, of bitterness and evil, a thoughtless word may have!

And how wonderful, sweet, and tender a helpful word! You can remember words spoken when you were boys and girls, in your young manhood and womanhood. They have been grace and guidance and cheer and help in all these years—words that no money could buy, that have made you rich and strong.

Speak words of appreciation to those you love and who are near to you now. Do not wait and put them into epi-

taphs. Speak them to-day. Cheer and comfort those that you love. If they have done a good thing or tried to do one, tell them so. Nobody who is wise is injured by what we call flattery; and you cannot injure a fool. He is injured already.

There are thousands of people hungry for a little word of appreciation. Speak it, and make the way easier; speak it, and make the burden they are carrying lighter; speak it, and it will be a candle in the darkness, and keep them from stumbling over some obstacle; speak it, and it will seem like a gracious word out of the very heavens to their souls.

There are scientific men who tell us a very wonderful thing. It seems to me past the possibility of belief; and yet they tell us that it is logically and incontrovertibly true. If I stamp my foot here this morning, it is felt not only on the other side of the world: it is felt in the sun; an impulse is started that may never end. The scientific men tell us that this world is so perfect a whispering gallery that every word that has ever been spoken since the morning stars sang together is echoing somewhere to-day, and might be taken up and comprehended by an adequate intelligence.

So there needs no angel to write a record of our lives and be ready for the last day. The universe is the record book of everything we say as of everything we do.

Since, then, these words we speak must enter into the life of the world and make it worse or better, let us think before we speak, and, if we err on either side, err towards gentleness and tenderness and love.

Father, we thank thee for the great words that have been spoken in the past and that make the world so rich and so noble to-day. We thank thee that we may help by our words, and that we can keep from hurting by our words. So let us, inspired by thy love and care, see to it that everything we say shall be not hindrance and hurt, but life and peace and strength and help to the world. Amen.



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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR MONEY?

THIS is the question I shall try to answer this morning. My text you may find in the twelfth chapter of the Gospel according to Mark, the seventeenth verse,—“And Jesus said unto them, Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things that are God’s; and they marvelled greatly at him.”

To Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, to God the things that are God’s. The method of division, however, in practical life, and the proportion assigned to the one or the other, it seems to me, are very striking and suggestive if we carefully consider them. How much does God really get? How much goes to Cæsar?

Now I am not to talk in any mystical use of speech this morning. I am not to call your attention to any subtle theological distinctions. I shall try to use the plain language of the street, and refer to matters that you yourselves believe with your whole souls, in your serious and earnest hours.

When I speak of giving to God the things that belong to God, I am not talking theology. What do I mean? What do we mean when we speak of the divine side of life? Do we believe in any divine side of life? I think we all do. It is the side that concerns the eternal verities,—love, helpfulness, the upward look, consecration to noblest things, real manliness, real womanliness. Such a devotion to the inner and eternal realities as makes us able to face the shipwreck of common things, and still feel that the best things are left. You know what that means. Such a relation to the Eternal as enables you to stay yourselves in a great

trust on the essential realities, that enables you to bear pain and sorrow, and to be a victor at last over even death itself.

In your best hours, your hours of highest outlook and vision, you believe that something of this sort is possible. You know it is, because, as you read the history of the world, there are men and women here and there, great numbers of them, who have attained that life, and shown that it is the most practical thing in the world. And, of course, if it is possible, it goes without saying that it is the most important thing in the world. Nothing else for a moment can compare with it—if it be possible.

I propose this morning for a little while to think out loud, to let you, if you will, come into the inmost secret of my thought concerning some of these great matters; find out if you really agree with me when I get through. If you do not, of course you will go your own way and do as you think best. But consider with me for a little while these respective claims of Cæsar and God upon our money, our money as a representative thing; for, if we believe in anything enough to pay for it, we shall believe enough in it to plan, think, and work for it.

What do we mean by money? In a rough way, but accurately enough for our present purpose, I will say that money is the accumulated wealth of the world over and above that which is called for day by day for the absolute necessities of life. It is that something, different in one case from another, which can be converted into coin, silver or gold, or bank-notes; that something which can thus be exchanged for other things which we desire. This is what we mean by money; and all of us have a little, a little more perhaps I may safely say, than we spend day by day on the necessities of existence.

Now what shall we do with this money? How much of it shall we give to Cæsar? how much to God, in the comprehensive sense in which I am using that term? I am not

one of those who inveigh against money, against capital and accumulated wealth. The world began to be civilized when it began to have money. I have had occasion to say in other connections, as perhaps most of you remember, that, if a man has to work just as much as he is capable of every day merely to supply himself with food and clothing and protection against the weather, his ordinary bodily needs, he must remain a savage. Just as long as he can do no more than that, he is a savage, and there is no prospect of his becoming civilized.

A man progresses by as much as he develops other and higher hungers which need food and satisfaction; and these higher hungers somebody must feed; and the man who is engaged in feeding some one of these higher hungers cannot be devoting himself entirely to supplying his own bodily necessities. So money must be accumulated, enough at any rate to set this man free, so that he may give his time to feeding this higher want.

For example: A man develops a sense of beauty. Now the man who administers to this sense must be supported while he is doing it. He must be fed and clothed and protected against the cold while he does this higher thing; that is, ministers to this higher want of ours. And so the world has gradually discovered this fact, and it has resulted in our having the great names of history.

Suppose Shakespeare had been obliged to "earn his living," as we say, instead of writing his plays; suppose Michel Angelo had been obliged to work all day long to keep himself from starving, what a loss to the world! Apply the same principle to Homer, Virgil, Goethe, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Titian, Murillo, to the great artists, sculptors, to Columbus, the discoverer, to Darwin and Spencer, the scientists,—to all the men who have ministered to our love of truth, our desire to discover, to explore, to our admiration for the beautiful, our delight in musical sounds, our love of song. These persons who have consecrated them-

selves to feeding man's higher wants have had to be supported by the accumulated wealth of society.

And man advances by as much as he more and more wants. He grows as he unfolds the possibilities of his own nature. This is what civilization means. But men are not developed to the highest until they are developed on the divine side of their natures. However much a man becomes as an intellect, from the æsthetic and artistic point of view, he does not become the best or noblest, he is not rounded out to the fullest and most complete manhood until he is ready to give all that he is in one sense—not to Cæsar, but to God. The man who thinks, feels, aspires, worships, loves, consecrates himself, the man who wakes up to the thought that he is a child of God, and who subordinates all these other things to that, he, surely,—and I know you will agree with me here,—is the ideal man.

The best thing any one of us can do is not to be intellectual, not to be artistic, poetical, literary, musical,—not to be any of these things if that is to subordinate and dominate us. The best thing any one of us can be is to be a man, a woman, and subordinate and use all these other things.

The great danger in ordinary human life is that a man plunges into and becomes absorbed in and overwhelmed by his taste or his occupation. No man ought to be merely a lawyer, a physician, a scientific man, merely anything. He ought to be a man, and use these things as ministers and servants. When we speak of the greatest and noblest men of the world, it does not occur to us to raise the question as to what their occupation may have been.

Take the noblest citizens that you know of in the history of New York. You do not stop to concentrate your thought on the idea that they were merchants or lawyers or physicians, or what not. They were great, true, noble, consecrated men; and all these things merely ministered to their manhood, were a part of their equipment and their power.

Perhaps some of you have read Mr. George William Curtis's little book, "Prue and I." It is full of both wisdom and entertainment; and I advise you to read it if you have not. One chapter is devoted to a description of Mr. Tit-bottom's spectacles. These spectacles had the peculiar quality that, when you put them on and looked at a person, you saw the essential quality of that person. You did not see the man, or the woman. These faded away; and the thing which they essentially were took the place of it.

If somebody should put these spectacles on and look at us, what would he find? He would find in the case of some of us a pleasure-lover; in others, merely a business man; in another, a politician; in another, this or that. But, if we are men, he would see that, and would know that these other things were merely used by a man and for manly ends.

I had intended this morning—perhaps I shall only be able to suggest what I had in mind—to count over some of the ways in which we spend our money, with the suggestion all the way along as to whether we do not spend more of it in this particular direction than we really need to.

If you can find out what a man spends his money for, you will find out the grade of civilization he has reached, the thing he particularly cares for: that indicates what he is. Of course, we need the supply of our bodily hunger, we need clothing; but let me hint here, in passing, the man who is perfectly well dressed is not a man whose clothes you ever notice or think of. If I find myself looking the second time at a man's clothes, it is,—provided he is well-to-do and the clothes are an expression of what the man is,—because I think there is something wrong about him. Clothes are utterly subordinate to the man or ought to be. He keeps in the general style of the time, so as not to attract attention, not that he cares anything about the style.

There is more apt to be fault, I think, here in regard to the women than the men. It is the husband's fault, per-

haps, because I know a great many times men urge their wives to dress this way or that way or another way. But, surely, a well-dressed woman ought to be like a well-dressed man in this, that you think of her, and not of her clothes. When you find yourself thinking of a woman's clothes, she has really relegated herself to the position of a dressmaker's or a milliner's dummy for the display of goods.

You want to think of her. When she enters a room, she should be proud of her grace and beauty,—for a woman ought to be just as beautiful as she can,—of her intelligence, of her self-possession, proud of her womanhood. But proud of her clothes,—that is a degradation.

And yet I cannot help thinking of the significance of something like this. A young friend of mine was invited to attend a church wedding within the last week; and, as he reported it to me, the ceremony, the sacredness of it, the significance of it, counted for practically nothing. He said that the lady he was with was calling his attention perpetually to this dress or that hat or another cloak,—they were stunning, they were this or that or another thing. The whole sacredness and solemnity of the affair was swallowed up in the criticism of clothes. Surely, Cæsar gets more of his share, when this is passed to his account.

Take the matter of shelter. A house ought to be beautiful,—as beautiful as its owner can make. It ought to be the expression of his finest taste and his noblest life. But I venture to say that a large part of the houses of what would be called the well-to-do or wealthy people in New York are not the expression of good taste, while they are an expression of extravagance and waste of money. Cæsar gets too much here also.

Then there is the matter of social display. Surely, human society means the getting together of congenial people to enjoy mutual converse with each other; but the fact that something more is represented all the time and ridiculed in the witty journals has some serious significance. One

writer describes a lady in London who had been trying all her life to catch up with her social obligations. She invited every one the house would hold at each reception, people who did not care for each other and were crowded and uncomfortable. Her efforts did not reach the end of human social converse; and she never succeeded in catching up with her obligations, either. Is not this a type of what often passes as social life?

There was also something like this in a witty paper which I saw the other day. A wife says to her husband, "Why of course, we must give some sort of affair to maintain our social position." He says, "Yes, I suppose we must; and I suppose we must make it just as costly as we can afford." When the wife quickly adds, "Oh, yes, a great deal more than that!" When these are witticisms which everybody is expected to understand and smile over, they mean the waste of precious money on Cæsar and the overlooking of the higher and nobler claims of life.

Then people accumulate money for the sake of the power it puts into their hands. I do not wonder. I can quite understand this enjoyment; but is it quite the highest and noblest? Men waste money on books. I cry *peccavi* here. A bookstore is the most serious temptation of my life; always has been. But, harmless as it may seem, if I waste money on books while forgetting the higher things of the world, I am sinning just as much as one who wastes his money on something lower.

There are musicians among us who devote themselves to cultivating this high and fine taste. It may be very selfish. There are lovers of art concerning whom the same may be said. I have a friend who has spent a fortune on rugs merely because he loves beautiful rugs. To love a beautiful rug is all very well; but is that quite fair and quite right? There are men who accumulate money for the sake of the family. They wish to found a house, to be reckoned one of the wealthy people of the great city. Is this wise, best, noblest?

Consider what you do. You merely make your daughters bait for fortune-hunters. You make it difficult for them to meet men on the basis of simple humanity and love, and so win for themselves the chance of a sweet and noble home. You also run the risk of ruining your sons.

In England the son of one of the nobles is born, not into a condition of wealth simply, but one of responsibility. The old nobility had a responsibility commensurate with its powers; and the traditions of it still remain, so that a nobleman in England is expected to do some fine and high thing, and he is not looked upon with a great deal of honor if he fails.

But in this country the chances are, nine times in ten, that the son of a rich man makes it merely an excuse for idleness and self-indulgent luxury. And yet look over this country, the great cities of the West and East as well,—Boston and New York, as well as the newer towns of the West. Look at the merchants, the great railroad magnates, the men high in political position, the men great, the leaders. The majority of them were poor boys, boys who had to make their way.

I was reading a bit in regard to Emerson the other day. A relative of his, a nephew, I think, had read a remarkable paper before one of the college societies; and a friend asked Emerson what he thought of him. And Emerson said, "The only thing that is necessary now is that the boy should have some calamity happen to him,—his father lose his money, or something, so as to put him on his mettle, and make him feel the necessity of developing the highest and best things in him." This was the idea. I do not believe that it is the best thing you can do with your money to hoard it for the sake of your sons and daughters.

So I might run on and make the schedule as long as I please. The point I wish to have in mind, and help you to feel, if I can, is that along these lines is not the way to a real human happiness, not the way to a high and fine suc-

cess. This is not the best use you can make of your accumulated means. There are sweeter, better things. And the great truth of it is that most of these people I have been speaking about rarely find that they have any money for God, for the highest and best things. I do not mean to bring any railing accusation or charge wholesale indifference. I know that most of you are doing a hundred kindnesses for people in need, for your friends, all sorts of things that are sweet and human. But are you consecrating your power, your money, your thought, your ability, as much as you might to the highest and noblest things of the world?

We are marking it to-day as a characteristic of this modern world that so many rich people are generous. While congratulating ourselves that this is so, ought we not to be almost ashamed of ourselves that we need to note it? For the money is not the owner's in the sense that he has a right to do with it as he wishes. It is only in his hands in trust; and, if these trusts on the part of the men who have accumulated capital were more nobly, generously, humanely used, there would be less discontent on the part of those who are making the foundations of our society shake and tremble.

If a poor man saw that a rich man subordinated his money to his manhood and cared for the highest and best things, and was trying to help the world along, do you think there would be as much bitterness and discontent as there is?

And this generosity on the part of the rich. I do not like to belittle it; but I do not know of a single man, no matter how much he has given, who has given any more than a few crumbs brushed off of the loaf of his wealth. Poor people down on the East Side, in the country, all over the world, are, after all, the generous givers. They give a thousand times more, compared to their ability, than do the rich.

Now I wish to bring practically home some affairs that

concern this church of ours. A church exists for two things: in the first place, for the sake of helping each other, on the part of the membership, to live a true, sweet, noble, unselfish, spiritual life. It exists for its own integrity and the building up of its membership.

Now how much the people who attend here might do more than they do. Hundreds of people come to this church during the year who have no sort of connection with it that I can discover. They do not take a seat: they do not commit themselves to anything. I do not know where they are: I cannot find them or get acquainted with them. I have no sense of there being an organized force behind me ready to help me do my work. How much you could do simply in this way if you thought and cared!

Then the church, after it is organized, exists for the power it may have in enlightening and lifting up and leading on the world. Now I want to indicate two or three things that this church is trying to do. When I gave out the notices, I said that the circular calling for our annual subscription to help carry on our work would be mailed this week.

What are we trying to do? Other churches, of course, are trying to serve the world and serve God, according to their own peculiar ideas. This is a Unitarian church. We believe that we stand in the world's religious leadership, at the front. We are free, we are not afraid of any science; we welcome any criticism; we do not believe that any truth can be injured by daylight; we are reverent; we believe in God, in the future.

We wish to do what we can to spread our ideas, or we try to. Any man who has a religion that he believes in always wishes to give it away. If he does not, he does not possess it. He ought to give it away. If he has a light, a truth, a hope, an inspiration, that he believes in better than the rest of the world has attained, he ought to do all he can to give it to the world.

We talk sometimes here in New York and Boston as though all the rest of the world had become liberal. Two-thirds of the people in this country to-day are cringing and afraid under the thought of a God who is barbaric and a disgrace to civilization. We need to send our light and our liberty, our truth, over the world.

We are trying to support churches that used to be strong, and have grown weak because the young people have gone away from the little towns to more inviting fields of effort. We are trying to organize new churches all over the country, and we are pitifully weak for the lack of money. There is not a town of five thousand people in the United States in which we might not have a Unitarian church in six months if we only had the money. We are appealing and crying for it in every direction and do not get it.

I am not begging: I am not a beggar. I am asking nothing for myself. I am simply calling your attention to certain things that you ought to be as much interested in as I am; and, if you held a right idea of the ownership of your money, you would welcome any man who wishes to offer you the consideration of this thing or that or the other which needs to be done.

You are to decide whether you can help it on or whether you prefer to help on something else. But never think of the man who speaks of these things as a beggar. I am simply trying to tell you what I believe ought to be done, and asking you to think it over and see whether you cannot help just a little.

We are sending out our literature all over the country. I received a letter last week which simply hints what is going on in a quiet way. The writer said: "I am taking your sermons and reading them every week. And, when I first came here, there was nobody else in the whole place to whom I would have dared offer them: now there are half a dozen families who are glad to get them." We are sending our best literature and our missionaries all over the country.

We are doing what we can to spread our Unitarian life and thought.

Then right here in New York City. I rejoice in the kind of work that Dr. Rainsford is engaged in in St. George's parish. He has classes and schools, mothers' meetings, and teaching of every kind going on in his own parish. I suppose you are not aware that we are doing the same kind of work, and doing it on a quite extensive scale. All Souls' and this church are supporting the Friendly Aid Settlement in Thirty-fourth Street. There are thousands of families we touch and influence every week of the year. There are from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred children and young people in the various classes; a large section of this East Side is being permeated and lifted up by the friendly touch of the human side of our work.

But we need money, money, money, to do this humanitarian work. We need at least twenty-five hundred dollars as our share of carrying on this work this year. And so in every direction.

Now, friends, will you not consider a little? There is not a single person in this house to-day who cannot help this work on if he would, if he wanted to, if he cared. I have known men who would spend five thousand dollars for a picture, ten thousand for a horse, fifty thousand for a yacht,—no end of money for anything they really cared for,—but who never would give anything for charity, for religion, to help build up the world, it being simply the horse, the picture, the yacht, which meant something to them. The other did not; that was all.

Now let me tell you: We raised a good deal of money for this church last year; but, do you know, not nearly one-half of the people regularly connected with this church gave one cent, so far as I know. I mean towards this mission and charitable work. It was just a few people who did all the giving. It was not the church: it was a few individuals.

Now there is not one of you that cannot give something,

—a dollar, two dollars, five, ten, something. Will not you think it over? No matter how poor you are, if you begin with the year and now and then lay aside ten cents, a quarter, fifty cents, it will mean a good deal when the subscription comes around. We do not trouble you often with collections for these things. It is only once a year. Think carefully; and learn to come up on to this high level where the things of God count for more than the things of Cæsar.

Remember the finest and noblest thing you can do is to be a man, a woman, to live a manly, womanly life; and let all these other things serve and minister to that life. But give yourself to God; and everything else will follow.

Father, all we have belongs to Thee by right. Let us simply recognize it and turn it into a fact; and living it, and living in it, find ourselves and find Thee; find joy and peace and triumph for evermore. Amen.

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HEARING.

My text you may find in the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth verses,—“He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. But whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the market-places, which call unto their fellows, and say, We have piped unto you, and ye did not dance, we wailed, and ye did not mourn. For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, He hath a devil. The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold, a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners! But wisdom is justified of her children.”

One of the most marked peculiarities of the life of Jesus is the fact that people found it so difficult to understand him. I know it is said that the common people heard him gladly. They followed him, sometimes, it is explained, because they expected to share the loaves and the fishes. But on a certain occasion he said something to them plain and definite in regard to a matter of duty; and the record tells us that thereupon crowds of them went away, and listened to him no more.

Even those that stood closest to him were constantly misinterpreting his message; in other words, showing their inability to hear him, to hear what he really had to say, to hear the message that he came to deliver. And, when they did understand it, they were so little ready to listen that the people as a whole cast him out, rejected him, would have nothing to do with him.

They wanted another kind of Messiah, they were prepared to hear a man coming as a king, who would deliver them

from the hated tyranny of Rome, who would make Jerusalem the centre and capital of the earth. The disciples came, some of them, and pleaded with him, and said, When thou comest into thy kingdom, may I not sit on thy right hand and my brother on thy left?

This was the thing they expected of him; and, when they did get a glimpse of the thing that he really meant, they would have none of him. In other words, the age was not ready or willing to hear the truth that Jesus came to speak.

This is not an isolated instance in the history of the world. I know it is figure and poetry; but the writer of the Book of Proverbs tells us about Wisdom crying at the corners of the streets and begging in vain to get people to listen to her words. The same was true of the old-time prophets. Elijah on a certain occasion, wearied and heart-sick, goes off into the wilderness to escape the thankless task that was laid upon him; and the story tells us that, when God communed with him and asked him what he did there, he said that he was all alone in the kingdom, there was nobody to hear or sympathize with the divine words which he would speak. And, though he was rebuked for this sweeping judgment and told that there were still several thousand who were true, yet the fact remained that the great majority were not ready to hear.

And the prophets, almost as a whole, met with this kind of experience. They came with their divine message to the people; and the people turned a deaf ear; and sometimes they said plainly: We do not want to hear this kind of message. Prophecy to us smooth things; tell us something agreeable; give us a message that is pleasant for us to hear. Do not perpetually be talking to us about our sins, our shortcomings, about the duties that we have not performed.

Let us take another illustration which will show us another phase of this same truth. Paul was on his missionary journey. He had been through Asia, visiting its principal cities, and had met with the most marked success. People were

flocking after him. He comes to Ephesus. There he found crowds ready for a time to follow. But what was the result? Ephesus was celebrated for its great temple, which used to be spoken of as one of the seven wonders of the world, the temple of Diana. And they said that the image of Diana which they worshipped had literally fallen down out of heaven. And there was a great craft of goldsmiths, silver-workers, in Ephesus, who made images of the temple, copies of this statue of the goddess; and it was a great trade. It gave not only fame to Ephesus, but was the seat and foundation of the city's wealth, because all the worshippers of Diana all over the empire wished copies of these consecrated shrines.

And so what did the people do, those who were interested in this trade? They stirred one another up, and said, If this work of Paul goes on, not only will Ephesus lose her prestige, not only will the temple and its worship be forgotten, but we shall be financially ruined. "By this craft we have our wealth," they said; and we must not and we will not listen to this word which threatens our city's prosperity.

And so they get together a great crowd, and cry and shout, as the story tells us, for about two hours, until they had made the place "too warm," as we say, for any further missionary effort. They would not hear because it was not for their financial interest to listen to the message.

As we come down the centuries,—or come up the centuries, rather, I prefer to say,—we find the first reformers, those who were trying to introduce a new and higher conception of Christianity than that which had dominated the Church during the Middle Ages. But how few they find that can listen! Huss, Wyckliff, Savonarola, name after name of those who became famous, spoke great, high, noble truths to the world,—recognized as true to-day; but the people of the time would not hear. Why? Their minds and hearts, their hopes and fears, were all preoccupied with another conception of religious theory and religious life. There was no place in

their thought or their hearts or their lives for this new and better truth.

Come to our own time. Those of you who are as old as I will remember the first feeble utterances of the Abolitionists, remember how Garrison tried to speak to a generation that neither could nor would listen to him. That which Garrison had to say hardly any civilized person to-day questions. John Wesley used to say—how many times, when a boy, did I hear my father repeat it!—“Slavery is the sum of all villainies.” Abraham Lincoln said, “If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong.” And yet this country was not ready to hear Garrison when he said it was wrong.

We were no more ready to hear him at the North than they were at the South. Even Boston—that is supposed to be radical and a leader in everything that touches the forward movement of the world—had no better use for Garrison than to drag him through its streets with a rope around his neck. I wish simply to concentrate your thought on the idea that not only was not Charleston capable of hearing Garrison, Boston could not hear him, either.

This is not true merely of moral and religious matters. I wish to lead you now to a consideration of some other phases of this same deep truth, for a purpose which will appear as I go on.

All of us can hear certain things,—those of us that are not physically deaf. All of us can hear certain mental words, certain æsthetic words, certain artistic words, musical words, certain moral words, certain spiritual words, perhaps. But the range of ability to hear is very marked; and perhaps there is no one in existence who can hear equally well all the way up and down the scale of thought which measures the magnitude of a man.

You have heard me quote what I will refer to again, because it illustrates my point as almost nothing else can in this particular,—a statement in regard to General Grant. As he got along in years, he said that he had at last learned

to recognize two tunes. It was some years that he could only recognize one: he said he always knew "Old Hundred;" and he heard "Hail to the Chief" played so many times after he became famous that he learned also to recognize that.

Now Dean Stanley, one of the most sensitive, spiritual men that ever lived, had this same deficiency in regard to hearing what constitutes the essential thing in music. I was very much surprised when I heard that he had said the only music he could really appreciate was the drum,—that for a refined, cultivated, spiritual, sensitive man! I speak of it merely to emphasize this limitation of our ability to hear. You will see the great, deep, high purpose I have in it before I get very much further along.

My ability to hear music, if you will pardon my using myself as an illustration, is very limited. I love music, I especially love singing; but I am perfectly well aware that my musical capacity has been so little developed and unfolded that, when I get up into the higher ranges, I hear the noise, but I do not hear the music. It does not speak to me. I cannot hear one of the great symphonies, one of the great oratorios, one of the great operas, and feel sure that I am listening to what Handel or Mendelssohn or Haydn or Wagner or Beethoven had in mind. They speak; and blessed are they that can listen and hear all that they have to say. I can catch only a word here and there. I do not feel at all sure that I read their very deepest or highest meaning.

The same is true in regard to literature. Most of us, I suppose, will enjoy reading a good story; but there are large numbers of people to whom science in its higher aspects has nothing to say. There are large numbers of persons who cannot hear the voice of the great poets, who cannot hear what the philosophers have to teach.

How many people can read Kant? And yet he is one of the greatest thinkers the world has ever produced. How

many people really enjoy reading Shakspeare or Milton or Dante or Homer or Virgil? It is proper to have their works around; but I take it that the number of people who really sit down and delight in listening to what they have to say is comparatively small.

Now I have — and you will pardon my referring to myself again as an illustration — two great loves: I love science; I love poetry. If I were to be shut up for the rest of my life on a desert island, and were to have my choice as to what class of reading I would have assigned to me, some one thing, and everything else denied me, I should look longingly at the works of the great scientists; but I should take the poets after all. I love to listen to them, and have since first I learned to read.

Now in every other department of life substantially the same thing is true, or illustrations of it can be found. It is said that Mr. Darwin, through his devotion to science, came in his later years to lose his ability to appreciate other things. He had not used his faculties in these directions for so long that they had atrophied and practically died out.

I heard it said the other day of a famous scientist that he had no love for natural beauty; looking out over the landscape did not touch, thrill, lift him. The stars at night, the magnificence of the ocean, had no voice for him, nothing that he cared to hear.

And yet look at a character like Wordsworth. He says in one place,—

“To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

I have been with a friend, sometimes, in the woods, and we have lain down with our hands or our guns under our heads, and listened to the wind in the trees, and watched the clouds floating by overhead; and I have seen this friend of mine so touched, so stirred, so thrilled by what these things had to say to him that tears of unspeakable delight

would flow down his cheeks, and he so absorbed in delight that he did not remember even to wipe them away.

Here is the difference in regard to this ability to hear what the world in its beauty has to say. The Psalmist, you know, says, Day utters speech to day, and night shows knowledge unto night. How many people are there, absorbed in their business life here in the city of New York, who stop at night under the wealth and wonder of the stars to be touched and lifted by them? How many listen to note whether night shows knowledge unto night, whether there is any speech or language in them, whether there is a voice that can be heard?

Now this difference in the ability to hear is true in regard to ethical and spiritual relations. I have already spoken of one or two cases where people were not ready to listen to the voice of conscience, the moral utterance of the world. But how many persons are there to whom the whole range of spiritual thought and life is as though it did not exist? How many people can hear the voice of God speaking through nature, speaking in history, speaking in individual experience, speaking in the silence of the soul? How many people are there to whom all this talk does not seem purely fanciful and imaginary?

I have a personal, intimate friend,—a scientist living in one of the great cities of this country,—to whom everything beyond the facts and forces and laws of the material universe are as if they did not exist. He treats all these things as though they were dreams and fancies, hallucinations. He knows that people talk about them; that there are people in history who have been touched and moved by them. He knows that out of these ideas have been generated forces that have changed the current of human history; and yet they mean nothing to him. He has a theory of the universe which is practical materialism. The brain somehow generates thought: some other part of us — perhaps he does not know quite how to locate it — generates feeling; but

the universe is only what can be seen, what can be touched, what can be weighed and measured.

And I take it that in our great cities — in a city, for example, such as New York is to-day — there is a tremendous tendency, a sweep as it were of human life, in this direction. We are so absorbed in our material life, in new blocks and buildings, in Wall Street, in railway stocks and bonds, in making money, in spending money, in horses, carriages, travel,—in all that makes up the material side of life,—we are so absorbed that this seems to us the only real thing there is.

You remember that profound truth to which Shakespeare has given utterance when he says,—

“ My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.”

Emerson has somewhere said — I can only quote his idea — that a slaughter-house kind of life issues in a slaughter-house kind of philosophy of life. One of the most common tendencies in the world is for us to think of ourselves as a measure of what is real in the world. What we do not see, what we do not hear, what we do not feel, we are apt to think is practically non-existent. Other people talk of hearing and feeling certain things; but the words, if we listen to them at all, as we say, “ go in at one ear and out at the other,” — they have no practical meaning for us.

Now I wish to raise the question as to whether any one of us has a right to measure the universe by his own test or capacity or so-far development. Have we a right to think that the only real and important things are those that are real and important to us? For you will see in a moment that, if we do, the stimulus and the motive for growth, for progress, for reaching after the ideal, for aspiration, for uplift, is taken away. If the only real things are those that we know and feel and grasp now, why, of course, there is no reason for our fretting about any of the rest.

Now let us note a moment one or two suggestive facts.

Take this physical capacity of hearing. Look at the ear for an instant as an illustration. Science tells us — and it is demonstrated beyond question — that it is only an infinitesimal part of the possible sounds in the universe that the human ear ever hears.

What does sound mean? That there are vibrations which strike on the ear-drum; and these are carried by the nerves up into the brain, and there, in some marvellous, inexplicable way, transmuted into the sense of sound. Now there must be for the average man about thirty vibrations to the second before they produce the sense of hearing.

Now here is the universe on its lower plane. The vibrations must be as many as thirty in a second before you can hear. That does not mean that this lower side of the universe does not exist because you do not happen to hear it. There is an infinity of motion down there that does not report itself to you. If your ears were adapted to them, these vibrations would give you the sense of hearing.

As Huxley says somewhere, — I can only quote his thought, — if our ears were adapted to take up the vibrations, the sound of plants and flowers growing and blossoming in the night would be as loud as a thunder-storm.

After you have reached these thirty vibrations in a second, then there are about ten octaves that mark the compass of the ordinary human ear. You can hear until the vibrations reach somewhere about thirty thousand in a second. Then it stops again. You cannot hear beyond that limit; but that is not the limit of reality. The universe stretches away on the upper side to infinity. We can hear this little span between these two limits; but the rest of the universe exists, and possibly we may come in contact with it by and by.

Now what is true here in regard to the physical ear is true in regard to our capacity to hear in other directions. It requires not only natural faculty to hear: it requires also attention. How many times you are sitting talking with a friend, and he says something; and you rouse from a reverie, and

say: What was that you just said? I did not hear it. The sound, the vibration, struck your nerves just the same; but you were not giving attention. I find a great many times — have found in the past in my public speech — that I am not heard, not because people were deaf, but because they were not attending to what I said. It requires attention, if you are going to hear, as well as the natural faculty.

It requires something else: it requires the inclination to hear. Jesus said (and it is a very profound word of his), "If any man will do my will," — that is, if any man is inclined to do it, wills to do it, — "he shall know the doctrine": he shall understand whether it is of God or not.

Some of these cases that I referred to at the opening are capital illustrations of this difficulty of hearing for lack of inclination. We do not want to hear a thing that goes counter to our predilections. You remember the famous rhyme: —

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But only this I know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell." .

So there are ideas you do not like, there are doctrines and theories of life you do not like; and, if a speaker comes and says something in regard to these things, you cannot hear it, you do not hear it, because your inclination is against it.

I know people who have theories of life which they have come to hold, and they hold them now with such a strong prejudice that facts which are not consistent with the theory are not even looked at: they are brushed one side. So suppose a person comes to you and preaches to you an unpopular truth, something that requires you to change your method of life, to give up something to which you have become attached. Do you not see how difficult it is for you to listen fairly, to hear what he has to say?

I know people so prejudiced against individuals that they

cannot hear any good of them. They have taken a dislike to a person for some reason, perhaps had some ground for it; and now anything that is in favor of that man, simply is not listened to. So perhaps we take unreasoning prejudices in people's favor, and are not ready to hear anything against them.

But we need the inclination if we are really to hear. Now here are one or two practical applications of this great truth. The ability to hear can be cultivated. A person who studies music knows to what an extent this is true. A person may perhaps have musical taste, and goes to a teacher. Day after day the ear is trained, it becomes more and more apt to listen, to make nice discriminations, so that it hears a whole range of sound that had no meaning at first.

Not only is this true of faculty in any direction,—physical, moral, spiritual, artistic; it can be trained to a better power of hearing,—but it is true of us that, if we do not use these powers, they atrophy, decay. We become less able to hear; and so in a world that is infinite there is a smaller and smaller part of it constantly that touches us, that wakes any response. We shrink and shrivel and grow poor, more pessimistic, perhaps, and think the world is poor, merely because we have become unable to hear the majestic, the marvellous, the beautiful voices that are all around us.

And this is generally on the negative side. It is the man who has not developed his ability to hear along these higher ranges of life who thinks that they are fanciful and imaginary. Paul said in that second chapter of Corinthians which I read — and it shows how profound was his thought — that spiritual things are spiritually discerned.

Is not that rational? Musical things are musically discerned, artistic things are artistically discerned, mathematical things are mathematically discerned: why not spiritual things, spiritually discerned?

I have a friend who, hunting for a place where he could

live, spent four or five years in Europe, and during that time he cultivated his ability to know a picture of a certain age when he saw it. He devoted himself to studying a certain epoch in the development of pictorial art; and he said that one of the greatest delights of his life was when the day came on which he felt sure of what he was looking at, when the picture spoke to him an intelligible language, so that he could hear and understand what it had to say.

There was a famous French astronomer who said,—and this shows the length to which a certain type of mind carries its negations,—“I have swept the heavens with my telescope, and I find no God.” It sounds wise. It is unspeakably silly.

Suppose a man with a scalpel starts to investigate the human body, takes it apart, dissects it; suppose he says afterwards as though it were wise, “I found no trace anywhere of a thought, I found no indication of the existence of love, I saw nothing to indicate the reality of pity, no trace of patriotism, no trace of conscience.” Would you think it was wise?

Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. A man must have a soul, and a soul developed so that it is sensitive and responds to its appropriate stimulant, before he can feel the touch of another soul. A man must know what patriotism is before patriotism in another has a voice for him, he must know what beauty is before beauty appeals to him. A man must know what love is before love has any meaning in his vocabulary. Is not this reasonable?

Is it not then perfectly rational for us, not simply to believe in what the Fiji Islander believes in, not merely what the North American Indian believes in, not merely what the Turk believes in, not merely what the lower ranges of humanity believe in? Do you not think it rational for us to suppose that what Confucius and Zoroaster and Mohammed and Gautama and Jesus felt and saw have some meaning? Are we to estimate humanity by its lowest specimens, its least developed members, or are we to measure the

range of its capacity and life and meaning by the tallest and most majestic of its souls? Shall I believe what some man who lives a selfish and egotistical life thinks is real; and shall I not believe what Emerson sees and talks about as though it had any meaning?

I believe that we need to cultivate our ability to hear from the lowest range of life clear up to the highest. Learn to hear what beauty has to say, learn to hear what art has to say, learn to listen to the voice of music, learn to listen to science, hear the truth, hear the voice of conscience when it speaks to you of right and wrong, hear the voice of hope and of love. Listen when God speaks, and believe in God; because only he gives life any meaning, any purpose, any hope of an outcome to what else were a mad-house, to what else were the irresponsible and ungoverned play of mighty forces that come from nowhere, and go nowhere, and have no purpose or meaning.

Listen: believe that this universe, as we get hints and glimpses of it in ten thousand directions, is not mere matter, mere force, not merely a power working according to a law. Believe it is an organ with millions of stops, an organ played on by the fingers of the infinite power and wisdom and love,—played on so that there is the music of nature, the music of art, the music of beauty, the music of righteousness, the music of truth, the music of hope, the music of aspiration, the music of tenderness and of love.

Listen to this music, listen to these voices. Believe that the highest of them mean the most and are the most significant. Listen, and there will come to you by and by a whisper of such cheer and such trust that you can smile in the face of death itself. Look out through the mist and believe that it will break, and that the light will shine in from that country where there is no darkness at all.

Father, let us have ears to hear: let us train ourselves to listen. Let us believe not only in the lower voices, but in

those whispers that come to us from the highest out of the night and the day,—whispers that speak from the eternal silences, and that tell us of something which eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard and that it hath not yet entered into the heart of man to conceive, but which is real, and which is laid up for those that trust in Thee. Amen.

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GLAD TO BE ALIVE.

My text you may find in the sixty-third Psalm, the fourth verse,—“So will I bless thee while I live.”

The afterglow of our Thanksgiving sunset has not yet faded from our mental skies; and before it quite dies away, it seems to me, it may not be inappropriate for us to raise the question, and at least suggest an answer, as to whether we can be glad and grateful for that one great gift which makes all other gifts possible,—that is, life.

Since now a good many years ago the noted book was published called “Is Life Worth Living?” this problem has been discussed in perhaps almost all its possible phases. There are certain people,—whether it be rare or not I cannot say—who seem to look with a sort of contemptuous indifference upon life, as though it were a trifle, hardly worth considering.

There are others, jealous and envious, who carry bitterness in their hearts because some one else seems to be more prosperous than they. There are those who have fixed their longing upon something which is so far unattainable or which has not as yet been attained, and in their desire for this lose the sense and significance and the value of those things which are theirs.

Then there are others out of whose sky has faded the one great light of their life, and who question as to whether there is anything to wait for; and, if there be not, as to whether they can endure the passing of the years.

There are others, for whom I have boundless respect, who have heard “the low, sad music of humanity,” who are not selfish, who are touched with the feeling of the infirmities

and the sorrows of others, and who are so overwhelmed with the insoluble problems, the tears, the heartbreaks, the toils of the world, that they listen to the voice that Tennyson has echoed for us,—

“Life is so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?”

I will speak for myself this morning, sometimes in the first person. Whether what I have to say will find an echo in your hearts I do not feel certain. I hope it may. I shall not take you far afield, into strange countries or along unfamiliar pathways. The greatest reforms of the world in philosophy, in science, in ethics, in religion, have been inaugurated by calling people back for a fresh look at those things with which they have become so familiar that they have practically forgotten their meaning,

I shall therefore ask you not to look at anything strange or startling or new, but to reconsider things that are so familiar to you that the familiarity itself has led you to lose all sense of their marvel.

I will begin by announcing my conclusion: No matter where I came from,—that I do not know; whether I existed somewhere else before I appeared here, or whether I first came to consciousness in my mother's arms,—no matter where I came from; no matter how my life is to end; whether I am to go out by following a long, dark, tedious pathway, beset with shadows and pain, or whether I am to fall suddenly asleep without knowing it,—no matter whether the earth is to come to an end to-morrow; whether some comet is to come into our atmosphere and set us aflame; whether we are to crash into some other planet; whether we are to fall into the sun,—no matter, I say, where I came from nor what is to be my end, I am glad beyond any power of words, that I am here.

I am glad to have a look at this wonderful scene of earth and sky. I am glad to be able to open my eyes and see.

I am glad to be able to hear, to feel, to touch, to taste, to smell.

There are five avenues through which we come in contact with what we call the external world. There may be a good many more possible ways. We know already that it is a very small part of this real, external world that we do come in contact with at the present time. There may be unimaginable phases of the universe that we shall become familiar with in some fashion by and by; but, at any rate, I am glad just to see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to touch, to be alive for this one day.

Let me suggest to you one or two things, call up memories of my own which will touch your memories as well. I stood once and looked at a sunset over Pike's Peak at Colorado Springs. Such a marvel of inexpressible glory was it that I would not sell that one moment's memory though it had to be followed by ten years of labor and care. I have crossed the Atlantic, thank God, many times. I hope I may cross it many times again. I have stood on the deck and seen a sunrise, the round globe coming up out of the sea, while across the face of it sailed a full-rigged ship. The marvel, the suggestion, the wonder of it all, I have no words to express.

I have stood and looked at Niagara, have heard its thunderous music as well as noted its grandeur; and then I have gone down under the fall and watched the great cataract pour down over my head, and all the marvel of the great world of which this was a little tiny part has so swept over me that I have been carried away in a flood of gratitude that could only express itself in gladsome tears.

I have sat and walked by the side of the sea, have seen the great combing waves roll up on miles of sandy beach. I have heard them thunder against the rocks. I have heard them sink into that gentle whisper and lap,—the loving music that is a perfect lullaby. I have sat and looked out over the sea, and thought of how it is restlessly beating

forever against other shores, and have been made strong in my weariness by the thought of this one manifestation of the eternal God, who is never weary.

I have lain on my back and watched the clouds go sailing like mysterious ships across the blue of the upper deep. I have heard the wind in the pines. I have felt the storm beat against my windows in the winter in the country. I have heard the rain play its marvellous music upon the roof. These only to suggest to you a million experiences of your own.

Taste,—why is it that we always talk about matter as though it were something degrading or commonplace or evil? What it is nobody knows. One thing we do know,—that it is the changing, forever unravelled and forever woven, mystic, marvellous garment of the living God, that by which he manifests at the same time that he conceals himself.

Why, then, should we not consider it wonderful that we can smell, that we can taste? I have bitten through the rind of a luscious apple, and felt an exquisite thrill of delight. I have smelt beautiful flowers, and have marvelled how, out of the air and the soil under my feet, out of the refuse from the gutter, Nature had power to work these mysteries and marvels.

However you feel about it, then, I am glad, glad beyond any words, that I have had a look at this marvellous world, that I have been able to gaze into the sky at night. What a beautiful picture that is that Wordsworth gives to us when he says:—

“ The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night are
beautiful and fair ! ”

On your knees, friends, in the presence of this wonderful world of tree and wind and cloud and sky and mountain and river and sea and all growing and beautiful things! On

your knees, I say, in awe and wonder and gratitude! And never dare, after having this magnificent gift bestowed upon you, to speak slightly of these senses and this wonderful body that puts you into even passing, momentary touch with these strange, delightful things!

Not only simply to look at them. There is another thing I am glad to be alive for; and that is, that I can study this wonderful world, and see beneath the surface and beyond the ordinary limits of the vision.

I remember an illustration used once by one of my teachers in the Divinity School, who compared the world to a house that was constructed on this marvellous plan: you enter one room, and here are several doors, any one of which you can take, leading you into another room; you pass through one of these doors and are in another room, still with a good many doors leading out of it; before investigating this one, you go into another, still many doors; another, still many doors; and life is not long enough to explore and discover a thousandth part of it all.

Once in a while, curiously enough, I find somebody complaining of the universe because they cannot understand it all. Did you ever stop to think that, if you could read the mystery of the universe, you would be reading your death-warrant? Suppose you could look it all through, and say, There, I know it all now, I am done. Suppose you could do that. What next? Nothing next. You would pray then for a death that would stay death, for the horror of it all. It is just because this universe is infinite in its mystery that there is room for us to study and explore forever and forever, and still have infinite invitation to go on.

Whichever way you look, the universe invites you to investigate its mysteries; and, whichever way you turn, there is interest afresh to lure and lead you on. Begin by studying a grass-blade or a flower or a tree; begin by the use of the microscope. What a wonderful suggestion it is that the world existed for thousands of years before we discovered the

microscope! and what a hint it is, as to the nature of God and his delight in finish and beauty, when we discover that all these things that the finest power of the microscope only brings within our vision are beautiful beyond expression, beyond any dream of the art or skill of man. And nobody in all these thousands of years has ever seen this wonderful earth except Him who made it!

Everywhere perfection, mystery shutting us in on every hand, but, just as far as we can go, the perfection of beauty, the perfection of mechanism and use. Not an atom with a defect in it has ever been discovered.

And, then, the wonder over our heads. I was looking at a copy of a small photograph during this last week. It represented just one small section of the sky; and within the range of that one photograph, by actual count, there were more than two hundred thousand suns. Is not that something to study, to think of, to rouse interest, to bend our heads in adoration, to bow our knees in prayer and praise,—that you can study the world, study its evolution? A lifetime can be spent in the delightful investigation of the growth of the solar system, the growth of this earth.

And here under our feet, only recently discovered, are tablets on which God himself with his own finger has written the record of the growth of the earth, the development of all forms of vegetable and animal life.

And chemistry? I can only suggest them in every direction, such fields for study and investigation as ought to make us forget our little miseries and discontents and petty jealousies and prides and vanities and follies, and make us grateful that we have the opportunity to enter upon these marvellous, mystic pathways that lead us ever nearer and nearer to the presence of Him whose life, thought, love, wisdom are partially expressed in these.

It has been quoted a great many times, but it is so wonderful I love to quote it again, that saying of Kepler,—“O God, I think over again thy thoughts after thee.”

Then there is another thing I am glad of. I am glad I can read; and I am glad that we have inherited such a wealth of record of the thoughts, the dreams, the fancies, the wonderful imaginings, of the great brains and noble souls of all the past. The world would be a great deal poorer if our Bible were blotted out, even if you did not care one thing about it on account of its religious significance. As literature, as revealing to us the life of that far-away time,— Babylon, Egypt, Philistia, Greece, Rome, Palestine,— what a wonderful world it opens to us! and how marvellous are the figures that pass before us there!

And, then, I am so glad that Homer lived and wrote, that I can watch the contest under the walls of Troy; then, that I can go on a ten years' tour with Ulysses as he wanders in the search of his home; then, that with Virgil I can follow the journey of Æneas, and be present at the founding of Rome. Because of these books that are open to me, I can hear the discussions of Socrates, his talks with Plato and his other disciples, I can sit while he gives us that wonderful talk about death and the possibilities of the future.

Then, coming up the ages, how I love to enter the worlds that the poets have created for me!— Shakspeare, Goethe, all the marvellous choir; to listen to the songs of Scott, to trace the rivers and stand under the mountains and listen to the whispers of the lakes, as Byron interprets them for me in "Childe Harold"!

Then the histories, the growth of this marvellous race of ours. Then I am so glad I am a man, so glad I belong to this strange race that has such a wonderful history. Trace it from the beginning, from the borders of the jungle, how it has climbed up this tear-stained, dusty, blood-bespattered pathway; how it has created the family, the State, industry, language, civilization; how it has wrought out one wonderful result after another. And, if you think he has a good deal of a task still left for him, why, only remember that the human race is in its infancy yet. It is hardly out of

its cradle. The world is not old. It is very young. We are just beginning to learn the lessons of life. All this we can study, and feel the stir, the thrill, the inspiration, of being a part of it all.

But I must hasten on to my next reason for being glad to be alive. I am glad that I can work. How foolish people are who look upon work as an evil, and think they are going to be happy when they get beyond the necessity for it! There are thousands of men who toil more than they need to to be perfectly comfortable, because they want some day to get beyond the need of work at all. But we who watch the people who get beyond the need of working at all find that we are pitying them because their lives are so inane and restless and empty.

Work is one of the most blessed things in human life. The joy of it,—to feel that you are a maker, a creator, that you have some power to take the raw materials of the universe and work them over into forms of use and beauty! Oh, I can gain a little glimpse of the ecstasy, the thrill, of Michel Angelo as he lies on his back on the scaffolding and sees those marvellous creations on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel take shape one after another, and thinks, I have created these!

I can get a little glimpse of the ecstatic thrill of him who first hung in the air the dome of the Duomo in Florence, or that of St. Peter's in Rome, or St. Paul's in London,—seeing it hang in the air as though it were a part of the creative work of Nature herself. I can understand a little of how a man feels who has made a book,—no matter whether it is a great book or not,—who has created something which somebody else will care to read.

Our loved friend here on the platform with me [Mr. Collyer] knows the joy of the man who with his hand shaped something into use, shaped something into beauty, feels the power in him of the artist, and knows that he shares with God this marvellous gift. A farmer who takes a

piece of rough ground and makes a little garden of it, or transforms wide fields into waving grain or the wonderful tasselled corn,—in every direction the men who have worked have understood the joy of life as perhaps only a few others can.

There is one other thing I am glad of. I am glad the world is not perfect; I am glad it is not finished; I am glad I have a chance to take a hand in the matter, and do some little thing towards improving it. I do not mean by this that I am glad that people suffer, glad that there is pain, that there are sin and evil in the world. And yet, I have such a belief in God and in the outcome of it all that this does not overburden or trouble me beyond hope; and I cannot understand how we could have any interest in a world where there was nothing of this sort to do.

Go home and read again Dr. Johnson's beautiful little classic "Rasselas," and learn how the Prince of Abyssinia became utterly miserable and wretched because he was in a perfect valley, where everything was done and nobody needed anything, nobody suffered, nobody shed any tears; and how at last, in sheer desperation, he escaped into a world where there was something to live for, something to do, and in it found the joy and satisfaction of a nature that loves to co-operate with God in creating his world.

I know there is heartache and tears, I know there is sin and evil and wrong; but, friends, I am not responsible for this fact, and I do not propose to let it crush the life out of me. I propose rather to turn and face it in this other spirit. The pessimists are not the ones who are really at work helping the world,—that is, I think, a general truth. You go to the Settlement on the East Side and find a man or woman who is helping a little child to learn the use of her fingers in sewing, or who is helping another child to discover the fact that it has a brain and a soul, and who is seeing them open like a blossoming flower.

Go to some person who is helping a woman to learn the

art of making her housekeeping a little more attractive, and who is rejoicing that she is having a better home; go to some man who is helping another man find the meaning of his life; and these are not pessimists. They are glad, they are rejoicing in the work they are doing. It is the men who stand off, the dilettants, who think that, had they been given the opportunity, they could have made the world better, the ones who are always finding fault.

A man famous all over the world, and who has had an unusual success in life, told me within the last year or two that he did not believe any man who thought and who had grown to be fifty years old could help being a pessimist. I have grown to be something over fifty years old. I have tried to do a little thinking in a good many directions; and I am not the slightest bit of a pessimist, after all.

I believe in God and the world and the outcome of things; and I am glad that I can do some little thing to help the world on, help it grow, that I can wipe away the tears from somebody's eyes. Here is some one who is stumbling because he cannot see the next step; I have been over that road, and am so glad I can point it out to him. Here is one who is under a burden too heavy to carry: I can lift a part of it, and can see the look of relief on his face; and I am happy that I can do it. Here is one ready to faint and fall: I can let him lean on my shoulder, and I am so glad to do it.

There is no joy anywhere, it seems to me, equal to that of helping a person find his way and helping him live. I do not believe the angels have half as good a time as we may at this business, unless they are permitted to be ministering angels and go forth to assist those who need.

I have given up years ago looking for a heaven that is all peace and quietness and rest. I do not want it. I would rather stay here, a thousand times rather, in the midst of the work and the worry and care, than to go to any heaven where I should have nothing else to do but rest and be happy. I believe we shall have opportunities there to help. So I am

glad to be alive, and have a hand in this work of lifting up and leading on the world.

There is one other thing: I have only time to suggest. I am glad because there is love and friendship in the world. This alone is enough to pay me a million times over for all I have ever suffered. I have had my share of poverty, of struggle, of hardship, of sickness, of pain, of burden, of worry about other people, of worry about myself. I have had my share; but I have had moments when I looked into the eyes of one I loved, moments when I felt the touch of a hand, moments when I have heard the music of a voice,—moments like these that would pay me for years of burden and worry.

We must lose those we love, you say? I look back towards my childhood; and there is a whole moving scene of figures that used to be by my side, and I used to care for. Some of them have died, some of them are living somewhere else in the world. The most of them I shall never see again; but I am happy,—happy to go back and be with them for an hour; glad I have known them. They are a part of my wealth.

Have you lost your dearest one of all the world, and does the world seem empty on account of it? I have lost one for whom I would have died myself; but I am so rich in the memory of his life that, instead of finding fault with God for taking him, I am glad beyond all power of words that I had him, that I had him for so long. It is a treasure that no money could buy; and it is something that I would not be rid of if you would promise me a hundred years here on earth of unalloyed sunshine and peace. I would rather go on living, suffering, being sick, distressed, troubled, worried, working,—I would rather go on with the kind of life I have had, and simply have that memory, than to give that memory up for any consideration you could name.

So love and friendship, those two words, to me are enough to make me glad a thousand times over that I am alive.

And now, at the end, one outlook more: I am glad because I hope. I hope everything. There are two theories of this universe: I have no time to go into an explanation of them now. One is that the only real things are what we call matter, matter and force, and that all my thoughts and dreams and fancies and hopes and fears and loves are only cunning manifestations of these forces, and that, when they dissolve, all these others will fade like a mist, and be no more. That is one theory.

The other is that life, love, precede form and create form; that we are in the midst of an invisible universe, of which this is only a part and passing manifestation, and that there are a thousand openings and avenues by which they intercommunicate every day and every night. This is the theory I hold.

I believe in God; I believe in the eternal life; I believe those we call dead are still alive. I believe, then, that any human being who has placed his foot upon the lower rounds of the commonest, poorest existence has been given a gift which is past all imaginable value. If my feet are on this round, no matter which one it may be, it leads — where?

To the stars, to God, to everything. I am in a primary school, a kindergarten. I am being trained for a little while here. I am going out by and by to be a citizen of the universe. That is my belief; and for that hope, and because this life of mine, no matter how restricted, no matter how poor, how diseased, no matter what it may be for the present,—because it is on the pathway to that, I am glad beyond any power of speech.

So, friends, I close as I began. I do not know certainly where I came from: I do not know definitely where I am going when I get through here: but because I am here, and can see and feel and can study and can work and can help and can love and can hope, can look out through the mist and catch what I believe to be the outlines of another shore, — because I can do that, I am glad, glad, glad to be alive!

I will launch out, when the time comes, on that sea, and laugh at any storm or shipwreck because I believe that I shall arrive at my desired haven.

Our Father, let us learn to bend our knees and bow our heads in more grateful appreciation of this marvellous gift of life that is ours. There is time enough, there shall be opportunity, to repair all mistakes, to outgrow all evil, to help and heal all, to enter into all possible experiences and all joys, and to accomplish all glorious results ; and for this we thank Thee. Amen.

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REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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THE SHADOW ON THE DIAL.

"The sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees he was gone down."
ISAIAH xxxviii. 8.

HEZEKIAH, the king, stands for an instance of the truth that a bad father may have a good son, and a good father a bad son. It would not be easy to find a meaner man than his father, Ahaz, or a viler than his own son, Manasseh; and yet here is one of the best men of his type you can lay your hands on in those times, standing as the connecting link between them, and altogether one of the most splendid princes, as Ewald imagines, that ever sat on the throne of David. He came to the throne, the books say, about seven hundred and twenty-six years before our era, a young man then, to find the temple little better than an old barn and the ancient faith dead, or, at the best, smouldering under its white ashes in the hearts of the remnant of true men. The wonderful Psalms were sung no more, or the holidays kept that answer most easily to our Thanksgiving and the day of our great Declaration; and the sacred books were hidden away, as we hide away old pamphlets.

But as no nation or selvage of a nation can ever live for any length of time without a religion, and, when that withers up, which is the birthright of the nobler manhood, will take to the low-down superstitions of the meaner man, so these degraded Hebrews had drifted into a sort of Paganism, and were building their Baal-fires on the crests of the hills, as our forefathers did in Britain fifteen hundred years ago. And the sum of it was, as Isaiah says, who was watching this backsliding toward hell, "slaying oxen and killing sheep, eating flesh and drinking wine," and in the heart of it all a

creed almost everybody was inclined to accept,—the creed which always grows out of such a life,—“Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.”

Well, Hezekiah got this ugly thing by the throat; and though he was not a very strong man himself, as he had Isaiah to help him, who was a giant at such work, they came as near to choking the life out of it as good men may. They cleared the hill-tops of the old gross Paganism, opened the temple again and made it glow with such beauty as they could compass, deaconed out the old Psalms, and set the people singing them, and re-established the old faith, so that the common folk, by service and festival and holy day, got hold again of the story of what God had done for their fathers and what the fathers had done for themselves in the great old days of Israel.

But you may be sure this was no holiday business: they did not find it a holiday business. First of all, that culture, as we call it, came to the front you will find to-day, in which wit and what some call learning and genius, if there be any, are clubbed together to find good reason why you should sneer down faith and worship and the things held sacred by so many true men, and have a good time generally; while the king himself had just enough of this leaven to lean a little that way, and to think a good deal of Shebna, who was the ablest man in the kingdom at that kind of work, and could make black white, or silver gray, or any other color the king might fancy. Still, Isaiah, who would persist in calling black black, was the power behind the throne, and the man for the time, where a man was wanted. Half John Milton and half John Knox, as I think of him, he braced up the monarch, and brought the people back toward the clean old ways and to reverence for the most high God.

Then a great black cloud rose over against Assyria, and was followed by an invasion which threatened to sweep the nation down to utter ruin. But this was met by one of those interventions of Heaven we have to notice in the story

of the great nations, when, for all that we can see, the high powers must interfere, or doomsday would come, and death. Some think it was a simoon, and some a frightful plague. But, be this as it may, there was the foe ready to swoop down on them. The hapless king, who had tried to ward off the calamity the best he knew, poor man, was on his knees before the mercy-seat; while the prophet, rising into a magnificent defiance that was in itself a pledge of victory, was shouting, "The light of Israel shall yet be for a fire," and the citizens were looking on with white lips and scared eyes in terror of what the morrow would bring. And then in the night

"The angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed,
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
While their hearts heaved but once, then forever were still.
And the might of the heathen, unsmeared by the sword,
Had melted like snow at the breath of the Lord."

Now this whole story occupies some twenty years, when the good king will be about forty-five; and then he breaks down suddenly, and comes to death's door. He was worn out by the long and heavy strain of labor and care, which had undermined the vital forces of his manhood, and brought on a fearful tumor or abscess as the result of the exhaustion, as well as a nervous prostration, which was more than he could bear, in which he wept, as we may think, beyond all manly measure, and shrank from the shadows of death; while he prayed for a new lease of life, that he might finish the work God had given him to do.

Then this faith-cure is tried we hear of nowadays, but he had too much faith to trust in that alone. So he must have the surgeons, also, with all the skill there was to be found in those times, who laid on a poultice of green figs, which answered to a charm; and so, by faith and prayer and the use of the means, he pulled through, got quite well and strong again, and lived to be an old man.

And it is just here that we touch the wonder we find in my text, as well as the lessons that still lie within the wonder. as we read how the Lord said to him by the mouth of his prophet: "I will add unto thy days fifteen years. And this shall be a sign unto thee. I will bring the shadow on the dial of Ahaz ten degrees backward. So the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees he was gone down."

Now we cannot for one moment believe that this is what my small maiden in the home many years ago would call a truly story, any more than we can believe the sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, until the hosts of the invaders long before had avenged themselves upon their enemies. John Locke says, "A miracle I take to be a sensible operation, which being above the comprehension of the spectator, and in his opinion contrary to the established cause of nature, is taken by him to be divine."

May we not rather imagine, then, that the prophet said some cheerful and hopeful word to the sick and disheartened man, to assure him that he had more than a fighting chance for his life, some word which made him look up, and not down, who was utterly broken down and expected presently to die? that this turned the tide, and he rose from his bed a new man, who felt he could take hold of the work he had still to do with a new zest and energy; and so, when they would ask him how he fared, he would answer, Why, I feel like a new man. It is as if the shadow on the dial yonder had gone back to high noon, or, as a dear friend said to me once, when he had come forth from the shadows of death, "I am better than I was before I fell sick." The good king was returning to his strong manhood again. The doors were swinging open he had feared were closing forever, when he moaned out the prayer for the pity of it and the pain. The heavy heart had vanished with the exhausted brain and nerve, health and renovation had returned on the rising tide; and he was a new man, good, please God, for many years. So not the sun on the dial, but

in his own heart, had returned ten degrees, by which degrees it had gone down ; and then the time came when they turned the truth into this weird imagination.

But, if this was the conclusion of the whole matter, you may be sure, I should not take your time and my own to dwell on the story. I have touched it for the lessons which lie in its heart we can take to ours in the days of our discouragement, when we feel with the hapless king there is no hope or help for us, and we must give up the fight.

The lesson that we shall do well to have done with these sad surmises and hold on to the treasure of life and the worth of life which we still possess, and make the best of this rather than lose heart and hope.

Believe, as we must, that, while it is a great mistake to say there is time enough yet, when we turn our life to a bad account, there is always a divine worth in the saying when we turn it to a good account ; and, while we may fear, as this man did, when the black day is ours, that we are losing our grip on life and drawing near to the gates of death, there may be powers still dormant in our own nature, and help on earth and in heaven, which may push the shadows on the dial backward ten degrees, open to us also a new lease of life and the worth life brings, and, most of all, in the times when we are so ready to take note of the swift roll of the years, I say, and so take sides with what we deem to be our fate against what may still be our fortune.

So stands the truth which touches me first of all, and, as my own thought runs, we should give it a wide and noble interpretation as we try to open the lessons that lie in its heart. Nor would I go far afield after food for meditation touching the truth the parable holds for us all, but would begin, where life begins, with the simplest powers and energies of our common nature, and see what can be done with these, and how we may hold on here and make the best of them by a strong heart and a wise and good endeavor.

When George Combe was over here a great many years

ago, and was guest of my dear friends James and Lucretia Mott. Mrs. Mott told me how she was trying one day to thread a needle, and, as the thread went every way except through the needle's eye, she looked across to the old Scotchman, and said, "Thee sees I am growing old." "So you may be," he answered; "but, then, the last thing we should do is to say so, and give time the advantage of our will. We should fight for our powers as we have to fight for all things best worth having and holding." It was long after this she told me the story, and how she had tried to turn the truth to some good account, and had found a real virtue in it for helping her, if not to stay young, yet at any rate not to give in to time so easily as she might have done otherwise, but to stand on true guard and keep up the fight. And so, in despite of her waning powers and her feeble health in the later years, she was one of the cheeriest persons I ever knew and one of the most helpful.

Well, my old friends, touch of dismay is the weak place, in a great many of us, as we begin to feel the pull of the years, or even before we come to this pass. We give in too easily, I claim, to the gray tyrant Time, and say in our hearts, It is time to take in sail, when, it may be, we are not nearly through with the voyage; and we can make no graver mistake. We should dispute the ground stoutly inch by inch, get up a revolution, if we must, and win back by all means some powers of life we may have lost by giving in too easily. "That is right," the fine old oculist said when I dropped into his place, and said in a casual sort of way I was not sure I wanted a pair of eye-glasses, but I thought, as I was passing, I would like to try a pair on. "That is what you all say," he remarked, with a gleam of humor in his eyes, "when you come the first time; and I like people to do their best, if they do not strain their eyes. But now," he concluded, after he had tried my eyes, "I shall sell you some glasses such as you need; and you had better come here always when you want a new pair." The old man made me

his debtor. He was oculist, philosopher, and merchant, the three in one.

And so it is also with our memory, our latent stores of energy, and our powers of endurance. The complaint of the commander about the soldiers he had to fight was that they did not know when they were beaten, and that ought to be Time's complaint of you and me.

We give in too easily. We should insist not merely on what time will give us, but on all we can win from time by sheer courage and a fight. There is a grand meaning in that word we strike in our Bible about some venerable man,—“His eye was not dim, neither was his natural strength abated,”—grand because it is the synonym of many an unreported battle and many a victory over the old tyrant with the forelock and the scythe. And, then, the talk you hear so often about the shortness of time is not true. Time is not short to those who know how to look into his eyes bravely and hold their own, and no tyrant. Time is long enough always to those who know how to make a fair treaty with him, and use him well, as he will use us in such a case; while, to those who do not know this noble and precious secret, the misery is how to *kill* time, as they say,—a problem some men try to solve by ways I must not mention, and some women in our city, God pity them, in riding up and down the avenues nursing lap-dogs.

And, as it may be with these powers, so it may be with our fortunes. For you may find a good many men and women who are sick of heart and brain over their work in this world and its outcome. Twenty years ago, or ten perhaps, or five, all things went well with them, and they felt their work was well done up to date, and that in no long time they would see their way out of the hard stress of life, win their place and fortune, and, if they should elect to do so, spend the rest of their days in peace. But some sore mishap befalls them, so that their hope is cut off in the midst of the years, and this time in their life finds them just about where

they began. It is all they can do to keep their heads above water ; and it may be the idea is haunting them that you cannot do much when you get beyond a certain age, but must give way to the brave and bright generation which is coming on to do its work.

I had a friend who felt in just that way after the grand crash in 1857. It found him and left him in a trouble out of which, he feared, he should never escape save by the doors of death. He was getting into years then ; and the young men, as he thought, were pushing the old men from their stools. I was out of work myself that winter,—nobody wanted hammers. I should have been glad to work for a dollar a day, but had still to say, "No man hath hired me." And so you may be sure that between us—for we were great and dear friends—we could have got out another Book of Jeremiah if it would have sold. But my friend had always been a clean-living man, and held on stoutly to his life ; and so, instead of breaking down, he began to rise,—began to feel the pulse of his fine earlier manhood, to trace the lines of a new career, and then the shadows on the dial began to move slowly backward.

His experience of the way you can lose one fortune, also, was worth just so much then to carry over of the way to win another. And the good wife was like a pillar of cloud to him by day and of fire by night, while the mother-in-law came in as a splendid force and a very present help in trouble. And the result was, he was a man of a fair fortune again in good time. All the old troubles were over and done with. He paid one hundred cents on the dollar and a rather fearful sum for his experience, but I think it was worth the price.

Now wise John Locke says again that, "while riches be not virtue, they may be a great help to it, wherein lyeth also a great part both of the usefulness and the comfort of life." And, while few men can be suspected of not wanting to make a fair fortune if they are well worth their salt, there are no

doubt great numbers who are so beaten and badgered, trying and failing of their purpose, that they feel old and tired before their time, and are ready to say: I shall never be able to make my stroke. If I were ten years younger, or twenty, I might do it; but the ten years, or twenty, are on the wrong side the book of my life. Now the ten years, or twenty, may still lie in the strong summons of our deeper nature some day to push back the shadows on the dial and begin again, and in our faith in our own noblest endeavor, which also means faith in God, and the good striving which is itself a prayer. In the conviction that we are better men or women to-day than we were when all things went well with us, only once let the way open before us and give us a chance.

Our ancestors in Scandinavia would meet the very stroke of death in their armor, standing on their feet; and we can meet as bravely the back stroke of fortune if we can take hold afresh of wholesome and worthy things with a will, and keep close to the good old ways of a good manful endeavor, and may wonder yet how we ever did lose heart as the shadows move back on the dial, what time we have turned our very failures, as James Watt used to say he did, into rungs for the ladder of our success.

In the more delicate reaches of the spirit, again, we can push back the shadow on the dial, by God's blessing, and renew our life after we have felt we should never look up again, old before our time in the heart and broken in the midst of the years.

Disease comes, and it is as when the enemy digs a well and robs us of our spring. Death comes, and puts out the fire on our hearthstone. Disaster comes, and reveals the weak and selfish side of our poor humanity; or, aside from all these, a certain spiritual dyspepsia, shall I call it, comes and sets a pall on everything we can think about or see, and so, for us, "a web is woven across the sky." But I say, still, that the whole train of these troubles can be and

should be met by a grand resolution to put back the shadow on the dial, please God, and grow just as good as we can again in this youth of the heart, which renews the life.

We must beware how we give such troubles as these, even, the vast advantage of our *will*, or admit that we are beaten, and still strive the best we can, with God to help us, feeling all the while that this man does not report a miracle, but opens to us a law, and that the shadows on the dial can be, and are, turned backward for multitudes of men besides Hezekiah, who have thought they were worn out or beaten out, in the heart of them, or whose sun seems to have set at noon.

And, then, the way the retreating shadow steals over the dial, and the light breaks forth, will still be true to the lines drawn in dim outlines in this fine old parable. Are we tired? We have to rest. Are we sick? We have by all means to get well, or, as we prefer to say, better. Is the nerve unstrung by the threat of the enemy on our border, or in the very citadel of our life? We have to tone it up again; for I speak as a man when I say that Heaven itself will be powerless to get anything but fitful music out of a shattered instrument. We must *be* well before we can *do* well in this life. The body is the anchor ground of the life, the wise German says; and I say that many an anchor drags and many a priceless freight is damaged beyond hope of flotsam and jetsam this side the vale by the reckless way, and ruthless, in which men use up their lives, and nowhere on earth so ruthlessly as in our great cities.

Hezekiah prayed to the Lord, the chronicle says,—prayed for life and a new day, and then sent for the doctors. He had used up the vital forces, and felt he must have them back again, or the kingdom would go to the dogs. But he had not used up those forces seeking his own. They were all spent for the common wealth; and so some of us should make deeper moan than he did, when we look up to the Most High. We should cry: God forgive me for this

ugly dyspepsia. I have sinned against heaven and before Thee in the way I have lived. For this brain on fire I sat up nights to make money for money's sake. For this backstroke which has cast me down I did not make the forestroke in Thy service, but my own. For this vanishing of life I have used it up in mere living, but save me now from neighboring with death. I want to do works meet for repentance. Give me another chance, and I will try, so that the tree of my life shall not end in mere leaf and blossom.

Prayer, for a good many of us, begins away down there. We cannot begin where he began who sends down this wonder of God's grace. We have the fact to face of living too much to ourselves. But we can begin where the trouble lies, and the sin; and then prayer is true as the earth we stand on, true as the eternal God to whose heart we appeal.

It is the old verity, then, to which all the ages bear witness since men began to pray. "God help us," we cry, bending before the mercy-seat; and He does help us. He helps us to begin again and do better, hides Himself in the will, inaugurates the resolution, pushes back the shadow on the dial, works from the centre, makes all things new. He gives life and a new day.

We droop and fail, we fall back humbly on the living God, and cry, This wilful way of mine was a woful mistake: give me another chance. We strike down new roots then, and blossom into a new existence. We are born again. It is like a dried up root I tossed into a dark corner once, when I was doing a bit of gardening. You are of no use, I said, and might as well rot; but the little thing knew better than that. I had given it up; but then it fell back on the only God it knew of, our blessed mother nature, for a new life.

So it ran rootlets into the tilth by May, and began to sprout; and then June came along, and said, You must flower. But there was no flowering in that dark hole. So what should the brave little thing do but creep out of the

hole on a long stalk, find the sun, and unfold a blossom blue as heaven, and beautiful, and then turn up its cup to drink the dew? And so it was that one day, when I went to hunt up an old rake or something in the hole, there was my blossom — no, not mine, God's blossom — bowing to me in the sweet south wind, and seeming to say, Good-morning; and I lifted the bonnie bluebell, and kissed it tenderly. I was myself in the dark that year of 1857. It told me I could pull out on a long stalk, find the sun again, and bloom forth, by God's blessing; and I have never heard such a sermon, beside, as my bluebell preached that June day.

So we turn to God, if this heart is in us; and He helps us to strike down new roots and begin again, as the spring sun touched my dry root, and then lured the blossom out on that long stalk. We strive: He hides Himself in our striving. It is half His grace and half our own resolution that we will not stay in the shadows, and then it is all His grace. It is the steadfast secret of the dial which reveals the shadow going backward by the ten degrees. We turn to the living God in our dismay, not to a doubt or a may-be, but to the living God, our Father.

Time will not trouble us overmuch, then, by the swiftness of its flight. The arrow through the air, the shuttle through the loom, grass which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven,— these will seem not quite true semblances any more; and we shall remember how He never used them who is "the Way and the Truth and the Life." We shall run and not be weary with this heart in us, and walk and not faint; and the crooked will be made straight, and the rough places plain.

And the semblance of him with the forelock and the scythe will suffer a change, with all the rest, into God's dear and blessed angel of release, come to bid us home, and guide and keep us until we are well within the golden gates, where, when my own heart fails me, I love to take up my old Bunyan, and muse over the fair, sweet vision: —

“Now, just as the gates were opened to let in these men, I looked in after them, and, behold! the city shone like the sun, and there were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, ‘Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.’

“And after that they shut the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.”

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JESUS' PROCLAMATION OF THE COMING KINGDOM OF GOD.

You may find my text in the first chapter of the Gospel according to Mark, the fourteenth and fifteenth verses: "Now after that John was delivered up, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of God, and saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe in the gospel."

Jesus was about thirty years of age when, according to the custom of his people, he made his first public appearance. He had gone out to the Jordan and accepted at the hands of John the rite of baptism, thus indorsing the work of one whom he afterwards declared to be not less than the greatest of all the old-time prophets. After John was put to death, by the order of Herod, Jesus takes up his work, and re-echoes his proclamation, The kingdom of God is at hand: The Kingdom is coming, it is near. Prepare for it, repent, and be ready.

It is worth our while to note just here, at the outset, that there have always been in the world two different classes of minds, people with diametrically opposite ways of looking at human society. There are to-day, there have been in every country and every age, people who see all the good things in the past. You are familiar with such persons politically, industrially, socially, financially, as to literature and art. All the finest and best things used to be, they are not now. The world is going wrong, is on the down grade; and we are to expect only a worse and worse condition of affairs.

There is another class of minds who look forward and

upward, who believe in the integrity of things, and believe that the better time is before us. We can find illustrations of this if we seek for them in many different directions. I will only note two.

In the classic world of Greece and Rome there were those who believed that the golden age existed at the beginning of human history, and after that progressively came worse and worse conditions. There were also those who believed that men began in the very poorest and most abject state, and who looked forward to a finer and better outcome of human affairs.

We find these same two classes of people among the Hebrews. There were those who placed Paradise, the Garden of Eden, the perfect condition of things, at the beginning. Men fell from that ideal state; and the world was growing worse and worse and worse. Then there were those — and among them were all the prophets — who were looking forward. They say nothing about any ideal condition of things at the beginning. They are dreaming of a coming kingdom of God, a perfected condition to be attained.

And it is worthy of careful note — for it has a most profound bearing on the theological problems of the world — that Jesus himself was one of these forward-lookers. He believed that the kingdom of God was coming, not that it had been, and we were fallen away from it.

I think it is very remarkable, in view of the fact that for fifteen hundred years it has been the predominant teaching of that section of the Church which calls itself orthodox, that Jesus came to save men from the result of the fall: it is a remarkable thing that Jesus himself did not appear to know anything about it. So far as any recorded word of Jesus is concerned, he had never heard of the Garden of Eden or of the existence of Adam.

I do not mean by this, of course, that you are to suppose that he was ignorant of these stories; but is it not a little strange that he takes no note of them, that he never mentions

Paradise, never speaks of Adam or Eve or the serpent or the temptation or the fall, or the being cast out of Eden? If, as the Church has taught for fifteen hundred years, he came into the world expressly to deliver men from the results of the fall, it seems to me most extraordinary that he should have never even alluded to it in the most distant possible way.

Jesus, then, looked forward, and placed the kingdom of God before us as something to hope for, as a goal to be attained. But now, when he issued this proclamation, simply saying, "The Kingdom of God is at hand," how would he be understood by the average hearer at that time in Palestine? Unless he explained himself, — and there is no record that he did in any definite way, — it was inevitable that his hearers should suppose that he was predicting the immediate coming of the kind of kingdom which they then were looking for.

And what was this? As the Jews fell into an inferior position politically, came under the control of their conquerors, they looked back inevitably, and glorified the time when they were free, when they had a royal line of their own, when they had a kingdom in which they could take pride. So the ideal of all things political to them came to be the reign of their poet-warrior David; and they believed — this idea sprang up in a way which I shall indicate to you in a moment — that, when they had fulfilled the conditions, when the time was ripe, when they had won the favor of God, this kingdom of David would be restored. Some great man was to appear, one born after the lineage of David, born in his city, Bethlehem, and was to restore the ancient glories. They were to be delivered from their enemies. They were to be free not only, but they were to become the rulers of all the earth. All tribes and kindreds and languages and peoples were to be subjected to their sway.

Not that they might terrorize them by a despotism, but that they might spread over the world the blessing of the

truth which they believed God had put into their keeping. In other words, there was to be the establishment of a theocracy, a veritable kingdom of God, with Jerusalem for its capital, with the Jews as its special citizens and ideal representatives ; and this was to be the means of blessing all the people of the world.

This was what the Jews looked for. They expected that it was to come by a sudden and miraculous interposition of God, when, as I said, they had complied with the conditions. And this was the reason why the Pharisees, who were the great patriotic party of the time, emphasized so the minutest and most careful observance of every particular of the law. They believed that, when all the people could perfectly keep the law, God would appear and the kingdom of heaven would be made manifest.

Now how did this idea grow up? If we think of it as existing only among the Jews, it is very strange, and seems to need an explanation ; but the explanation is perfectly simple. If we go back far enough, we shall find a time when the Jews believed, as did all the other people of the world, in many gods. They did not doubt the existence of the gods of Moab or Philistia or Babylon or Egypt. They believed, however, that Jehovah was their God, and that they owed allegiance only to him. Just as, for example, a citizen of Germany to-day may not doubt the existence of the czar or the king of England, but he owes his allegiance to the kaiser, so with every Jew, Jehovah was the one God to whom he owed obedience.

But after a time, through natural processes of growth, they came to believe not only that their God was the greatest, a king above all the gods, but that he was the only God, and the God of the universe ; that others were only names, idols, figments of the imagination. Still he was their God, and they were the one people out of all the nations of the earth that he had chosen. He had made them the recipients of at least a partial revelation, he had

given to them his truth, he had taught them his law; and they were thus a sacred people.

Now do you not see how naturally it would follow, if they were the special recipients of God's favor, were his chosen people, that he must bless them, that he must make them mighty, must give them supremacy over all the earth? It was the necessary, logical inference from the fact that he had selected them. He had selected them for some great, wise purpose; and if for a time they were in subjection to foreigners, were humiliated, cast down, it must be because they were going through a process of training and preparation, they were being taught the necessity of perfect obedience to his law; and, when they had learned the lesson, when the time had come, when the days were fulfilled, then he would appear, would vindicate their claim to be his special favorites and chosen people, and would give them supremacy over all the earth.

Do you not see how naturally, necessarily, logically, their belief in the coming of a Messiah grew out of the fact that they supposed themselves to be the elected, chosen people of God?

But we are to note, as indicating that this is not a strange and isolated fact, that other people besides the Jews have expected a similar coming of divinely appointed beings to intervene for their deliverance. If we go to the Far East, to ancient India, you will note that there was a periodic reappearance of messengers of the Divine. When affairs became unbearably bad, when some great final crisis was reached, then a new deliverer came, some one to teach, to intervene, to save, and start the people on the right path again.

Gautama was not the first of the Buddhas: there had been a long line preceding him. He was only the last and the greatest of them all. And, to find a similar belief, we do not need to go to the Far East. Similar ideas were in existence here among the people that inhabited this country when Columbus discovered America. Cortes was able to

effect his landing on the coast of Mexico and to advance into the interior. Why? Because the Mexicans were waiting for the coming of a Divine Being, one who was to interpose and deliver the people, the White God; and, when Cortes came with his ships that were so wonderful to them, with their white wings flying apparently over the sea, and when he was able to thunder with his guns, they easily mistook him for the God they were expecting.

And you are familiar with the poem of "Hiawatha," when he disappears, sailing in his boat down the broad line of the sunset. It is not for a final departure. He is to come again.

And in the legend of King Arthur you find a similar idea: he is asleep for a time, hidden in a peaceful valley; but he is to return and deliver and bless his people.

So out of similar ideas we find similar hopes and expectations growing in different parts of the world.

So the Jews were looking for the coming of a Messiah. We know from outside history, as well as from the New Testament records, that the people were on tiptoe of expectation. A man had only to proclaim himself the Messiah, and the thoughtless crowd was ready to follow after him. Half a dozen different men appeared about that same time, and had crowds thronging them, just as had Jesus.

Indeed, I will just notice, in passing, that some of the best New Testament critics and students, some of the greatest scholars of the world, have not believed that Jesus claimed to be the Messiah at all. Dr. Martineau, for example, one of the greatest scholars and thinkers of the last century, teaches us that it is his belief that this idea is a part of the mythology that sprang up around the name of Jesus after his death, that the claim is put upon his lips, that he himself never made it.

I indicate this only so that you may know what some of the finest scholars of the world have believed in this direction.

The people, at any rate, were expecting the Messiah ; and, when Jesus proclaimed the immediate coming of the kingdom of God, that did not necessarily mean that he claimed to be the Messiah, but it made the people look this way and that, wondering. They came to him, and said, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" This, then, was what the Jews were looking for.

I wish now to raise another question, as to what Jesus teaches in regard to the coming of this kingdom. The popular idea at the present time—and this has been true for hundreds of years—has been either that Jesus was not to come in any miraculous way at all or else that it was to be in the very far future, at the time of the day of judgment and the end of the world.

Others have put off this perfect condition of human affairs to the next life. This has been the general belief: perhaps it is the general belief to-day. Practically, people have given up looking for the kingdom of God here among men. Now and then there are Second Adventists, or persons of one name or another, who teach it; but most people listen to them with a smile. They are incredulous. They think they have gone mad over their studies of the prophets. In other words, to-day it is not a vital belief.

What did Jesus teach about it? I must admit right here that it is not quite easy for us to determine. In one place Jesus is represented as saying, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." You are not to say, Lo here, or Lo there; and, if men come and report to you that a Messiah has appeared or that the signs of the kingdom are visible, you are not to follow, for, he adds, "the kingdom of God is within you."

This has been regarded by many as one of the very profoundest spiritual utterances of Jesus. The kingdom of God is within; and it must work its way out through the thought and the feeling of individuals until it gradually reorganizes human society and purifies and lifts up human life.

This passage can equally well be translated, "The kingdom of God is among you"; and there is no way of determining precisely which of these Jesus meant. If it is "among you," then he utters a similar truth. It is already begun, it is here, it is in the thought and the feelings and the lives of the true and the noble already, and you are not to look for it as an outward appearance.

And yet, right in the immediate connection, Jesus makes this apparently irreconcilable statement: As the lightning appears in one part of heaven and shines to the other part of heaven,—certainly, an outward, sudden, visible appearance,—so is to be the coming of the son of man. And he warns them to watch. As the people in the time of Noah were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, were absorbed in their every-day occupations and did not notice the signs of the times till the flood came and swept them all away, so, he says, it will be in this generation; for it is to come like a thief in the night. Two women are grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left.

And in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, if he is correctly reported, he teaches the sudden, immediate, miraculous coming; and he teaches that it is to be within twenty or twenty-five years of the time when he was speaking,—that is, he says, "this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled."

If we are to be governed in our judgment by the majority of the texts, the overwhelming majority is in favor of Jesus' belief that the coming of the kingdom of God was to be sudden, was to be immediate, during that generation, that it was to bring to an end the present order of affairs and establish ideal conditions among men.

I shall not attempt to decide this question; for, while I would like to believe that Jesus held modern ideas, ideas which have been forced upon us by the experience of the last two thousand years, by the growth of philosophy, by the experiments of science,—while I would like to believe this, the

matter does not trouble me. Jesus' greatness I find in the moral and spiritual realms; and it does not disturb me at all in my estimate of him to find that he shared certain mistaken ideas of his people. I shall not then attempt to decide between these two theories. You can study the New Testament for yourselves. It is not a matter, to my mind, of first-class importance.

I pass now to another point, which is one of first-class importance; and here I find that Jesus sunk his plummet down to the very deeps, and that his words reached to the heights of heaven, and that in their broad inclusiveness they take in the world. Jesus believed in a coming kingdom of God. He believed that it was at hand.

Who were to be its citizens? This is the great crucial point on which we need to be perfectly clear. Certain sections of the Church have said: Only those who come on our terms into our communion are members or citizens of the kingdom of God. Only they can have any part in the eternal life that awaits the children of God.

Jesus said nothing about any such conditions. Jesus established no church, he said nothing whatever about membership in any church.

Let me say here in parenthesis, I believe in the Church and church membership with all my soul, only I should place the duty, the necessity of it, on entirely other grounds. Jesus says nothing about being a member of any church as a condition of citizenship in the kingdom of God.

There are other churches which have said, You must accept a certain belief before you can be a citizen of the kingdom of God. Jesus said nothing whatever about any such condition. There is one passage in the Bible, which may be in the minds of some of you, which I wish to clear out of the way. In the last half of the last chapter of Mark are the words: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. He that believeth not shall be damned." These words are put on the lips of Jesus. Let me say here that every

scholar knows that the last half of the last chapter of **Mark** is no part of the Gospel. It is a later, ecclesiastical addition, and of no authority. There is no reason for supposing that Jesus ever spoke these words.

There is another section of the Church that says, You must be baptized after a special fashion before you can be a citizen of the kingdom. Jesus says nothing about any such condition.

The Athanasian Creed says you must believe every word of that creed, including the metaphysical doctrine of the Trinity, before you can be a citizen of the kingdom of God. Jesus says nothing about any such condition.

In other words, there is not a single one of the dogmatic or ritualistic conditions of membership in the kingdom of God which has been defined and insisted upon by one branch of the Church or another that has one slightest particle of authority in any word of Jesus.

Who is a citizen of the kingdom of God? Read the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew,—that great judgment scene,—where Jesus describes the good as separated from the evil, one on the right hand and another on the left in that marvellous allegorical scene. Who are those on the right hand? Not church members; not believers; not people who had partaken of the sacrament; not those who had been baptized. He says nothing whatever of any of these things.

They are simply the good, the merciful, the loving, the pitying, the helpful, the true. He who fed a person who was hungry; he who clothed somebody who was naked; he who visited some one in prison; he who comforted somebody in sorrow; he who gave a cup of cold water to one who was thirsty. He, in other words, who possessed the divine spirit of love, tenderness, sympathy, pity, help,—these found the doors of the kingdom of heaven open.

For in the very nature of things, if you will see, these are the ones who have the kingdom of God already in their

hearts, and are living it out in their lives; and the one who is with God and has God in his soul and is living God's life cannot be shut out from any heaven in this world or any other world; for heaven is a part of his very soul, is of the essence of his nature and being. That is the profound teaching of Jesus.

There were those at the time who thought only the children of Abraham could be admitted to this kingdom. John tells them not to pride themselves on that, and goes so far in his figurative speech as to say, "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." And in another place Jesus says, On that day shall come men and women from the north and south, from east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac in the kingdom of God; and you who pride yourselves that by inheritance and ritual and ceremony you are Jews will be shut out.

In other words, unless a person first gets the kingdom of God into his soul, God himself cannot get him into his kingdom. It is a contradiction in terms. There is no possibility in this world or any other of any one's being in the kingdom of God except as the kingdom of God is first in him; and, if the kingdom of God is in him, then there is no possibility of any power in the universe keeping him out of the kingdom. There is no hell for a man who carries heaven in his own soul; and there is no heaven for a man who carries hell in his own soul. This, you see, is profound, eternal, universal, spiritual truth.

Where does Jesus say that the kingdom is to be? Not in some far-off future,—here and now: it is at hand. The kingdom of God is something which is to be here, on this poor old curse-ridden, tear-stained earth. The dreamer of the Apocalypse has the kingdom descend like a beautiful city from God out of heaven; but it comes down and rests on the earth.

Now how much of this great dream of Jesus can we accept as consistent with human experience and our sci-

entific knowledge of the history of the world and the growth of human society?

In the first place, we can accept with our whole souls the proclamation of Jesus that the kingdom of God is at hand. It is always at hand for any one who believes in it and wishes to enter it. It is to be here, on this old world of ours.

Now science justifies entirely the teaching of Jesus that the kingdom of God here on this earth is a practical thing. The perfectibility of human nature, in spite of the fact that it is so far from perfect to-day, is one of the teachings of science. Science, like Jesus, does not place Paradise at the beginning. We started in the jungle: we are advancing towards Paradise, not away from it.

And there is not one single evil that afflicts mankind to-day which is a necessity,—not one. Disease can be eliminated, cured. We have made enormous progress during the last few years. Those people who find all the good things in the past, believe that people used to live for hundreds of years, and that the period of human life is decreasing, are wrong. Science teaches us that there never was a period in the history of the world when the average length of life was anything like so great as it is to-day. It has almost doubled within a hundred or two years.

And I have been told during the last week—I cannot give authority for it—a fact which contradicts the notion that is quite popular, that people do not live so long now as they used to. I have been told that there are over thirty-five thousand people in America at the present time who are over ninety years of age. And there is no reason why the number should not be duplicated in the next fifty years.

We are gradually mastering the problems of disease. Disease can be eliminated. Vice is no necessary part of human life. Crime is not a necessity. There is no evil of any kind that needs to be. Industrial problems are soluble. Social problems can be answered by and by. So that we

may reasonably trust in the coming of an actual kingdom of God right here on earth and in the midst of present conditions.

What do we need for it? We need simply what Jesus taught, nothing else; and there is no possibility of our attaining it in any other way. Jesus laid down the principle that, if we wished the kingdom of God to come, we must aim at perfection. "Be perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." What does that mean? It means simply that we must keep God's law, that is all.

In the physical realm perfect obedience to God's laws means perfect health. In the mental realm perfect obedience to God's law means the attainment of the truth. In the moral realm it means all goodness and peace and joy. In the spiritual realm, perfect relationship of the soul with the Father.

In other words, what we need, in order that the kingdom of God may come, is to know God's laws, and obey them; and, just as fast and as far as we can do that, just so fast and so far will the kingdom come.

I wish now to emphasize one or two points already touched on. I said we need to know the laws of God. It is sometimes said that we Unitarians lay too much stress on the intellectual side of things. I am sometimes told that I ask people to think too much, that I ought to dwell more on the emotional, the feeling side of human life. But if this world is ever to take any practical steps towards the coming of the kingdom of God, the very first condition is that men shall think, shall study, shall try to find the way. The world has been wandering, stumbling, falling, in wilderness and morasses, for thousands of years because it has been merely swept by feeling, because it has not been willing to take the trouble to think, because it has not been at the pains to know, to find out the truth.

How can I obey a law if I do not know anything about it? There is only one way; and that is obedience to God's

laws. His kingdom can come in no other way, and it will come in that way ; and, if we are to obey the laws, we must first know them. We must know the truth, Jesus tells us ; and the truth will make us free,— but we must know it.

Just as fast, then, as the world is willing to find out what the conditions are, and just as fast as the world is willing to comply with those conditions, just so fast will be the coming of the kingdom of God.

Father, let us thank Thee with all our hearts for this great truth ; let us know that the evils of the world may be outgrown ; let each one of us know that we may help in the process of deliverance ; let us be willing to take the pains of thought and of study ; and then, when we have found out, let us humbly walk in Thy paths, and we shall find Thy paths pleasantness and peace. Amen.

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"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

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(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

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THE BIRTH OF JESUS

A Christmas Sermon

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THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

A Christmas Sermon.

My text you may find in the first chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, a part of the eighteenth verse,—
“Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise.”

During the last week I came afresh upon some words of James Russell Lowell, which I wish to set in the forefront of my sermon:—

“It seems to me that the bane of our country is a profession of faith, with no basis of real belief, or with no proper examination of the grounds on which the creed is supposed to rest.”

And in another place: “If men have not enough of spirituality to find an inward beauty in religion, they will begin to bedizen her exterior.”

If I do not misread the signs of the time, it is characteristics of our age which these sentences of Lowell set forth. We are not apt to think, or to care overmuch about thinking, in religious matters. People say, Play upon my susceptibilities to beauty, appeal to my emotions, but do not ask me to think. And yet thought, and a little careful thought, is the only pathway to the real presence of truth, which is the presence of God.

I wish to ask you, then, to do a little thinking this morning concerning a matter which is fundamental to our religious faith, which is of the utmost theoretical importance not only, but of practical importance as well. And, if any of you are not inclined to think, or do not at first find yourselves in

sympathy with the line of thought which I ask you to follow, I ask you one other thing,— not to judge me or the theme until I am through, until I come to the practical outcome of it all.

How did Jesus come into the world? We shall see, when I am through, that this is more than a matter of speculation. It touches our conception of God and of the order of his world, of the nature of man and of human destiny,— touches them all fundamentally, so that we really live in one kind of universe or another according as we think one way or another concerning this one problem.

I will ask you to note, however, that this is not a question of belief in or love for God. It is not a question of belief in or rejection of the Bible. It is not a question of love for Jesus or accepting him as our religious leader. It is not a question of practical piety, except as I believe that the truth leads to the deepest and highest practical piety.

Again, this matter as to how Jesus was born is not a question of "faith," and cannot rightly be. It is purely and simply a question of historic fact. It is to be treated in the light of the evidence so far as we can discover it. We have no right to decide questions of fact by our feelings or by any emotion misnamed faith.

I shall ask you to note what the New Testament has to say on the subject, and then the testimony, in some brief and general way, of the Church Fathers for the first three centuries; and then I shall try to tell you, as earnestly as I can, what seem to me the practical religious implications of the belief. And this last is what I shall have in mind all the way through.

Let us look, then, at the New Testament, and see what it has to say about the birth of Jesus. One of the most illuminating things you could possibly do would be to read the New Testament books in the order in which they were written. The order in which they stand to-day in the published volume is a wide departure from the chronological

order. The first books of the New Testament which were written were the letters of Paul. Paul was beheaded during the persecution under Nero at Rome about the year 66. Note that date, please.

As Jesus was born four years before the beginning of our present reckoning, he died about the year 30. Paul then died about thirty-six years after the death of his Master. Did you ever note that Paul has never heard any story of the virgin birth? There is nowhere the slightest reference to it in any writing that he has left, no indication that he knows anything about it; and this, of course, would be entirely impossible, provided the story had been current during these thirty-six years between the time of the crucifixion and the death of Paul.

The first one of the Gospels to come into its present shape was Mark; this appeared about the year 70. Did you ever notice that Mark has nothing to say about the virgin birth? He evidently had not heard of it. It is very striking also to note, in passing, that the Gospel according to John does not refer to it; and yet this Gospel is the one that is popularly supposed to teach the most exalted ideas as to the nature and office of Jesus. The Gospel of John was written by nobody knows whom, somewhere near the middle of the second century; and the writer either had not heard the story of the virgin birth in the country where he lived or he did not consider it of sufficient importance to take any account of it.

Now we come to the two Gospels that do mention it,—Matthew and Luke. When were they written? Not far from the end of the first century. But did you ever notice—for people read so carelessly when they read at all—that the stories of Matthew and Luke are utterly, hopelessly irreconcilable? Let me give them to you in simple outline:—

According to Matthew the home of Joseph and Mary was Bethlehem. Then there comes the story of the wise men

from the East following the guidance of the star until it stood over the place where the babe was born. Where was the babe born, according to Matthew? In Joseph and Mary's own home. He says nothing whatever about any stables or manger. Then Herod and all Jerusalem are troubled by the report of this birth; and we have the story of the flight into Egypt and the massacre of the innocents.

Now Herod died the very year that Jesus was born; and the tradition of the murder of so many helpless babes is absolutely without any foundation. Herod was bad enough; but there is no reason why we should attribute to him so gigantic a crime as this.

Then Joseph and Mary with the babe, after Herod's death, returned from Egypt; and, being afraid to go back to Bethlehem, it is said that they went north, and thereafter made their home in Nazareth. That is the story of Matthew.

Now let us see what Luke tells us. Joseph's home, according to Luke, his original home, was in Nazareth, not Bethlehem as Matthew tells it. Then the emperor issued an edict that a census should be taken of all the people in the empire; and this, according to the story, required that people should go back to the places where they were born, there to be counted.

But there is no historic ground whatever for this story. There was no necessity, according to the laws of the Roman Empire, for doing anything of the kind; and think what it would have meant that all the people, all over Palestine, should leave the places where they were living, and go somewhere else, if they happened to be born somewhere else, while the census was being taken!

Then Mary, just before the birth of the babe, makes a difficult journey over hill and through valley, on the back of a mule, eighty miles to Bethlehem. When they reach there, there is no room in the caravansery for them; and the babe is born in the manger. We find here the story of the angels and the shepherds. Then the babe is taken to Jerusalem,

and presented in the temple. There is no story of Herod's slaughter of the innocents. There is no indication that anybody was afraid of Herod. After the birth in Bethlehem they go back home to Nazareth; and that is their home.

Such are the stories that we have in Matthew and in Luke. That you may not think I am a lonely holder of these opinions, let me call your attention to the fact that within the last month or two the Rev. Dr. Fremantle, a high official of and one of the finest scholars in the Church of England, at a meeting of the Church Congress, startled the people by making the declaration that apart from the opening words of Matthew and Luke there was no reason whatever for believing these statements, and that the story was not a New Testament doctrine.

Passing from this, let me call your attention to the genealogical tables. Did you ever notice them in Matthew and Luke? Read them when you go home, and note that it is the genealogy of Joseph that is traced in both instances. It is not the genealogy of Mary at all; and, unless Joseph was the father of Jesus, these genealogical tables have no more to do with Jesus than they have to do with John the Baptist or with Peter. These tables evidently were compiled while the people still believed that Joseph was the father of Jesus; and they took their places in the Gospels, having become traditionally so sacred, probably, that the writer did not feel at liberty to leave them out; or, possibly, he did not note the discrepancy.

I could run all over the Gospels, and find little unconscious testimonies, which are stronger just because they are unconscious. Let me note one or two.

In the early part of the Gospel according to John, Philip and Nathanael are talking about Jesus. Philip saith to Nathanael, We have found him of whom Moses and the prophets have written; that is, we have found the Messiah. Nathanael says, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" How does Philip answer? If Philip had known

that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, it would have been the most natural thing to say that "He did not come out of Nazareth, he came out of Bethlehem"; but his answer simply is, "Come and see."

For another unconscious bit of testimony, we find it recorded that the brethren of Jesus did not believe on him. Does it seem possible to you that they could have grown up with Jesus in that home in Nazareth for thirty years, and never have heard anything about the wonderful fact that Jesus was God in disguise, if Mary and Joseph had known it and believed it?

As to how the testimony of the New Testament is brushed one side for doctrinal reasons, let me call your attention to what you are perfectly familiar with, that the Church in its main teaching for hundreds and hundreds of years denied that Jesus had any brothers, although the New Testament speaks of them over and over again. This, of course, in the interest of the dogma of Mary's virginity.

Let me call your attention to another little indication in this direction. In Luke there are two places where every scholar knows the original Greek text has been changed for an express doctrinal purpose. The original writing refers to the parents of Jesus, to the father and mother of Jesus. These are changed, and made to read "Joseph and his mother," or something of that kind.

One other hint: In the story in Luke, Jesus visits the temple. On the way home, he is lost in the crowd; and his mother is wild with excitement. Think of it! If she knew he was God, would she be afraid he would get lost on the way from Jerusalem home to Nazareth?

I call your attention to these unconscious testimonies. Then take the explicit words of Paul,— "There is one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." This is the teaching of the entire New Testament.

If you do not wish to take my word for it, let me call your attention to what is said by the most famous of all the

church historians, Neander, the learned German, traditionally orthodox. He says: "This doctrine of the trinity does not belong to the fundamental articles of the Christian faith, as is sufficiently evident from the fact that it is expressly held forth in no one particular passage of the New Testament."

Now I wish to trouble you with the names of a few of the Church Fathers,—Clement, Polycarp, Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, Lactantius,—these men who lived during the first three centuries, every one of them has made it perfectly plain that the doctrine of the deity of Jesus was not a doctrine which was generally held during those three centuries by the leaders or the body of the early Church.

Note another little fact. The old first church in Jerusalem, whose leader, bishop, was James the brother of Jesus, remained, until the Jewish nation was blotted out of existence, firm in its adhesion to the original faith in the unity of God, and that Jesus was the son of God only as we may be,—a divine messenger, sent to carry out the Father's will. Justin Martyr expressly says, "There is a Lord of the Lord Jesus, being his Father and God, and the cause of his existence." This in the second century. And Augustine, who died as late as the fifth century, has confessed that he "was in the dark until he found the true doctrine concerning the divine word in a Latin translation of some *Platonic* writings."

Gradually, Pagan ideas and Platonic philosophy crept into the Christian Church during the first three centuries. Gregory Nazianzen tells us that when Athanasius first started in to defend what became orthodoxy in the later centuries, he "stood alone, or with a very few." And we know from history that the Arians were driven by force out of the churches, and that an *ex parte* council was called by a Roman emperor for the express purpose of establishing that which came to be the belief of the later centuries.

There is, then, no good reason in the New Testament or in the early church history for the belief that Jesus was God. I believe, and I assure you, that all the best, the un-

biased scholarship of the world is back of this statement, that Jesus was born in Nazareth, that his father was Joseph and his mother Mary, about the year 4 B.C. The month, the day of the month, nobody knows. There is not time now for me to explain how it happened that the 25th of December was decided upon; but remember this,—it was after much controversy, and was not generally accepted throughout the Church until some time in the fourth century. I want you to remember also that this apotheosis of Jesus took place at a period in the world's history when such things were common. It was one of the most superstitious times the world has known. The Roman emperors were made into gods as fast as they died. The shrines of Augustus were worshipped all over the empire. It was only natural then that such an age should take away from us the real Jesus and give us an imaginary figure in his place.

I believe, then, that Jesus was man. I believe in the divinity of man. I believe in the humanity of God. I do not believe that there is any gulf of separation between the divine nature and ours that needs to be bridged by any unnatural and stupendous miracle

Let me now come to what I promised you — a treatment of the practical side of our theme. I call to your attention what you know — if you will stop and think of it — that the doctrine of the deity of Jesus is part of a scheme the characteristics of which are pessimism, disaster, despair. It is part of a scheme of theology, of a theory of the universe and of human history that begins with the fall of man, with the curse of God, and that ends in the eternal loss and woe of the immense majority of the race. It is the central dogma in a plan the purpose of which was to deliver man from the results of the fall.

Where are we now? Why should we go back and burden ourselves with the discredited horrors of the ages of the world's ignorance and barbarism? We know now,—it is no question of dogmatic statement,—we know that there has

never been any fall of man, and that there is no need in the nature of things for the coming of God into the world by unnatural methods to deliver man from a condition which does not exist.

We do not believe now in the eternal loss of any human soul. And note one thing: the priests, the ecclesiastics, the churches of any name, who still hold to these dogmatic ideas, the great majority of them, do not themselves any longer believe in either the fall of man or everlasting punishment; and yet they keep up the form of maintaining a theory which is hopelessly discredited in the light of modern knowledge.

Another thing: I may trouble some of you by what I am now going to say. I say it, however, out of my profoundest conviction; and I appeal to you to give it the most careful thought. This dogma of the virgin birth is a slur on womanhood; it is a slur on fatherhood; it is a slur on our conception of the Divine. The fact of sex is the deepest, most central, most universal fact of the universe. So far as we know, it reaches to the depths and to the heights of things. It must express something which is real and eternal in the being of God himself, else it could not be imprinted upon everything that bears the mark of his thought and his hand.

This doctrine that there is something essentially and necessarily impure in sex, in the relations of men and women, was spawned in the filth of Oriental imaginations, prurient and false, originated among men who did not keep either their minds or their bodies clean. It is an Oriental stigma on human nature and on God. Why should it oversweep and overrun the West? We healthy-minded, vigorous men and women, who believe that God knew what he was doing when he created the present order of affairs,—can we believe that God has made humanity rotten at the very core?

Are not babies born of father-love and mother-love sweet and pure? Must a child come into the world without a

father, to escape this stigma? That is the implication out of which the dogma has come.

I believe there is nothing sweeter, nobler, purer on earth than the yearning love of a mother as she clasps to her bosom for the first time the babe that has just been given her [fresh from the hand of God. Think for a moment! She has gone down to the very border of the shadow, and taken out of the hand of Death himself the tiny torch of life, that she may pass it on to the next generation that shall follow.

There are millions of fathers and mothers that know that this love between them and the love they share for the child is clean and pure and true. I ask no nuns or monks, brooding in their darkness, to teach me and teach God as to what is sweet and clean. We do not need an unnatural birth in order for God to get into the world. He was born already: and has been all the time.

Did you ever think, in passing, that, even if we could prove that Jesus was born without a human father, we should not have taken a single step towards proving that he was God? We should simply be proving that a marvel had happened, that is all.

One other thought let me suggest here: If God desires to put into a human being as much of himself as he can, how much can he? Can he, in the nature of things, do any more than make a perfect man? If he transcend those limits, then this creature, this being, ceases to be a man. God can put into a stone only so much of himself as to make a perfect and finished stone; else it would not be a stone. God cannot put into a flower any more of himself than is consistent with the perfection of the flower, or it ceases to be a flower. God could not put into a man anything more than is consistent with the perfection of the man, or he would be a man no longer.

One other suggestion: This doctrine not only besmirches the white purity of human love, but it degrades our whole

conception of human nature. Must we believe that, when some supreme man appears, he is not man at all? If so, why? Merely because we have been taught for hundreds and hundreds of years that humanity is not capable of anything high and fine. In other words, we have been taught a degraded conception of human nature.

I believe that Jesus was man; and, believing that, my whole conception of humanity is lifted, clarified, ennobled, and I bow in reverence in the presence of this wonderful being. If you think for a moment where man started,—weak, ignorant, the conditions of his life away down there on the edge of the jungle; and, then, if you think what he has accomplished, and what he has become [in the process of that accomplishment, then you can understand a little of the magnificent possibilities of this being, that is sometimes derogatorily spoken of as “mere man.”

Mere man,—capable of all the thought, all the inspiration, all the genius, all the discovery, all the invention, all the wonder-working that has transformed the earth, and made the heavens familiar places! Man is the son of God. Remember those New Testament words,—the writer said, “Now are we sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be,”—for this marvellous race is climbing up and going on; and Jesus is the first fruit. Jesus proclaims to us what is possible in human nature, what we may become; and we call him our leader, and love and reverence him as our teacher, because he gives us faith in ourselves and makes it possible for us to follow him.

For, once more, stop and think, and see that, if Jesus is God, and if by that term we mean something unlike man, then he can be no example for us. What is it to me that you tell me that God could go through the form of being tempted without falling?

By the way, let me interject right in here what I wonder if you ever noticed. The New Testament tells us that Jesus was “tempted in all points like as we are.” It says ex-

plicitly in another passage, "God cannot be tempted." But Jesus was tempted; and what does temptation mean?

If Jesus was God, then it is mere mockery to talk of his being tempted. It is no temptation to a man when you ask him to do something which he does not wish to do, that he is not inclined towards. There must be something in me that longs for that which is forbidden before I can be tempted.

And I question whether you can call me perfect so long as there is anything in me to which evil can appeal; but it must appeal if I am to be tempted.

What is it to me that God could face a mob in angry opposition and not quail? How childish the very idea! What is it to me that God could come into this world in a human body and be crucified? That whole scene outside the walls of Jerusalem is theatrical, meaningless, if Jesus was God! Think of God trembling in the garden of Gethsemane, think of God crying out and shrinking from the cross, when he knew that fact was just what he came for, and when he knew that a moment only lay between him and the throne of the universe,—nay, that he had never left the throne of the universe! Can we conceive the universe as without a ruler? Did he leave his throne even temporarily?

What is it to me that God could do all these things? Of course he could: I knew that before. What I wish to know — if it is to help, thrill, inspire, lift, and mould my life — is that a man can be tempted and be a man; that a man can face an angry mob in opposition and still be true to his truth; that a man can be crowned with thorns, buffeted and spit upon, and yet not quail; that a man can carry his own cross until he faints by the way outside the walls of the city; that a man can be hung between earth and heaven and still be true; that a man can temporarily wonder even as to whether God has left him, and still not falter; that a man can faint and languish through death into immortal victory.

Let me know that, and a great courage comes into my soul. He is my leader, he is my inspiration, he is my comfort, he is my guide.

And so, friends, never in all my life did I so love, so reverence this Jesus of Nazareth as I do to-day. Never was he so much in the way of fellowship, of comfort, of inspiration. I will loyally and gladly bow in his presence for the divinity that was in him, for the fact that he shows me the Father and leads me the way to peace.

The light of the world, of all its scholarship, of all its finest thinking, points this way. It is only the ignorance, the prejudice, the groundless traditions of the past, insulting to God and dishonorable to man, that support the old outgrown ideas.

Let us fearlessly, then, front the light and follow the guidance of the Master as he leads us into the presence of his Father and our Father, his God and our God.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast never, in any age, left Thy world without a witness; that there have always been gleams of light in the darkness for those who have tried to find the way; that Thou hast never been very far from those that have felt after Thee, if they might find Thee. We thank Thee for Jesus of Nazareth; we thank Thee that he lives to-day as never before, that we are finding him once again, recovering him from the mists and darkness that have hidden him these hundreds of years, and that he is beginning to stand forth again the great radical leader, the inspirer, the lifter-up and the guide of our souls. Amen.

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THE PROBLEM OF EVIL.

As a text, I take from the third chapter of Genesis the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth verses: "And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast harkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Jesus appeared with the proclamation on his lips, "The kingdom of God is at hand." That meant, of course, that the kingdom of God was not already here. And again, of course, that meant that pain, sickness, wrong, and death were here.

In accordance with some words at the beginning of my discourse last Sunday, I wish to say again that there is a large popular feeling at the present time against theoretic discussion. People say in effect, Yes, evil is here, sin, wrong, pain, disease, death. But why stop to discuss their origin, their nature? Let us join in making an end of them. Let us rather engage in the practical work of improving the world.

I should be decidedly in favor of that course if I believed the matter so simple. But, when we start in to improve the world, to save men from sin and evil, what do we find people saying? One great branch of the Church says, You must submit to my authority, you must become a member of

my communion, you must join in my rites, you must partake of my sacraments. If you do not, there is no hope for you, no hope for the world.

Another branch of the Church says, You must accept my creed. Another says, You must be baptized according to my method. Another says, You must be spiritually wrought upon in a special way by the Holy Spirit before you can become a child of God.

Then there are the great ethical culture societies, which tell us that all this theological dogmatism is purely a matter of speculation, that we can know nothing about God or human destiny, and that the only practicable thing for us is to teach and obey the moral law. I will not enter into a discussion, beyond suggesting it, that very many persons question any permanent validity in any moral law which exists in a universe in which there is no God and no future life.

There are still others who say: The great, pressing evils of the world are pain and disease and poverty. We shall well perform our part if we can do something in diminishing these. And so they urge us to join with them in the practical work of philanthropy.

You see how difficult it is to get people to unite in getting rid of the evils of the world until they have some common idea as to what those evils are and as to how we are to get rid of them. In other words, there is no getting along in this world without theorizing.

Suppose a physician should say, Let us not stop to discuss as to what is the matter with the patient: let us go to work and cure him. But how will you cure him until you have some clear thinking as to the difficulty? When the great Brooklyn bridge was swung in air, who did it? Was it the workmen, those who day by day carried out somebody's plan? or was it not primarily the man who did the thinking, the man who told the practical workmen what to do, and how?

There is not the simplest action of our lives in which we

engage that does not imply a theory, somebody's theory,—if not yours, then one that you have borrowed, consciously or unconsciously.

So there must, on the part of reasonable beings who wish to solve great problems, be some attention paid to thinking out the nature of the difficulties that need to be overcome. I ask you then to join with me this morning in considering for a little this problem of evil that fronts us on every hand.

When organized life, some hundreds of thousands of years ago, first crossed the border between animal and human, and man, as man, came to consciousness of himself and his surroundings, what did he find? He found himself ignorant and weak, in the presence of tremendous forces which he did not understand and which he did not know how to control. Some of these forces in their play hurt him. He necessarily thought of them as evil. Some of them appeared friendly and helped him. Of necessity he thought of them as good.

And we must remember — it is difficult, I know, for us to put ourselves in his place — that he thought of these varying forces that we call natural powers to-day as alive. They were beings similar to himself. One of the grandest generalizations of the modern world is what we call the "correlation of forces," the discovery that all the different forces of nature around us are only varieties and manifestations of one force. But primitive man could not know that. So the power in the running stream, in the winds, in the ocean, in the sun, in the lightning,—these were persons,—persons invisible, but in a certain way like himself. And, of course, this resulted in what we call Polytheism; and you will see how inevitably it led to a division of these supposed gods into good gods and bad gods, or, at any rate, into gods that were friendly to him and those that were hostile.

This was the primitive man's method of explaining the evil of the world,—pain, disease, death. These were all inflicted upon him by some invisible power or powers, that

for one reason or another did not like him and wished to injure him. The early man had no idea whatever of natural death. When a man died, they always asked, Who killed him, and why? This was the first explanation given of the nature of evil, the cause of its existence.

I ask you now to come with me to note a few of the steps which were taken in the religious development of the Hebrew people. I do this because they are in the line of our evolution, and their development leads up to Christianity and the position which we occupy to-day.

The early Hebrews shared with their pagan neighbors their polytheistic ideas; and their explanation of good and evil was as naive and simple as that of the worshippers of Dagon or of any other of the idols of their age. But by and by they came to a belief in one God; and, still evil remained, and had to be explained. Was it the work of this one God, their God, the one who had selected and chosen them and set them apart as his peculiar people among all the nations of the earth?

Yes, at first they frankly took this ground. There is a passage in the first Isaiah in which the writer makes God say that he is the author of both light and darkness, of good and evil. But by and by they took another step. They could not understand how a good being could be the author of evil. So they imagined that there must be an adversary, an evil being of tremendous power, who was interfering with the good plans of the good Father in heaven.

The fully developed idea of Satan as the tempter of man and the author of his fall did not originate with the Hebrew people. They borrowed it during the time of their captivity from those who held them in bondage. They brought it home, however; and in their later life it became incorporated in their thought as the explanation of the origin of sin and sorrow.

Among the Hebrew people, however, they always believed that God rewarded people for being good by health, by long

life, by prosperity in business, by honor among one's people. There is no clear conception in the Old Testament of any idea of a dividing line between goodness as its own reward, as being rewarded by goodness, and goodness as being rewarded by material prosperity.

Believing as they did, then, that, when a man suffered, it meant that he had been doing wrong, that, when a man lost his wife or children or became disgraced in any fashion, that it was because he was guilty of some sin, they at last came to front a problem like that which was dealt with so wonderfully by the author of the Book of Job. The one great problem of that magnificent poem, one of the greatest poems of the world, is as to how it could be possible that a good man could suffer. They refused any longer, some of the clearer thinkers among them, to believe that a man was necessarily a sinner because he was sick in body or because he lost his money or because his friends had died; and so Job is represented as being a perfect and upright man, and yet as suffering every evil that flesh is heir to. And God is represented as coming to the defence of Job against the popular opinion of the time, and declaring that he was true and upright in spite of the fact that he was suffering.

And yet the book ends very lamely. There is no clear conclusion as to why the good man must suffer; and the poet illogically finishes his poem by giving back to Job again a duplicate of all the things that he had lost.

Among the Jews also another step was taken. They came not only to recognize the existence of physical evil, but of moral evil as well. This grew out of the fact that at last they came to think of their God as a holy God, as a God who loved righteousness and who sought righteousness on the part of those who would be his worshippers. So there was developed among them what we, in our modern phrase, are accustomed to call the "sense of sin;" not simply a knowledge of the existence of evil, but a sense of personal unworthiness.

One of the writers speaks of having been fairly content with himself until at last he represents himself as seeing God as he is, and so being humiliated and ashamed. This, you see, is a new note in the development of the idea of evil.

The Jews, then, did not get beyond the thought that physical evil was the result of some wrong on the part of somebody, that, if a man suffered, it was because God was angry with him, or because he had permitted the evil one for some mysterious purpose to work this injury, or because God as a loving father — this, you see, is another step still — was chastening and training him, preparing him for some higher and nobler life.

One characteristic of this Hebrew thought we need to have clearly in our mind, because it played so large a part in the history of the later world; and that is the fact, as I have already intimated, that they borrowed the idea that the universe was made perfect and fair at the start, but that it was invaded by a malign power from without, a power hostile to God and hostile to men because they were the work of God.

When we come to the time of Jesus, we are struck with what seems to me rather remarkable,—that he nowhere attempts any explanation of the origin of evil. He apparently does not accept the popular belief of his time. He says nothing anywhere about the serpent or the Garden of Eden or the fall of man or of Adam as being cast out of Paradise. He denies explicitly, if he be correctly reported, in one or two places, the connection which the popular mind established between suffering and disease and the anger of God.

You remember the blind man was brought to him, and the bystanders said, "Master, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" It never occurred to them that anybody could be born blind except as the result of somebody's sin. Jesus frankly tells them that this is not

the correct explanation. It was due to the sin of neither the man nor his parents. And then he cites another instance. He says: "Those eighteen on whom the tower of Siloam fell and slew them; think ye they were sinners above all the men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you nay." He denies explicitly the popular idea that a man was necessarily a sinner because he was suffering.

I now wish to pass to the attitude that has been taken by Christian theology for the last eighteen hundred years. I speak in general terms, in this way, because the general attitude in regard to this matter has been substantially the same throughout the Christian centuries.

Very unfortunately, as I think, the early Church accepted a bit of pagan legend which had crept into the Jewish annals in regard to the Eden story and the fall of man. The Church accepted this, and made it a part of what it claimed to be an infallible revelation. It became, therefore, what? The very corner-stone of the theology of Christendom. For eighteen hundred years all theological systems have started with this supposed fact, have had this in mind, have taken shape from it. They have accepted this as the explanation of the origin of all evil.

The Church has said — according to this old pagan story — the earth itself was cursed because of Adam's sin; the plants and the shrubs, the growing things of the world, are not what they would have been; there were no poisonous, noisome, thorn-bearing growths before; so the physical universe was cursed by it. They said, It is on account of this that man has suffered pain; it is on account of this that he has been conscious of sin; it is on account of this that all the diseases of the world have come into existence; it is on account of this that men die.

This has been the consistent, universal, age-long teaching of the Church almost throughout its entire history; and there is no Church to-day that I know of, called orthodox, that has in any explicit terms repudiated this legendary basis of its

theological scheme. There are thousands of ministers who do not believe it, and who evade its logical results.

Because of this, then, because the devil tempted Adam, and Adam fell, all the evil of the world has come to exist. Sometimes, as among our Puritan ancestors, when some popular calamity occurred, it was attributed to the devil, whom God for some mysterious reason permitted to rule human affairs as "the prince of the power of the air." But, of course, according to the principle of common law, what God permits he is himself responsible for. All evil, then, all pain, all sickness, all sorrow, all death, has come into the world because the first man sinned. This has been the consistent teaching of the Church.

I wish now to turn sharply away and ask you to consider the teaching of modern science concerning this problem of evil. Has it any light to offer us? For, as you will see, there is no light that can be accepted by scholarly and intelligent people in any of the other theories. Has modern science anything to say to us?

To make my thinking perfectly clear, I wish to tell you just what I mean by science. I do not mean purely physical science. What is science? Science is nothing but the organized, systematized knowledge of the world. Science, then, as dealing with this matter, takes account of all human experience that is accessible. It takes account of all facts, all its discoveries in the realm of nature as well as in the realm of man and of mind. What, then, has science to say about it?

In the first place science removes at one stroke the cornerstone of the theology of Christendom. Science demonstrates beyond all question—all intelligent question, I mean—that there never has been any fall of man. Instead of man starting in perfection and falling away from it, we now—not guess—we know that he started away down on the borders of the jungle, and that every step from that day to this has on the whole been a step upward and forward.

Not that there have been no retrograde movements on the part of the race, but that, on the whole, there has been advance, and that there never was any such thing as the fall of man.

Notice a few other counts in this statement. Science has demonstrated that poisonous plants and thorn-bearing plants — what men of the early world regarded as evil growths — were not the result of human sin, because they were in existence before man appeared on the planet. Science again has demonstrated that pain was not the result of human sin, because pain was in existence on the planet before man appeared. It has demonstrated again that death is not the result of human sin, because death was here thousands of years before man came.

I remember one of my theological professors years ago attempting to evade the force of these tremendous facts by saying that God permitted pain and evil to exist before man came because he knew he was coming and would sin when he got here. But reasonable people will hardly be satisfied by an explanation of that sort to-day.

What now does science have to say as to the nature of pain and disease and moral evil and death? Remember, I am using the word "science" in this larger and more comprehensive sense. In the first place, it tells us that pain is an absolute necessity on the part of beings capable of feeling. A being that can feel can, in the nature of things, feel things that are disagreeable as well as those that are agreeable. If he could not feel one, he could not feel the other. A nervous system, then, that is capable of feeling makes the existence of pain, at least as a possibility, absolutely essential.

Note the next step. Science has demonstrated this also: that sentient life could not have existed on the planet but for the existence of pain. If beings could put themselves in the way of all sorts of forces and experiences that hurt and injure and crush, and not feel it, they would be wiped out of existence in a year. It is only because when things injure

and hurt that they keep out of the way that sentient beings continue to exist. Beings organized as we are, then, could not possibly continue to live but for the experiences of pain.

Another step: Science demonstrates beyond question that all necessary pain — that is, all the pain that needs to exist — is beneficial. It is a token, not of God's anger at all, but of his love and his tender care. Perhaps nine-tenths of the things from which people suffer — I am not sure that it is as large as that — are not necessary at all.

And remember this,— the things that do not need to be we have no right to charge up to the responsibility of God.

The pains, the heartaches, the estrangements, the angers, the sorrows that we bring upon ourselves, and that we do not need to bring upon ourselves,— these God is not responsible for; and you have no right to charge the universe as evil on account of their existence. Do not cry out unto God, do not find fault with him. Go and get rid of them yourselves; and then you will be face to face with the fact that there will not be one single pain left that does not speak clearly of the love and tender mercy of God.

What of death? Is death an evil? That depends. I do not believe that immortal life here on this planet would be a blessing, would be a good thing, unless all conceivable conditions of life here on earth could be changed. It would be not only an impossibility, but a source of evil and sorrow, unless we could change the whole scheme and plan of things. That is too large a theme to enter upon this morning; but think about it, if you are disposed to believe that death is necessarily an evil.

Socrates, talking with his disciples more than two thousand years ago, declared frankly that, in his opinion, death was not an evil; for he said, If it is a sleep, at the worst it will be only like a single night. If, when I close my eyes, I do not wake again, I shall not know it; and there will be no consciousness of wrong done me. But Socrates added,— I quote, of course, only his thought,— If death be the journey

to another place, and if there all we think of as the dead are, what good, O my friends, could be greater than this? What would not a man give if he might be permitted to meet with the great, the famous, the noble of the early world, talk with them, ask them questions? What would not a man give if he might be permitted to walk beside those with whom he trod his life path here,—if he might look into the eyes of those he loved, clasp their hands again, and feel that thereafter there was to be no shadow?

If death is the gate-opener, and, after our training in this primary school, simply releases us and makes us citizens of the universe, then, instead of being an evil, it is the crowning grace of the Father; and none of you, whatever your opinions, is wise enough to know that it is not that.

In other words, you are not the possessor of sufficient knowledge to entitle you to say that death is an evil. The most you can say on the negative side is that you do not know whether it is or not. So death no longer remains as a certain charge against the goodness of God. Science teaches us all this.

Now what of the sense of sin, as that word is ordinarily used? I hold ideas which differ, I suppose, from those commonly accepted in regard to sin. When I was a boy, and in my course at the divinity school, I was taught to think of sin as a purposed and conscious rebellion against an infinitely good and wise and loving God. That kind of sin I believe to be utterly absurd and impossible.

No man not insane would pit himself against the Almighty as a matter of power. No man not insane would question the right of the All-wise to direct him. No man not insane would refuse to love the All-loving. That definition of sin, then, seems to me absurd in the nature of things.

What is it? A man may go against perfect wisdom and perfect goodness and perfect love under the impulse of passion, ignorantly or selfishly desiring to gain something for himself, without stopping to think what it means. But,

in the old sense, I do not believe that there is such a thing in the universe as conscious, personal sin.

When man waked up to the idea that he was a sinner, what did it mean? Was it a step down? No. It was a step up. The world before man appeared was not an immoral world. It was an unmoral world. Man waked up weak, ignorant, in the midst of this universe; and the problem set before him was to learn how to live. And he began by experience to learn that lesson.

He has what no other being has, an ideal,—an ideal of beauty, of truth, of goodness, of love; and he thrones that ideal as his conception of God in the universe, and he feels bound by it. He recognizes that as the righteous law of his being; and, when he departs from it, if he believe that God really is, and that he is all that, he says simply, "Against thee, and thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight."

When he thinks of himself, he looks at that ideal and is ashamed, because he has come short of being a man, of the possibility of goodness and beauty and truth; and he strives anew after its attainment.

The fact, then, that there is a consciousness of sin in man is the most hopeful fact in human life. It means that man is growing, that he looks forward and upward to the unattained, and that day by day and night after night and week after week and month after month and year after year he says, as the apostle did, "I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do: forgetting the things that are behind, I press toward the mark,"—seeking to realize this high calling of God.

There is nothing, then, if you will revert for a moment to what I said about Jesus,—there is nothing in the teaching of Jesus that commits him to any ideas of sin or evil or sorrow or death which are discredited by the advance of modern knowledge. So that we are at perfect liberty to combine his high, deep, broad, spiritual principles and teachings with the

results of modern science, and so find a natural, human, divine, hopeful explanation of pain, of sickness, of wrong, of death.

What Jesus has to say to us as to the matter of cure will be my theme next Sunday morning.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that we may look up through the mists of sorrow and pain and evil that blind us, and see gleams of the shining of light that is able to pierce through them, and, like the sunrise among the clouds, to drive them away. May we follow this light, and may we obey Thy leadership, and so come to deliverance and righteousness and peace. Amen.

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JESUS' CURE FOR EVIL.

My text you may find in the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the thirty-third verse,— “ But seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.”

Last Sunday morning we considered the problem of evil. We asked, and tried to suggest an answer to, the question as to the origin and nature of the pains and sorrows which afflict mankind. This morning I ask you to consider with me how Jesus proposes to get rid of these evils.

All the religions of the world have sprung out of the fact that evil exists. They have been man's various attempts to get rid of these evils. In the early world, people thought just as wisely as they could concerning the nature of the universe around them and the powers in whose hands, for good or evil, they supposed themselves to be.

They could not help being polytheists. They could not help believing that there were large numbers of unseen beings around them, who were capable either of hurting them or of helping them. They interpreted the experiences of human life from this point of view. If a man was sick, or if he was suffering, or if he was thwarted in any of his wishes; if he failed in any undertaking, whether it was the hunt or a warlike expedition; if he fell into the hands of his enemy,— his one remedy was to find some one of these unseen powers that was ready to help him. If he suffered, one of these gods was angry with him; but, possibly, his anger might be appeased if he could only find out how to do it.

There were gods that he looked upon as generally hostile. They were enemies of his family or his tribe; they

lived and worked in the interest of some other family or tribe; but, still, they were open to considerations: their favor might be purchased, or at any rate they might buy off their active hostility. The gods that loved them would sometimes get angry with them; but this anger might somehow be turned away.

All the early religions are to be interpreted in the light of these ideas. In other words, men were engaged in a sort of commercial transaction with these unseen powers. They were thought of as very like human beings, like the rulers of their visible, earthly tribes. They were hungry, and wanted food. They were thirsty, and needed drink. They were liable to get angry, if they were neglected or if their services were not properly attended to. They loved praise. They were open to all sorts of considerations which they supposed would appeal to one of their earthly chiefs.

How far the Hebrews have gone beyond this point, when their history opens, you may read in the early chapters of Genesis. Jehovah himself, after the flood, is represented as being very much pleased with the smell of the burning flesh which is offered him in sacrifice, and on account of it is shown to make certain promises as to his future relations with the people.

Of course, among the pagan religions we do find here and there the higher ethical ideas. Among the philosophical and moral writings of the Greeks and the Romans are some of the noblest teachings to be found anywhere in the history of the world. But all the old popular religions were practically given over to sacrifice, to ritual, to ceremonial of one kind and another, and this for the purpose of influencing the gods and trying to buy off their enmity or in some way gain their favor. In other words, all these old religions were attempts on the part of man to get into favorable relations with the gods.

Now, when we come to the Hebrew religion, is there any abrupt transition? No, we find substantially the same ideas

at work. Nearly the entire history of the Hebrew religion — all of it, so far as its external life is concerned — is a history of rite, or ceremony, of sacrifice, of attempts in this way to please Jehovah, to do what he is supposed to require. The entire service of the temple was of this sort. At certain periods of the year the altars ran blood, the great business of the priesthood was that of sacrifice,—sacrifice of this or that or another thing, in order to win the favor of God, to ward off his wrath, to buy forgiveness of sin.

Now and then, on the part of some of their deeper, higher, more spiritual thinkers, we find another note. Let me give you one or two specimens. In the fiftieth Psalm the unknown author says, or represents God as saying: "I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he-goats out of thy folds; for every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. If I were hungry," — you see that idea was not yet outgrown, — "I would not tell thee; for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof. Will I eat the flesh of bulls or drink the blood of goats? Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High."

I wish to call your attention to one or two other very remarkable utterances in this same direction. In the first chapter of Isaiah we read: "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord. I am full of the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations. Incense is an abomination unto me. The new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with."

And then a remarkable word from one of the later prophets, Micah: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten

thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression,"—you see, they were not far enough away from human sacrifice to forget it,—“the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.”

In the midst, then, of this matter of sacrifice and rite and ceremonial, and offerings in the attempt to please God and turn away his anger, and so be rid of the burdensome evils of the world, there break in these higher, more spiritual voices that point to a deeper source of evil, and to another method of being rid of its blight.

But, in spite of this word of Psalmist and prophet, we must remember that in all ages of the world — and it is as true to-day as it was in Jerusalem and Judea — the formalists, the priestly class, are always in the majority: the prophets are few. They are the leaders of a higher life; and they point to a brighter day. But the majority are always the ritualists and the ceremonialists, those who care for forms, and to keep up the rites unbroken and undisturbed.

And so, when we come down to the time of Jesus, the Jews practically had paid little attention to the Psalmist and the words of the prophet. Religion, when Jesus appeared, was a wide-spread network of ceremonial, vexatious, wearisome, touching every act of life and every hour of every day. Something must be done, always, in order to keep the law, in order to please God.

What attitude did Jesus take towards this? He swept it away with a breath. What is the teaching of Jesus? Listen to him while he talks with the woman of Samaria at the well: “Neither in this mountain, Gerizim, nor in the temple on Mount Moriah at Jerusalem, are ye to worship the Father. God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.”

He does not indeed forbid sacrifice or form. In that wonderful saying of his as reported in Matthew he says definitely, If you bring your gift to the altar—what? He does not say, Take it away again. You can bring your gift if you wish; but, if you remember, when you get there, that you are out of right relation to your brother-man, then you simply cannot offer it with the expectation that God will accept. Go away, and get into right relation with your fellows: then you can come, and find a way open to God. That is his teaching.

And, if there is any time when his words blaze as with anger, it is when he attacks this ritualistic, ceremonial side of religion that has become a substitute for the deep things of the heart and the practical things of the life. He says, "Woe unto ye, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites." He calls them blind guides; and why? He says, You tithe the mint and the anise and the cumin, you are very particular about all this minutiae of the external keeping of the law; but you miss, neglect, the weightier matters,—justice, mercy, and faith. And in one place he scores a man—for what? He says: Your father and mother are in need; and what do you do? You take your property and set it apart, consecrate it as a gift to God, and then make that an excuse for neglecting the care of your father and mother.

The same idea which the writer of the First Epistle to Timothy has in mind when he says, If a man does not take care of his kindred, those near to and dependent upon him, he has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.

Jesus then sweeps all this away; and he says the entire law and the prophets all lead up to and find their meaning in what? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." And, if you do that, then no matter about the rest. And, he says, Whatever you wish in this world in any department of human thought or life, how are you going to get it? I think it is the profoundest thought, the profoundest utterance, perhaps, to be

found in the history of the world. It is my text. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness"; and everything else will take care of itself.

Here, then, in this text is Jesus' cure for evil. The world up to his time had, so far as its established religions were concerned, been devoting itself almost entirely to external forms,—creeds, rituals, sacrifices, ceremonies. And it is curious to note that, even with those who to-day worship Jesus as God, this profound teaching of his seems to be only little understood and less practised. The Christian Church, in the main, and almost throughout its entire history, has put at the front the things which Jesus relegated to the rear. It is still sacraments, it is obedience to ecclesiastical authority, it is ceremonial, it is ritual, it is form, it is organization,—it is some of these external things. It is something other than the heart and the life.

I do not mean that these Churches do not preach anything about the heart and the life. They do; but what I mean is this: that the impression made upon the great majority of the followers of Christianity still to-day is that these outside things are so important that people are apt to feel that they have done all that is necessary when they have carefully observed the external forms. And men are forgiven, priests are forgiven, ecclesiastics are forgiven, when they break the inner law, the real, essential conditions of the kingdom of God, so long as they are faithful to the external affairs; and no amount of love or character or personal service can give them standing in the ecclesiastical organizations if they disregard these external matters.

I say, then, that the Church has only partially learned the lesson yet which Jesus so emphatically taught.

I ask you now to consider this teaching of Jesus as to getting rid of the evil of the world. I want you to note with me as to whether it is practical. Jesus has sometimes been criticised because he did not teach science, because he said nothing about sanitary laws in their relation to sickness,

because he did not lay any special emphasis on the pursuit of intellectual truth. You will note, as you think of it, that he did none of these things. But he did a deeper, finer thing, — a thing which, practically understood and carried out, includes all these. For what is the realm of science?

It is nothing more than the truth of the kingdom of God as manifested in the material side of the universe. And what are sanitary laws as related to disease? They are only again a search for the conditions, for the establishment of the kingdom of God in the matters to which they pertain.

If, then, a man really loves God with all his heart, if he seeks first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, do you not see that it will lead to a love and a loving search and a reverence for all truth in every department of the universe? Because this is finding the presence and recognizing the laws of God, who is first in the heart of the seeker after truth. There is not an evil on the face of the earth that will not disappear before the practical application of this teaching of Jesus.

Let us note now some particulars. I classified in a certain way the world's evils last Sunday morning. I will recur to this classification, though I may add one or two other things to it before I am through.

I spoke of pain. I said that a certain amount of pain was necessary, that it probably never could be eliminated from human life,— the possibility, at any rate, cannot be — and all this necessary pain is a mark of beneficence, an indication of God's tender love and care. Now, when you have set that one side, the necessary pain of the world, all the rest would cease to exist in a generation if men only followed Jesus' method for the cure of evil.

What are these pains? They are the pains that spring from carelessness, from ignorance, from selfishness, from passion, from anger, from hate,— from those things which are antagonistic to the spirit of Jesus; and all these could be eliminated from human life, and would be eliminated from

human life, if men only sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and if they loved God first, and with all the heart and the mind and the soul and the strength, and if they loved their neighbors as themselves.

Jesus' method then would do away with all the needless pain of the world. And is there any other method that has ever been devised that is likely to produce any such practical result? I do not know of one: I have never heard of one. Every step towards the elimination of pain means simply a step towards a knowledge of the laws of God and obedience to those laws; and that means seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

Of course, it goes without saying, in the next place, that moral evil would be done away if we only followed the method and teaching of Jesus; because everything that is contrary to the law of God, to loving God and serving God and loving our neighbors as ourselves,—all these things make up what we mean by moral evil.

I wonder if you have ever followed out this suggestion to see how very practical it is. I wish to indicate some of the things that would be done away in human life if only this teaching of Jesus were practically accepted.

There is a great deal of poverty in the world; and this poverty is the source of suffering. There are people in New York to-day who are hungry, who are cold, who are suffering from lack of clothing and a fire, who have no proper shelter. Does the teaching of Jesus have anything to do with that? All the poverty of the world that is of any practical importance would be wiped out of existence in twenty-five years if everybody would simply begin to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, to love God and to love their fellow-men.

There is a certain amount of poverty that is the result of incompetence. There are men with no ability, as we say, to make money: you place them in the midst of the finest opportunities, and they fail. These people are only a few.

There are persons who are ill, and so not able to earn money ; but I venture to say this : if we could eliminate from the city of New York to-day that part of the problem of poverty which is the result of moral evil, the rest of it could be taken care of in a week. I would venture to raise money enough to meet every case of real need in the city of New York if only the imposture and the vice and the crime that are involved in this problem could be eliminated, if we could only find the worthy, the people that ought to be sympathetically helped and cared for.

The larger part of the poverty of the world is the result of vice and evil, things which would not exist if people would only follow the teaching of Jesus.

All the vice and the crime of the world of course would be destroyed, there would be no need of any more police courts, no need of any more jails,—all that blot upon our civilization would disappear at once.

And is there any other way of eliminating it? Do police courts, do laws, do punishments, do the ordinary methods of trying to help this condition of affairs, produce any appreciable result? I believe, indeed, that the world is constantly growing better, that there is less vice, less crime in the world than there was fifty years ago, and much less than there was one or two hundred years ago ; but whatever progress the world has made in this direction has been purely and simply along the lines of Jesus' teaching. Nothing else has been done to lessen the amount of law-breaking and poverty. Placing laws on our statute books produces very little effect. It is simply because the world is becoming more and more enlightened, becoming more civilized. People recognize the advantages of law-keeping, recognize that along those lines are health and happiness and prosperity, and so are voluntarily choosing to walk in the way that Jesus has pointed out.

Take the matter of disease. We are gradually getting control of the conditions of health. Pestilences do not have

any such power as they had a hundred or five hundred years ago. Investigation, in this direction and that, is learning new methods of prevention and cure; but every one of them means what,—means a careful, simple study in an endeavor to find the laws of God and to keep them.

If only we could perfectly understand God's laws as illustrated in the human body and in the natural forces that constitute our environment, if we could only perfectly understand them and perfectly obey, the health of the world would be perfect.

The way, then, to eliminate disease as a factor of human life is the way that Jesus has pointed out. We are to attempt to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and then this matter of health and all that goes along with it will be added unto us.

So in every department of human life. As to the bitterness that exists to-day between what are called the "classes," the misunderstanding between the rich and the poor. If the poor believe in the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and seek it first, knowing that that was the most important thing in the world, if the rich believe in it and would seek it as the first and most important thing, then what? Why, at once, in the minds of both the rich and the poor the question of the amount of money one owned, or the social position that one occupied, would take the place that belongs to it,—the secondary place; and character, manhood and womanhood, would come to the front, and take the first place, and there would be no possibility of bitterness and anger and envy and wrath, as between the rich and the poor.

Consider the effect that it would have in the world's industry. I do not believe that the labor problem is a thing which can be settled for good and all, settled in one strike or dispute. It is merely taking one step; but there will be other strikes, other disputes, other misunderstandings, and there will be no settlement of these things by economic or political moves.

They are a part of the growth of civilization. But all the evil can be taken out of them if men will only learn to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

If all the employers of the world were ready to seek justice, to see what ought to be done, not grasp to get all they can without regard to the interests and rights of others, but would seek justice,—that is, seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,—and if all the workers would seek God and his righteousness, not seek to do as little work as possible for the largest pay, not seek to evade or get ahead of others merely,—if they would only follow the spirit and teaching of Jesus,—then all the bitterness and injustice and wrong that lead to so much of anarchy and social disturbance would be done away in a month.

And is there any other way? Have we not made what progress we have in industrial matters merely by the growth of the spirit of Jesus, merely by the introduction into these matters of the temper and teaching of Jesus? I do not know of one single step that has been taken that has not been along these lines.

And then in regard to another great department of human life. I was glad to note in one of our papers on New Year's Day a card by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He pointed out the significant fact that a Czar of Russia in the last century and our President, Mr. Lincoln,—they two together,—had made an end of human slavery, so far as civilized nations were concerned; and then he called attention to another most remarkable fact, that the present Czar of Russia had taken a great step toward the abolition of war, and that, again, one of our Presidents, Mr. Roosevelt, had co-operated with him in marking a significant step in advance of our human civilization.

I believe that no President since Lincoln has done a grander thing in the service of mankind than Mr. Roosevelt has done just here. He has added one imperishable leaf to the laurel of his fame by declining to undertake personally to

arbitrate between Great Britain and Germany and Venezuela, and using all his interest in the establishment of the great world tribunal at The Hague for the settlement of international disputes.

What does this mean? Can war be abolished? Yes. When the world gets a little civilized, there will be no more wars. War sums up in itself the concentrated essence of every conceivable villainy and crime. There is nothing horrible and infernal that is not a part of war. And, when the race has, as I said, become a little civilized, it will leave it behind.

How will it leave it behind? What have the Czar of Russia and President Roosevelt been doing? It will leave it behind when the world is ready to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, when it is ready to follow the spirit and the teaching of Jesus, when it is ready to recognize that the principles of right are supreme, that they are God's principles, and that they, and they only, are a firm basis on which human welfare and human happiness may rest.

The Czar of Russia, then, and our President have simply, whether they have recognized it or not,— I trust they have,— been re-echoing the saying of Jesus, that the thing for nations to do is to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

There is no evil on the face of the earth that will not disappear in the presence of this one universal solvent of love for God and love for man. We may seek remedies in other directions just as fast and as far as we may, but we are doomed to repeated and perpetual failure until we come and learn at the feet of the Nazarene the secret of the world's deliverance from evil.

Ceremony will not do it; prayer will not do it; sacraments will not do it: religious organization will not do it; political reorganization will not do it; votes will not do it; discussion will not do it: nothing will do it except bringing the heart

and the life into accord with the truth and the life and the love of God.

And, when we have done that, there will be no more need of praying, "Thy kingdom come"; for the kingdom will be here.

Father, we thank Thee that the way is clear, that the light has shone upon this confused scene of human life. We thank Thee that at last we are able to discern the pathway. It is hard, it is difficult for us to walk in it; but we can at least see the road that leads to Thee; and the road that leads to Thee leads to all that we can desire. Amen.

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HOW MUCH WE KNOW ABOUT JESUS, AND HOW WE KNOW IT.

I AM to ask you to go with me on a serious search for the real historic Jesus of Nazareth. The pathway may be a little technical at times, but I shall take no step which does not seem to me necessary to arrive at the end ; and I ask your patient, earnest attention for the sake of the search in which we are engaged.

Certain things which I have said about Jesus have been taken serious exception to by some writers in the daily papers. I should not consider this as a very important thing in itself ; but, when expressions of this sort are made in the press, they indicate a wide-spread condition of the public mind, and it is for the sake of this condition, and not the writers, that I shall speak this morning.

Two somewhat astonishing statements have been made. First, it has been said that, if we do not have an absolutely infallible record of the life and teaching of Jesus, then we know nothing about him at all, and have no right to make any statements concerning him. And another statement is made which is equally surprising ; these writers say that Jesus distinctly claimed to be God, and that, if that claim is not admitted, then those who do not admit it make him out to be a liar and a fraud.

It does not seem to occur to them that some statement may have been put upon his lips by a writer which he did not utter. It does not seem to occur to them that they may have misunderstood the meaning of a text.

Not only are there these persons who are making these statements and claims, but I find in many different directions

Unitarians themselves who frankly confess that in the presence of assertions like these they do not know just what to say. In other words, they have themselves no clear thought as to how much we know about Jesus or how we know it. For the sake, then, of the outside world, so far as I may reach it, and for the sake of Unitarians, I propose to raise and answer this question.

First, then, How much do we know about Jesus? I, of course, speak from the point of view of my own personal conviction. I believe that Jesus was born in Nazareth, the oldest son in the family of Joseph and Mary, about four years before the year one according to our present reckoning. We know that he had brothers and sisters, because they are frequently referred to in the New Testament writings.

What do we know about his childhood? Nothing very definite; and yet, when he appears in public, we can understand something from what he is and what he says as to the kind of training that he must have received, the kind of experiences through which he must have passed. He had the ordinary education of a Jewish boy; and we know that he was precocious, and more than usually intelligent and keen. We get a glimpse of this in the story that is told of his visit to the temple with his father and mother when he was twelve years old, where he astonished the learned men, the rabbis and the doctors, by his questions and his replies.

We know also that, like most Jewish children of the time, he was taught a trade. It was a part of the fundamental ethics of the Jews that a boy should know a trade. The Talmud tells us that the father who brings up his boy without teaching him in this way brings him up to be a thief. He then worked with his father as a carpenter. We know, because he displayed it with thought and feeling in his later life, that he must have watched the great caravans on their journeys from the West, from Rome, from Egypt, from Greece, to Damascus and the Far East; and that wider

thoughts were thus kindled in the boy, wider conceptions of human nature and human life, than those that were customary on the part of his people.

He was saturated with the wisdom of the prophets and the Old Testament scriptures. When he reached the age of thirty,—that is, about the year 26,—he appears at the baptism of John, and after John's death takes up his work.

His public life,—how long was it? According to Mark, Matthew, and Luke, it was a little less than two years. According to the tradition embodied in John, it was a little over three years. We do not know then with certainty. It was very brief. During this time he travelled and taught by the lakeside, along the highways, and in the fields of Galilee, and in Jerusalem. And he spoke with such simplicity, with such authority, with such power, that he left an impress on the world such as is not to be paralleled in the life of any other man.

He was gentle. He was simple. He was trustful towards the Father. He was sympathetic towards men. He lived a life which has changed the face of the world, coming just at the time he did "in the fulness of time," as has been said, when the world was ready for him. He became the source of a new religion,—a religion which has had more to do with human civilization than any other. There are other religions, one at least, which has more followers than has he; but his is the religion which has coincided with the development of human civilization, and so has left its impress on that part of the world which is the most forward-looking and has done the most to change the face of the earth.

He died—how? He was put to death in the most natural way in the world: he came into conflict with the ecclesiastical bigotry and prejudice of his time, and they made away with him, as this same kind of religious bigotry and prejudice has done in so many other cases in the history of the world. He died a martyr, and disappeared into the

Infinite, to be associated from that day to this with his Father and our Father, with his God and our God.

Such is the simple outline of what we know about his life. His teaching is recorded in the records that have been left about him. And how much of that teaching we can accept to-day will be indicated, or at least suggested as we go on.

It seems little that we know about him,—less than of almost any other great life in the history of the world; and yet we seem to know him intimately, and to be able to-day to come into personal touch with that supreme, that sweet, that mighty, that gentle man.

Now how do we know about him? I said that some of the critics have asserted that, unless we have absolute, infallible authority, we do not know anything about him. Let us see, then, what kind of authority we have?

There is one great branch of the Christian Church which claims to be the organized body of God, claims to be inhabited by the Divine Spirit, claims that, when it makes an official utterance of its belief, it is speaking the very words of God with absolute authority, which ought to be binding upon every human being who hears.

I cannot go into any detailed examination of this claim this morning. I wish merely to say that nobody except the members of that Church accepts this claim; and yet these outside students and thinkers have access to all the reasons for it which are open to even the pope himself. It is, then, a matter of faith on the part of its adherents rather than a matter of historic truth that can be adequately established by evidence. A noble Catholic priest in Boston once said to me, Were it not for my faith in the infallibility of the Church, I should occupy your position.

Let me say, in passing, and think the matter out, no man has a right to accept as a matter of faith any historic fact which is open to investigation. It must depend upon the evidence. And there is adequate evidence, as I think, although, as I said, I cannot go into it this morning, to

prove not only the fallibility of this Church in intellectual matters, but its fallibility in moral matters as well. If you wish to pursue the investigation, I refer you to a very remarkable work, "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom." Its author is the some time president of Cornell University, and recently our distinguished ambassador to Germany, the Hon. Andrew D. White. You can find abundant material in that work to substantiate the statements which I have just made.

There is another branch of the Church, the great Anglican Church, which claims that it holds a sacred deposit of divine truth; but it is noteworthy that its adherents, both lay and clerical, differ throughout the widest range of opinion and belief. They are not nearly so much at one in their opinions as are the members of any great scientific organization anywhere in the world.

Then there is the position held by the great Protestant bodies. What is that? That they have an infallible book in their keeping,—the Bible. But here, again, it is to be noted that they do not hold the same opinions about the book, nor about its teaching. Differences of belief as to doctrines, as to practice, as to ceremonial, as to church government,—differences in every direction prove that this infallible guide is not understood in the same way by all the different churches. That means, of course, that it does not practically prove itself an infallible guide.

I ask you, then, to look with me now while I consider what the Bible really is and how it has come to us. I shall have some practical applications at the end, full, it seems to me, of comfort, encouragement, and inspiration, as the result of this somewhat technical inquiry to which I ask your attention.

We have a Bible in our hands. Is it infallible? The English translation certainly is not. Nobody claims that we ever had any infallible translator. What about the original? I will leave one side the Old Testament this morning,

and confine myself to the New. Here we have twenty-seven different books,—gospel, history, letters, apocalypse, or Book of Revelation. These make up the volume. How does it happen to be one volume? It is merely a matter of convenience. These were separate books, written by different people at different times. They are bound together and collected in one volume, as I said, merely as a matter of convenience; so that it is a set of books rather than a book.

Now is this canon of the New Testament settled? That is, is there any authoritative statement as to just how many books belong in the New Testament and how many do not? There never was any official statement made in regard to this matter before the sixteenth century. Then just the books which make up the New Testament were accumulated and fixed upon by an ecclesiastical council. But even here, looking at the whole Bible, the whole church is not at one—the Catholic churches include all the Apocrypha, which Protestants reject.

But the reformers did not consider the canon settled. Luther selected at least two of the books of the New Testament which he declared ought not to be there,—the Book of James and the Epistle to the Hebrews. He did not consider the canon as authoritatively settled by any inspired or infallible delivery.

Now what is the condition of the manuscripts of the New Testament? There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of them in existence in the original Greek. Are they all just alike? Some of them do not contain all the books, some of them contain other books which are not in the present canon. But are they all alike? Every scholar knows that there are thousands of different readings. These differences are generally slight; but sometimes they extend to a verse, two or three verses, a paragraph, or half a chapter.

Now what is the oldest one of these manuscripts? They take us to the fourth century; that is, the nearest that any of these manuscripts come to Jesus is about as far away from him as we are to-day from Shakespeare.

How were these copies preserved? They were transcribed by monks, by writers in monasteries, and in different ways, to supply the small demand that existed in the ancient world. Were there any mistakes made in transcribing? I have already told you that there were thousands; and we know that not only were there changes made through carelessness, but there were mistakes made deliberately and on purpose, under the influence of doctrinal bias.

There is a period of darkness of nearly two hundred years, the first two centuries of the Christian era, during which we know little as to what was taking place or what was being done with the books. We know that these were not all that were written. We have to-day an apocryphal Testament, made up of Gospels and Epistles, nearly as large as the accepted book. Then we know that there were large numbers of Gospels written which have been lost. Out of all those we have then just the four, in the order in which they stand now,—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John

Why do we have just four? As a hint at the state of mind of the early ecclesiastical Fathers, Irenæus, I think it is, tells us that there could not be either more nor less than four. Why? Because there were four corners of the earth, there were four winds, and the cherubim were quatriform. Therefore, it was fitting that there should be just four Gospels, and no other number.

Which of them was written first? Mark, then Matthew, then Luke, then John. When were they written, and by whom? Now note the condition of thought and feeling of the early Church at the time of Jesus himself. Jesus organized no church. Jesus, so far as we know, never wrote a word upon parchment or paper. He never directed anybody to write anything, so far as we know. Nothing was written, so far as we know, during his lifetime.

And note another thing, as I have had occasion to tell you. In the early Church it was universally believed that Jesus was to return in the clouds of heaven within twenty-

five years, and change the entire world order. If we believed to-day that the world was to come to an end in twenty-five years, we should not engage in writing histories, especially of our own time. Nobody thought of writing any record. The world was to come to an end before those who had seen and talked with Jesus had passed away. Why, then, make any record of his life or of his sayings?

But, as that hope was disappointed, one here and another there began to set down notes, memorabilia, their memories of the things which they had seen or heard or that had been told them; and by and by the Gospels came into shape,—Mark somewhere about the year 70, Matthew and Luke toward the end of the first century, John somewhere toward the middle of the second century.

Who wrote them? We do not know with any certainty as to who wrote either of them. The old church tradition is that Mark was a personal friend and companion of Peter, so that the Gospel of Mark is looked upon as that story of Jesus which Peter was accustomed to tell. What about Matthew, the next one who appeared? The only church tradition in regard to Matthew is that he wrote, not a Gospel, but memorabilia, or notes, in the Hebrew tongue. By Hebrew, however, is meant the popular speech of the time, *i.e.*, Aramaic, which stood in about the same relation to Hebrew as Spanish or French or Italian to-day does to Latin.

He wrote, then, in the Hebrew tongue; but every scholar knows that the Gospel of Matthew is not a translation. So what became of the memorabilia written in the Aramaic speech nobody knows; and how it came to pass that the present Gospel came in the Church to hold the position of having been written by Matthew nobody knows. So, for all practical purposes, in the life of a scholar the Gospel of Matthew is anonymous.

Luke was supposed to have been the personal friend of Paul. So his Gospel is regarded the Pauline story of the life and teaching of Jesus.

John's, as I said, has no value as history. It is a beautiful philosophical treatise: in some parts it is a magnificent poem. It was written, by nobody knows whom, somewhere between the years 125 and 150.

So much, then, for the records. Does this mean that we do not know anything about Jesus, that we have no reason to suppose that he said any particular thing, that we have no reason to suppose that the report of his having said some one thing carries with it any more authority than the report that he said some other thing?

What is the position we occupy in regard to it? Is it one of ignorance? Must we give up any historic Jesus because we have no infallible record of his life or his teachings? We have just the same kind of record that, taking human nature for what it is, we might expect to have, the only kind that we have a right to demand.

There are serious differences in the Gospels as to their reports about Jesus. If you will sit down and read carefully the first three Gospels and make your image of Jesus from them, your ideal from them, and then read as carefully the Gospel of John, you will find that you have two entirely different conceptions of Jesus; and it is practically impossible to fuse the two together into one. If the picture that is given us in John is accurate and historical, then we shall be obliged to give up the portrait that is painted for us by the synoptics.

Now let us note some of the practical results of this inquiry. We have no infallible word about the life or the teachings of Jesus. Do we therefore know nothing about him? If you admit that principle, you sweep away at one stroke the entire past history of the world. Nobody claims that we have any infallible record of the life and teaching of Lincoln, the life or the words of Washington, the life or the words of Cromwell, of Julius Cæsar, of Aristotle. Do we, therefore, know nothing about them?

Have we no valid ground for an opinion as to what kind

of men these were? If they were reported to have done a certain thing, have we no right to an opinion as to whether they probably did it? If there is another report concerning which there is some doubt, can we not sift and study the evidence, and make up our minds as to what the probabilities are and come at a fairly accurate settlement of the question? All the entire past of the world lives in our thought merely on the basis of this kind of probability which in the main nobody ever thinks of questioning. We do not consider it a loss: we take it as the natural condition of things, the natural result of man being the kind of creature that he is.

Not only that. I make the statement that it is one of the most fortunate things in the world that we do not have any infallible record. What has been the result of the claim of infallibility in the past? What has been its effect upon the people,— the men and the women who have made it? It has made them presumptuous, it has made them conceited, it has made them supercilious, it has made them hard, it has made them cruel.

When a man feels that he stands for God, that he is to wield the divine thunderbolts, that he is to issue the eternal judgments, that he is to decide what is right and what is wrong, then what is the spectacle? You have human infirmity, human fallibility, human prejudice, human passion, human hatred, assuming to be Divine Power and Divine Justice, and dispensing regards and punishments as though God were doing it.

You have a result like that of Bloody Mary in England. She said, in justification of her bitter and cruel persecutions, Since God is going to burn people — heretics — forever in the next world, it is entirely appropriate that I, in his name and for his sake, should burn them here and now.

That is the kind of logic which springs out of this claim of divine infallibility for your opinions. This has shed more blood, created more bitterness and heartache, carried

more ruin and devastation, been more bitterly cruel, than any other claim or passion or influence that has been known in the history of the world. Nothing has been so inhuman as those men who have claimed to stand and to speak for God. And they have never repented. There is on record nowhere any recantation of those opinions. It simply means that the power has passed away: the claim still stands as sacred and divine, infamous as it has made itself in the history of the world.

Another consideration: Do we lose anything because the words are not stamped with the record of infallibility? A statement is helpful to the world, not because this person or that person or another person said it; but, if it is helpful at all, it is helpful because it carries with it inspiration and is true. If we could prove absolutely that Jesus uttered every single word that is attributed to him, that would not make them true. If we could prove that God spoke a certain sentence, that would not make it true. We should feel perfectly certain, of course, that God would not say anything that was not true; but the truth is something that is eternal, changeless, a part of the nature of things, not something that God makes by fiat, or by mere utterance, this way or that.

God cannot make anything true that is not true, and he cannot make anything untrue that is true, without changing the divine nature; that is, becoming something else than God. The wonderful sentences that have been written by Shakespeare, in "Hamlet" or "Lear," would they be lost to the world if we should prove that Bacon wrote them? Would they be lost to the world if we could prove beyond question that nobody knew anything about their authorship? We should feel a sort of sentimental loss, of course, in giving up our personal feeling toward William Shakespeare; but the sayings would remain just as true, as poetic, beautiful, important, and helpful if anybody said them, or if we could find out who said them or not.

So the wonderful teachings that we find in the New Testament are true or false, not because we can find out whether John wrote them, or Matthew, or Mark, or Luke. They are helpful, they are true or false, not because we have any doubt in regard to the historic character or teaching of Jesus. They help the world because the world finds out, as a result of its experience of living, that they are true, that they reach up to the heights of God's nature, that they go down into the deeps of things. They are true.

Therefore they are divine; therefore they are a word of God; for everything that is demonstrated as truth is a part of the divine word, the divine revelation, no matter who wrote it, no matter when it was written, no matter where. No matter whether it comes from a Christian nation or a pagan, from a white race or black, that which is demonstrated as true, that is a part of the divine revelation, the real word of God.

And we are getting an infallible Bible by just this process of research, of experiment, of investigation, of living. We are finding out those words which are the bread of life, which are comfort and guidance, inspiration; and so we are finding out what are the very utterances of God.

There is another source of gladness to us in finding ourselves in this position of uncertainty, as looking at it in one way, you might say. Remember that there is not a single truth that is important or necessary to human life that is in doubt anywhere. If all the questions that are up for vote to-day should not be settled for a thousand years, you and I still have light enough to take the next step in a faithful, loving, helpful, hopeful human life. Whether we will be honest and true, whether we will be friendly, whether we will be faithful in our relations towards each other, whether we will lead brave and noble and helpful lives,— these questions do not depend upon the authenticity or the accuracy of any book or any text. One more consideration. We do not need infallibility in religion any more than anywhere

else, unless God is a being, who will damn his creatures for intellectual mistakes. And if he is, then we could neither love nor worship him; for he would be both unjust and cruel.

And then another point: Jesus is so much nearer to us, as I told you the other day, because he is human like us. He wrought out through human experience that wonderful character of his. He was faithful and true, and so came into intimate relations with the Father. He was faithful and true, and so stood as the helper of his fellow-men. "He was tempted in all points like as we are," — really tempted; and he was brave and strong, and he was not false to his high ideals. The promise of reward did not touch him, the threat of pain did not touch him. And, when he went out of the city that Friday afternoon and faced death, though the cloud and the shadow hung over him and shut out even the face of the Father for a time, still he was true; and being true, and being a man at the same time, he became our example, our guide, our inspirer, our comforter, our personal friend as well as leader.

And no matter what the critics may say, this way or that, how many points may be disputed in the future as they are to-day, the Nazarene stands out beyond any question the grandest, noblest ideal of manhood that the world has ever known,—not, it seems to me, as he has been misrepresented sometimes in ecclesiastical dogma and ecclesiastical art,—not weak, emaciated, sad, weeping,—a strong, glad man, a strong and glad man because he believed in God, because he was not afraid, because he had a word for humanity, because he knew that he had come to give a blessing to the world. A strong, glad, pure, true, loving, tender, consecrated figure he stands out: they cannot hide him. Dogma, mist, misunderstanding, misrepresentation, they cloud him for a little while; but the light from his face shines, and the clouds scatter and break, and he looks upon us, the son of God, the son of man, our brother and our friend again.

And, though he stands down there, nearly two thousand years ago in the past, he also stands up there, away ahead of what the world has yet attained, an ideal unapproached as yet; and so we reverently accept him as our leader. We will follow him. We will consecrate ourselves to his thoughts, to his service; and we will believe that he spoke the words that were whispered to him of the Father, and so we can safely tread in his steps until the day comes when the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy shall reign in the hearts of men.

Father, we thank Thee for Jesus, Thy son, our brother. We thank Thee for his life, for his teaching. We thank Thee that we have light enough to follow him, and that we may not doubt that he was true to Thee and true to the noblest ideals of human life. Amen.

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"THE WORKINGMAN"

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"THE WORKINGMAN."

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed." — 2 TIM. ii. 15.

IN the poem of the creation — the prelude to our Bible — the seer says, "The Creator made a garden eastward in Eden, and put the man he had made in the garden to dress and keep it." So the first man worth the name to him was a workingman, raised up from the dust by the Most High to be His day's man, who must see to it that the garden should not fall back again into the wild lands outside the enclosure. We find the man and his helpmeet at work again after they have eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and are naked and ashamed. So they must clothe themselves as he sees them in his vision,—very much after the fashion we used to hear of in the South Sea Islands,—go to work now among the thorns and briers, and in the sweat of their brow earn their bread.

Then the ancient record tells us that their first-born sons are workingmen,—a farmer and a shepherd,—and the first-born again in the new generation is a ranchman, the fore-elder of those that have cattle; but the second born is a new departure. He is the fore-elder of those that handle the harp and the pipes, a man with the gift of music in his soul, of whom an old divine says, "When the one brother had set the world in the way to prosper, the other set it in the way to be merry." And the third son, as the story comes to us out of the heart of the old time, rises to a new eminence; for he is the instructor of those that work in bronze and iron, and his name was Tubal, which means one who hates confusion, and so he makes good to us the old rune,—

"By hammer and hand
All things do stand."

This is the fine grain you winnow from the enfolding sheaths and shells in the first chapters of our Bible. The workingman stands in the vanguard, busy over whatever must be done to win the world from the thorns and briers,—as he still stands in the heart of what was done last year to bring forth the harvest for which we held our great Thanksgiving,—at work in the gardens and on the wide green lands. The instructor of those who work in iron and bronze, who also hates confusion, and when he is the man I love to remember, sends music threading through the hard stress of labor to make merry withal. So they were driven out of the garden into a world cursed with thorns and briers, but in the heart of the curse we have found the seed-corn and the harvest of blessing. For they never could have done this in the garden any more than they could in those islands of the sunny seas, because there was no impelling power or purpose, no back-ache or bone-ache, no challenge to put forth the courage and endurance to fight the frustrations of the thorns and briers, or to hide their life in the marvellous inventions which in these last times are lifting so much of the burden from man and beast.

It is the same story of the workingman's worth in the world's whole life, when you pass from the earliest times to the later in these ancient records. The story of the workingman, which makes the saving of so much of the world as was saved from the deluge, rest and turn on a piece of good sound carpenter's work done by a man who was inspired to do it for the saving of himself and his family. And, again, when the great law-giver of Israel would make the sacred symbol after the pattern he had seen in the mount with God,—the Ark of the Covenant,—sacred to his people as the flag of the nation is to you and me. He had seen the pattern in the mount; but now he must find the man to do the work,—a man, as we read, "who was filled with the spirit of wisdom and knowledge in all manner of workmanship," and who could not only make the sacred symbol, but

was able and willing to teach those in the tribes who wanted to learn that the law-giver had rescued from the bondage of the brick-yards on the Nile.

So the story stands, while still, as you turn the venerable pages, you hear the music sounding down the corridors of time. And, as you listen, the words of the wise woman come to you, who says, "The sound of his tools to a good workman are like the sounds in the orchestra to one who must take his part, when the strong fibres of his nature are thrilled, and ambition changes to energy."

And, again, the word pictures of my workingman in the books of the prophets are fresh and true to you as if they were written yesterday. You see the smith in his forge, with his tongs working in the coals and fashioning with his hammer, the carpenter drawing out his rule, marking with his line and compass, and fitting with his plane the cedar, the cypress, and the oak that hath been well seasoned. So we may fairly infer that this is not alone good work they do, but good material they work on; while you never find the honest old book saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," when the workman and his work are a sham and a shame.

They are all busy who are worth the prophet's praise, working with their hands at the thing that is good; and every one sayeth to his neighbor, "Be of good courage." The carpenter encourageth the goldsmith, and the polisher him that smiteth on the anvil; while to the prophet's heart a voice steals through the cheerful clangor, saying, "I have created the smith that bloweth on the coals in the fire and lifteth the hammer for his work," saith the Lord. And "Doth the ploughman plow all day, and sow when he hath made the land ready; and doth he not cast abroad the fine wheat and the selected barley and rye, each in their own place, because God hath endowed him with wisdom, for this also is from the Lord?"

And still, as I turn the pages to find what these old

prophets have to say about the man who worketh with his own hands at the thing which is good, I seem to hear the music of the old workshop, and feel a touch of pride as I note what dignity and worth to their heart's insight clothed the true workingman. It is the golden age of Israel, and the dark days only come when the enemy has the upper hand,—the Philistine,—and there is no smith to be found in all the land; and, again, when the hosts of Babylon invade the land and carry away all the craftsmen and all the smiths, so that none remained save the poorest sort among the people of Israel. So, say what we will about the sheaths and shells, the dust and the draff, here is the fine fruitage within it all touching the workingman as we find him in the grand old book,—the truth that this world had to wait for his advent, or the wilderness and the solitary place could never be glad and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.

All the gain begins with the man, with the woman to help him, who must fight the thorns and briers, burn them up or get them under, and slowly, but surely, turn the curse into these great harvests of blessing and benediction,—a manhood which could tend the flocks and the herds, could make the hammer ring true on the anvil, while the harp and Pan's pipe must strike in with the anvil chorus and make good another psalm of life sweet also and true to me:—

“An honest hand which gets your bread,
 A heart that stays content,—
 These are your wealth; and in their stead
 What better can be sent?
 For think not toil and the stern strife
 Which honest labor brings
 Can mar the beauty of your life
 Or bar out nobler things.
 Nay, rather, can we find a zest
 In any true employ,
 As 'twere a whetstone in the breast
 To give an edge to joy.”

Shall we still linger with the sacred volume? This is the manhood that gave us the great sacred singer who found his sweetest psalm in the shepherd's heart and life,—the manhood from which the apostles sprang, who were fishermen and craftsmen; and the greatest of the band, who still holds us captive by his genius, could weave you a web of tent-cloth workmanlike, and was just a little proud of this,—that for two years or more in the imperial city he sat at the loom and earned his own living, preaching for quite nothing a Sunday, with the headsman's axe shadowing his loom. While the noble story is crowned by the Messiah, Jesus the Christ, who in the years of his preparation, as Saint Clement caught the tradition, was a carpenter and builder, and made ox yokes and ploughs.

Some years ago I was a guest at a feast of the Carpenters' Guild in London, at which a bishop and a fine old orthodox divine of the Puritan strain from which we flowered were called up to speak. They said many things to the honor and glory of the craft, to which we all said Amen; and, when they had done, the president, to my surprise, and I must confess my discomfort, said: "We have a gentleman with us from America. Will he say a word?" I was quite unprepared; but it came to me in a flash to say, after due and deserved praise of the good addresses to which we had listened: "One truth more can be told, and this to my own mind casts the fairest radiance on your honorable craft. Jesus Christ was a carpenter and wrought at the bench, as nearly as we can make out, until he was thirty years of age, before he went forth on his holy mission." I had reason to think it was a welcome word; while the good orthodox divine clasped my hand as we left the hall, and said, "Why should I have forgotten that?" I thought I knew the reason, but must not tell. The carpenter was lost in the Trinity. So runs the story of our workingman in the sacred book simple and sincere as the sunlight through crystal, faithful, and true to his calling, his home, his commonwealth, and therefore to God.

And, again, you have to notice that as it stands in our Bible,—the workingman's true book of heraldry and charter of nobility,—so it is now; for the wealth and worth we create in the workshops and raise from the land on the old terms—the sweat of the brow—lie still in the heart of every true commonwealth. For we might be able to rub along a good while, it may be, and be none the poorer, if we had no more writers of sonnets; but where should we be if there were no more artisans and craftsmen? It is the eternal truth touching your good workman wherever you shall find him. And when the fine old Bishop Jeremy Taylor says, "The good ploughman and shepherd are also workers together with God," I answer, True, *true*; and so is the good millwright, the smith, the carpenter, the builder, and the weaver, all noblemen in their own right when they are *noble men*, while the man who builds a strong, true wall on the week-days stands nearer to the soul of worth than the minister who does not stand true to Paul's caution and command to his young apostle, Timothy, "Study to approve thyself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," and so on the Sunday preaches a poor, shiftless sermon.

And, again, we should find it hard to guess what price we should be glad to give for a dozen needles if these were the world's whole treasure in needles and we could have no more; while the Portland vase in such a strait would be gladly exchanged for an iron vessel which would stand the fire and cook the dinner. Yes, and there is more essential worth in your diamond so framed that it will cut the glass for your windows and bar out the winter and rough weather than there can be in your jewels which only flash and flame. Your chisel well made and tempered is worth more in these primitive and essential values than the Medicean Venus, the mills on the Falls of St. Anthony more than all the wheat they can ever grind, and the great ocean steamer more than a full cargo of golden ingots.

Worth more, I say, because away down in the heart of the things that are *made* lies the whole secret of our human striving by hand and brain,— yes, and the purchase price of our most precious blood. They are the fruitage of our human striving through how many millenniums we cannot even guess.

Once I owned a pen-holder I would not have sold for its weight in gold ten times over, but it was lost in the great fire in Chicago that burnt us to the bone. It was made from a rail — no doubt at all about this — split by the workman and fence-maker who was elected of God to be more truly than any other man in that time the savior of the republic,— our father Abraham, the farm laborer, the flat-boat man and the rail-splitter and fence-maker.

And so Thomas Carlyle, the great apostle of work well done by my good workman, staying at a country house in the setting of a lovely landscape, where in the far distance a tall chimney was pouring out smoke, when his hostess said : “ Is it not a shame to see that thing ? It mars all the beauty,” — he answered : “ My lady, that is the finest thing I can see from the terrace. It shows me somebody is doing *something* over yonder at any rate.” And so in his most pregnant book, the “ Sartor,” he says : “ I honor the toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made implements conquers the earth and makes her man’s. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked and coarse, wherein still lies a cunning virtue. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned and besoiled ; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Brother, for us thy back was so bent, for us thy straight limbs and fingers are so deformed. For in thee, too, lay a godlike form, but it was not to be unfolded ; yet toil on, brother : thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may.” But what I mourn over, he continues, is that the lamp of his soul should go out, that no ray of heavenly or even earthly knowledge should visit him. “ Alas ! while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul be so blinded and dwarfed ? for there,

too, is a breath of God bestowed from heaven, but on the earth never unfolded,—this I call a Tragedy.”

This was the moan the great man made over the workman in the motherland seventy years ago. My own memory begins to grow clear then, and I know it was true, and not of the man alone, but the women and children, who in the great factories must work seventy-six hours in the week where they now work fifty-six, the women for a dollar and a half a week, all told, and the children anywhere up to a dollar; while my own dear father, as good a smith, I feel proud to say, as you would find, worked at the anvil twenty years for four dollars and a half a week in our tenor, and when he went to work in a great machine shop where the best wages were paid never rose above seven dollars a week.

Pardon the digression. I mind well the hands crooked and the rugged face all besoiled to the moment when he fell down dead at the anvil, and how hard it was for the dear mother to make ends meet. It is far better now in the motherland all along the line; while here in our own land, in these fifty-two years since the voice came to me also, saying, “Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, into a land that I will show thee,” steadily the man who has proven himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed in all the noble crafts and callings, the clear head and the cunning hand, has answered to the bidding, “Come up higher,” so that no better work is done in all the world than his best. Yet still it will come true that,

“As we surpass our fathers’ skill,
Our sons will shame our own.
A thousand things are hidden still,
And but a hundred known.”

This, then, is the truth touching my good workman. We must hold in perfect honor for his work’s sake the man and manhood that answers well to the ideal I have drawn from

our sacred volume; and I say there is no nobler manhood on the planet than this.

But there is another man and manhood, also, of the most essential and intimate importance in the commonwealth, down at the base line Edmund Burke held in his mind when he said, "It is the law of our life here in England that those who labor most enjoy the fewest things, while those who labor not at all have the greatest number of enjoyments."

And so I must confess that my heart's sympathy went out last summer toward those men who work in the mines, not so much to the licensed miners as to those poor, ignorant, and low-down men in the common estimation, who hardly seem to know their right hand from their left in this strange new world, who must do the hardest work on the scantiest pittance, and, if the report is true, were lured out there in far greater numbers than were needed, so that, when one threw up his hands because he could work no longer or would work no longer on the poor pittance with the broken time, then another, who was hungering for work on any terms, would be ready to take his place.

Now who are these men, and why do they come? They are of those in the old world who saw a star in the west, and followed the star to find a new home wherever the star should guide them. They did not come to waste and plunder, but to make good the old ordination from on high, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." The tidings had come to them that in this new world there was bread enough and to spare for the earning, while scantness had been their lot and would be the lot of their children if they would not follow the star of their hope; and for this boon they were willing to give their life day by day at the rudest and hardest work we should give them to do, and that *we* will not or cannot do, and this we must never forget.

I said to the president of a great steel corporation in the West some years ago, who was taking me through his mills,

"How many home-born Americans are working at these furnaces and rollers, sir?" and he answered promptly, "So far as I know, not one. No man here below the clerks is American born and nurtured. They are all foreigners." Should I ask the same question touching the men who are digging and delving in the magnificent tunnels we are making under our city, I doubt not for a moment I should find the same answer to my question, and so it would be all the way from this to the other ocean; and, as I see them toiling at their tasks, the words of the apostle and prophet touch me, and I say, Brother, for us thy back is so bent: thou *art our* conscript on whom the lot has fallen, and fighting our battles thou art so marred.

And then I say, Shall we not nourish a true sympathy for this rude and poor manhood which has come here in these last years, or shall we look down on these men from our eminence in anger and disdain?—this manhood in which the lamp of the soul seems to burn so low or has quite gone out,—as we have read and heard of the things they would do in their desperation, or put ourselves in their place and ask what we would have done in such a case. The law they would set at naught must be and will be held sacred; but there they were, and so they have been handled by the corporations at the mines, if the reports stand true. This manhood is down at the base line now of those who must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow in our commonwealth,—these Poles, these Hungarians, these Italians,—this man armed with his crow-bar and shovel; but this is my faith in the man, and my hope, that he will not stay down there, but will hear the word we have heard, "Come up higher," and his home will be established under the star. In the new generation his sons will not be down there: they will have risen; for, low as he is, he is not a waster, but a creator of new worth, and the leaven of our life in the schools, in the neighborhood settlements, and in the countless agencies we know of, will make true Lowell's

grand line, "God is in all that elevates and lifts," and the moan at last will be turned into a song. The lamp of the soul will be lighted, and burn clear from this smoke and stench.

And so when I hear the cry, "We must bar the doors on these new hordes or they will work our ruin," — waiving the question, Where will you find the men then for the furnaces and rollers, the toilers in the mines and the tunnels? — my faith in the manhood, the soul, of the republic, which stands sure, is this: that we shall let such clamor go down the wind. Low-down are they with low ideals, if they have any to their name, and all the rest! I answer that as the great oceans take in the rivers, and the rivers the spume and defilement of the cities, to be cleansed by the saltness, and to rise in pure sweetness, transmuted into the rains that nourished forth our magnificent harvests once more, so by the salted virtue of this republic, our glory and our joy, will this manhood be cleansed and made strong for all nobleness, and this ground-swell from below of forces from which the fearful and unbelieving predict wreck and ruin be transformed, and become as the pillars of beauty and strength in the old temple on Zion. Meanwhile, brethren and friends, one truth *we* stand for and endeavor to make clear is this, that God is our Father, and another blooms forth from this, the fairest of all the flowers that have bloomed from the heart of heaven, that these men also are our brothers; and one divine word stands true forever from Christ, our brother, and God's true spokesman,—"If ye do good unto them that do good to you, what thanks have ye, for sinners do the same?" Do good, hoping for nothing again, and you shall be the children of the Highest; for He is kind to the unthankful and the evil.

And I would fain believe that in this word from an old workingman's heart — a man who carried the hod fifty-two years ago last June, because there was no help for it — may be as a thread, if no more, cast over the gulf which divides us from the manhood I have held these moments in my

heart. For this peerless estate bought and paid for by the blood of your fathers is not yours for keeps, as we say, but for the whole world's blessing, and for the growth of a manhood such as the world has never seen; and it is ours that we may blot out the lines of division between the man who works with his hands and the man who works with his fine strong brain, and see to it that the nexus which binds us together does not run from purse to purse, but from heart to heart. For

“ We cannot pay with money
 The million sons of toil,—
 The sailor on the ocean,
 The peasant on the soil,
 The laborer in the quarry,
 The hewer of the coal.
 Our money pays the hand,
 But it cannot pay the soul.
 The workshop must be crowded
 That the mansion may be bright;
 If the ploughman did not plough,
 Then the poet could not write.
 So let all toil be hallowed
 That man performs for man,
 And have its share of honor,
 As a part of God's great plan.”

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JESUS AND THE FATHER.

I TAKE as my text two words from the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, and the ninth verse, the two opening words of the Lord's prayer,—“Our Father.”

I shall ask you this morning to consider with me the principal teachings of Jesus as recorded in the various Gospels concerning the relation between himself and the Father. For the purpose I have in mind I shall not raise any critical questions as to the authenticity or the relative authority of this Gospel or that: I shall take them just as they stand. And, of course, this will give whatever advantage there is to those who hold the traditional views concerning Jesus.

As we study his words, one thing that strikes me at the outset is that, so far as any record is made, Jesus never had any doubts about God. And yet, as is said, he was tempted in all points like as we are,—like as we are. If he struggled and fought over the whole ground of human life, he must have had doubts sometimes. I do not believe that the man ever lived who did any thinking who did not find himself sometimes shadowed, sometimes perplexed, sometimes wondering as to the nature, the character, of the power manifested in the universe.

Most men have wondered as to whether they had any right to believe in a personal God, as to whether he was our Father, as to whether he cared, as to whether he knew. I have been acquainted with a great many people who believed in a personal God, believed in his goodness, in his general care of the world, but who found it very difficult to trust that he ever thought about them, had any personal care for them.

So far as we have any record, I say, there is no trace of any doubt of this sort in the mind of Jesus. If he had had his battles, they were over, and he had won; for he comes before us as a teacher, serene, confident, apparently undisturbed.

Now what kind of a God is it that Jesus believes in? I wish to consider that at some little length. I shall not weary you with quoting verbatim passages from this Gospel or that; but you will easily recognize, through your familiarity with the New Testament, the particular ones which I have in mind.

In the first place, he teaches that God is the common, equal Father of all men,—not the Father of the Jews only, but the Father of the Gentiles, too; not the Father of the good only, the Father of the bad as well. He is our Father. And this is worth noting for a moment: Jesus shows a broader outlook than we find ordinarily at his time either in Galilee or Judea, or generally over the world among the people who lived at that time.

God in the past, all the gods, had been localized. They had been the gods of particular peoples or tribes, but the God that Jesus believed in was not only Father, but our Father, the Father of all mankind; for he rebukes the Jewish exclusiveness when he says, You pride yourselves on being the children of Abraham, and so standing in special relations to God; but I say unto you that many shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God, while you, who think you are to be specially favored, will be outside. He is the universal Father, then.

You will note that I am not arguing for the accuracy of Jesus' views: I am merely setting them forth.

He is, then, the Father of good people and bad people alike; he is kind to the unthankful and the evil; he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust.

Here was a remarkable spiritual view for that age and time. We have noted of course since that age, through our study and investigation of the working of the natural world, that the forces of God go on in an unvarying order. The farmer who is profane, who never knows how to pray, who cares neither for God nor man, will raise just as good a crop of wheat as the most pious man in the world, if he complies with the natural conditions — which, mark you, are the divine conditions — for raising wheat. God in this manifestation of himself is impartial; and the good man has no advantage over the evil, except so far as those things are concerned which are the natural result of goodness.

God is not only the Father of all men, good and bad, but he takes account of and cares for the lower forms of life. Jesus tells us that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice and the love and the tender pity of the Father. We may wonder at the mystery of the conflict and suffering and death in the lower world; but the Father of Jesus cares for the birds as well as for men.

And not only that. He cares also for the flowers. "Consider the lilies of the field," says Jesus. I tell you that Solomon in all the glory of his magnificent court was not arrayed in such beauty and wonder as these. If God, then, takes care for the grasses of the field, those things which exist to-day and to-morrow are gone,—his argument is,—how much more shall he care for you,—you that have so little faith in his goodness and his protection!

There is another remarkable feature about this teaching of Jesus concerning the Father. Up to this time—and it is true concerning most of the nations of the world to-day, and it is true inside Christendom and in the Church as well—God had been supposed to be acceptably worshipped here, and not there, in one place, and not in another; by one people, not by another; according to one rite or order of service, and not according to another.

Jesus, you remember, is talking with the Samaritan woman

at the well, and she points to Mount Gerizim as a holy place where God was supposed in old time to have been acceptably worshipped; and Jesus speaks of Mount Moriah in Jerusalem, where the temple was located, and he said to her, The hour cometh, and now is, when neither on Gerizim nor on Moriah shall men exclusively or peculiarly or more acceptably worship the Father. God is not a spirit,— Jesus does not say that,— God is spirit, the universal spirit and life of all the worlds; and this place is no holier to him than any other.

Mark you one important distinction. A place may be very holy to me on account of personal associations. I may find it easier to get into a prayerful or reverential mood there; but that does not mean, teaches Jesus, that it is because God is there peculiarly, and not somewhere else. Jesus' forefathers, the Jews, believed that God could even be shut up in a box, which they called the ark, and wherever that ark was, there God was; and when the Philistines, their enemies, captured the ark, they had captured God and carried him off, away from his people, so that he could no longer be of service to them; he was in the hands of the enemy. That was the conception of God held in old times, and which two-thirds of the world have hardly yet outgrown.

Jesus teaches that God is spirit, that he is in one place just as much, just as completely, as in another. He is to-day in Africa or China or Egypt as truly as he is in Jerusalem or Rome or in the most revered cathedral in the world. God is spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

He sweeps away with a touch of his hand all ritual, all form, all ceremony, all sacrament,— not as absolutely condemning them, mark you, but as being essential to the worship of God. If men — and this is according to the teaching of Jesus — find a holy day or a ritual or a place or a sacrament really helpful to them, to their spiritual life; if

they can use it, and not make it a substitute for God ; if they can use it, and not make it the means of putting up a barrier between them and their brethren ; if they can use it, and not become exclusive and narrow in its use,— well. But never dare to think that the Quaker, without any ritual or service or sacrament, may not as truly come into communion with the Father as he who has the most elaborate service to be found anywhere in the world.

And Jesus would say, Do not dare, you who count yourselves Christians, to think that any one anywhere else in the world, though he uses another name, cannot come into relation with the Father. Many shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south ; and you, who think you are inside, may by that very narrowness be shut out. This is the saying of Jesus.

Jesus teaches that we are not to be bound by any days. When they accused him of working on the Sabbath,— that is, of healing some one, doing some good to some one on the Sabbath,— what does he say ? He said, My Father has been at work from the beginning of the world, on all days, Sabbaths as well as any other,— that is what the passage means, “ My Father worketh hitherto,”— all the time ; and I work. The Sabbath was not made to be a burden to people : it was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath ; that is, the interests, the real necessities of man, are not to be sacrificed to any day. See how free, broad, grand, spiritual, is the conception which Jesus has concerning the Father.

Another phase of this character of God in his relation to men. Consider it in the matter of prayer. At first, as you read the words of Jesus, you might think that he had condemned such prayer as we have as a part of our church service. He forbids public prayer ; he condemns those who pray in synagogues and standing in the corners of the streets. He says, If you want to pray, go into your closet and shut the door, and pray to your Father in secret,— not pray to be seen of men.

But, if we study carefully the customs of that time, we shall see, I think, that he does not mean to condemn this common lifting up of our hearts and thoughts in worship and aspiration, which is the true idea of public prayer in our churches. It is the custom of his age of making a display of their prayers, so that people might see how good they were,—this is what he really condemns.

And what does he mean by prayer,—what kind of prayer? He says there is no need of detailing your wants and needs, cataloguing everything for God; before you open your lips, he knows what you need. It was the custom in old times for people to have certain consecrated phrases: they even believed that these phrases possessed magical power, that they could even compel the gods by the use of those phrases; and so the people said them over and over. But Jesus says: Do not pray with vain repetitions, as the heathen do, who think they are going to be heard for their much speaking. Pray simply: your Father knows, before you begin, what you need.

And he argues against the idea that we need to urge and beseech him, as though we could storm heaven by our petitions and gain things that we desire by our urgency. Jesus condemns all this. You remember the two little stories he tells to illustrate his point. He says:—

Here is a man who has unexpectedly had some people come to him late at night. The shops are closed; and it is too late for him to get any supplies of food. He gets up and goes to his neighbor, and asks him to come to his relief; and the neighbor calls out to him: I do not wish to be disturbed. I am in bed, and my children are in bed: it is too late for me to serve you to-night.

But Jesus says by urgency you can even get a man like that to do things for you, you can get him to rise from his bed and supply your needs.

And then he tells the other story, about the unjust judge. He is one who is not disposed to do right; and a widow,

who has been defrauded, comes to him and pleads for help. Jesus says the judge feared neither God nor regarded men ; but he said to himself, Unless I do something for her, this widow, by her continual coming, will trouble me : so I will help her, to get rid of her. Jesus does not speak of those cases as examples for us to follow. He says, If you can gain your end under such conditions, how much more will your heavenly Father, who is not an unjust judge, and who does not find it troublesome to help those in need, do the things for you that you require !

He even goes so far as to say, You need not plead with him, you need not trouble him : he is already a good deal more ready to give you the things that you need than you are to take them.

If we stop and think a moment, can we not see how profoundly true that is? God would give us the best things, the highest things, the noblest things,—his spirit, his character, patience, sweetness, trust, unselfishness, love,—in other words, he would give us himself ; and we are not ready to take him, because in our selfishness we do not want to be those things.

The Father of Jesus, then, is more ready to help us than we are to be helped, more ready to give us the best things than we are to accept them.

Then there is another quality of the Father, as Jesus sets him forth, of which I must speak. The great classic of the Gospels as touching the relation of the sinner to God and as teaching the divine doctrine of forgiveness is the parable of the Prodigal Son. Here is the place of all others for Jesus to have taught some things which he did not teach, if he wished us to know them.

What does he teach? He tells that beautiful story. The young man demands of his father a share of his inheritance, receives it, and goes away into a far country ; he is tired of his home, of the restrictions and restraints of it ; he does not understand his father's attitude towards him, and he

does not wish to bear it any longer; he wishes to be free. So he goes off, and wastes his substance in riotous living until the inevitable end comes and he is in want.

He wakes up, and finds himself hungry; finds his clothing, which was so fine at the outset, in rags; finds that the friends, who flocked around him while he had money, are not to be found. There is nobody to help him; and his need becomes so extreme that at last he goes to a man who keeps swine, raising them for the market, and begs that he will employ him, and let him have some of the pods which the swine fed on for food.

And, when he has got to this last extremity, he sits down and begins to think: There is my father at home,—my brother. Even the servants there have enough and to spare; and I perish with hunger. I will arise, and go back to my father; I will tell him how ashamed I am; I will tell him what a fool I have made of myself; I will tell him how I misunderstood his goodness and his care. I will not ask him to take me back again as his boy,—perhaps that would be too much to expect: I will ask him to give me a place with the servants. That, at any rate, will prevent my starving in my need.

And so he arises and starts for home. And what does the father do? Does the father say there is a governmental exigency at stake and I cannot forgive you until expiation has been made, until justice has been satisfied? Does his father say it would be setting a bad example to other people if I just took him back into my arms as my boy? Does he say there must be a blood atonement, that somebody has got to suffer? Does he say that he has got to believe some definite thing before he takes him, that he has got to partake of a sacrament, that he has got to go through some form of ritual,—does he say anything about these things?

Not one word. And do you stop and think, Jesus was teaching falsehood and misleading the world, if these other

things were important and he said nothing about them. Did he say anything about them? He said simply that the father, who had been mourning every day that his son had been gone, saw him coming a great way off, and he absolutely did nothing at all except to run and meet him; and, when he got there, he fell on his neck, clasped him in his arms, burst into tears, and rejoiced over the homeward turning of his boy.

And, when the boy who had not been away made complaint about it, the father said, Why, you have been with me all the time, and everything I have is yours; but this my son who was dead is alive again; he has been lost and is found. Do I not well to rejoice, to kill the fatted calf and make merry over his recovery?

This is the kind of Father in heaven that yearns for and reaches out after the wandering and the sinful, if we may trust to the teaching of Jesus.

So much for the nature of the Father, his character and attitude towards the world.

I ask you to turn with me now while we consider a little in detail the personal relation which existed between Jesus and the Father, as he himself represents it. It has been said, of course, it is part of the theology of Christendom; that Jesus is God, that he is the second person in a mysterious trinity. Let us see what he says about his relation to the Father.

And here let me say again, as I said in regard to the doctrine of forgiveness, if Jesus knew that he was the second person in a mysterious trinity, if he knew that he was God, if he knew that thousands of people in the years that were to come would be racked and tortured and burnt because he had not expressed himself plainly, does it seem to you possible that he would have left a matter like that in doubt?

What does he say? God is always his Father, never anything else. He is the son of man: this phrase occurs quite

commonly in the New Testament. It is an Old Testament phrase, and is generally supposed to have had a Messianic meaning ; but, commonly, he is spoken of as the son of the father. He is God's messenger : he has been sent into this world for a specific purpose, to perform a definite work, to teach, to lead, to lift up men. Whatever power he has, he says, is conferred on him by the Father. Whatever he does, he does through the Father. Whenever he delivers a message, he says, This is the Father's message : I am speaking for him. This is the attitude all the way through.

Jesus says in specific terms, "My Father is greater than I." He will not even allow any one to call him good. "Why callest thou me good ? There is none good but one, that is God." This is the attitude that Jesus takes towards the Father all the way through.

I ask you now to consider with me one or two passages which are supposed to bear a stronger meaning than I have allowed, and a higher meaning. I will venture for this once to read you the verses, so that they may be in your mind.

"I and my Father are one." This is in the tenth chapter of John. "Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him. Jesus answered them, Many good works have I shewed you from my Father ; for which of those works do ye stone me ? Then the Jews answered him, saying, For a good work we stone thee not ; but for blasphemy ; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God. Jesus answered them, Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods ?"—men were being addressed in those words. "If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came,—and the scripture cannot be broken,—say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest ; because I said, I am the Son of God ?"

Now they had just charged him with making himself God : they wished to get an occasion against him as a blasphemer. If he was God, if he was the second person

of the trinity, is not that just the place for him to say it? But he does not say it. He does not say anything of the kind. He defends himself, not for calling himself God, but for calling himself the Son of God, by quoting from the Old Testament an illustration of men in that day being called gods, because the spirit of God had come upon them and they had thus partaken of the nature of God. If there is anywhere in the New Testament a place where Jesus should have said he was God, if he thought so, that is the place; but he said nothing of the kind: he simply reiterated over again that he was the Son of God.

And now as to the oneness of Jesus and the Father, let us turn to the seventeenth chapter of John, this same Gospel, and see what light we can get on the interpretation of these words. He has been praying for his disciples, that long prayer recorded in John. He says, "Neither for these alone do I pray, but also for those who believe on me through my word, that they all may be one,"—now notice,— "that they all may be one, even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us."

Now, you see, he interprets the passage himself. He says that the oneness which he asserts between himself and the Father is precisely the same kind of a oneness that he wishes to exist between the disciples and himself,—May they be one in me as I am one in thee. Is it not perfectly plain that it is a spiritual oneness that he is talking about?

There was a great deal of speculation in those days; and, in order that we may understand the New Testament, we ought, if possible, to understand a little of the thought of the time. There was a great deal of speculation as to the nature of the soul. Many believed—it is common Oriental thought—that all souls were emanations from God, sparks from the central fire, the eternal Father of life; and, if they were, they were of the nature of God, one with God, just as, if I take a candle and light it from another candle which is already aflame, I have a perfect right to say that the

second flame is one with the first. It is the same kind of a light or flame: it is kindled by it, partakes of its nature, in one sense is identical with it.

We need to remember, in studying the New Testament, that Jesus was an Oriental. It is one of the commonest things in the world for Orientals, and mystics in Europe, to speak of God coming into them, possessing them, being in them, so that they are in union with the divine. I commend to you, as an interpreter of the nature of Jesus, that wonderful Oriental, Mozoomdar, the great teacher and preacher and reformer of India. When he was in this country, he said: You do not understand Jesus: he was an Oriental. I am an Oriental: we Orientals understand him. He spoke in the use of Oriental figures of speech, and out of Oriental types and methods of thought. He says, The trouble is you make an Englishman of him.

Such, then, according to the teaching of the New Testament, according to the reported words of Jesus himself, was the character of God and his personal relations towards him.

Now I wish to touch on one other matter. How did Jesus live with God? And I wish that you would suggest to yourself, as I go along, the question as to whether that kind of life is possible for us to-day. What was Jesus' outward life?

It was a commonplace life. It was a failure. Jesus had no home; no home-love, wife or child. He was poor, never had any money; he had nowhere to lay his head. He was dependent on the care and ministry of his friends. He had made himself of no reputation. He did not seek or attain any ordinary worldly end; and at the last even his disciples forsook him and fled, and He died a criminal, out-cast and alone.

But — and this is the point I wish you to notice — his belief about the Father and his love for him and his trust in him were such that his life was serene and peaceful all the way through. He lived this kind of a life I have indicated as

one who sought a definite, distinct, and noble end, the attainment of which could not be thwarted or even disturbed by these incidents of his career.

He sailed over the ocean of life, so to speak, like one of our magnificent ocean greyhounds across the Atlantic, which did not trouble about the currents, the head winds, the buffetings of the waves which thundered against the sides and rushed over the decks, but moved straight on, seeking a port.

So Jesus moved across the face of this human life of ours, undisturbed, serene, untroubled. He was not cast down because of apparent failure, not elated by temporary success, he did not trouble about money; he did not trouble about fame; none of these things moved him. He lived as one who believed that these things might be occasions for service, might be incidents in a career, but something that was one side of the great object which he had in mind.

There existed, at the time when he lived in Palestine, some of the worst poverty and some of the most dishonest wealth that the world has ever known. He recognized this poverty, he recognized the dishonesty; but none of these things shook his faith or disturbed his serenity. He seemed to believe that God was ruling, that he had this world in his hands, and that he knew what the outcome was to be; and so he preached the coming of the kingdom, and he told the poor that they were not to be troubled over their poverty. He even pronounced a blessing upon them if they were only true to themselves.

He taught, in other words, that there was something deeper and higher in human life than either poverty or wealth, than ignorance or education, than social success or social failure. He taught that the man was the principal thing, and the kind of man he made himself in the midst of these experiences was the chief thing for which to care.

When Jesus lived, there were political disturbances. His people were ground down under a heel of tyranny as rough

and heavy as the world has ever known: it looked as though there was no outcome for the people. But did that disturb him? He preached the coming of the kingdom of God as though he knew it was coming, and this condition of things was merely a cloud, a vapor, that, when the sun was up, would vanish away.

There was another thing he had to meet which was discouraging. Some of us have found it discouraging. His friends around him, those that stood closest to him, did not understand him, misrepresented and misinterpreted him. His friends were dull, could not rise to the height of the conception of his wonderful ideas; and so he was alone, even when his disciples were around him.

But this did not make him bitter. He found excuses for them; and at the last, in Gethesemane, after he had said, Could you not have watched with me for one hour? he says, I know,—the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. So he found excuses for them.

And, then, not only friends who could not comprehend or sympathize, but malignant enemies who sought to blacken his character and blast his life,—even those did not disturb him, and at the last he found excuses, too, for them. He said, Father, forgive them, they do not understand what they are doing, they do not know what I am, or what I am here for, or what I am trying to do for them. So forgive them. This did not disturb him.

And at the end he did what, thank God, this humanity of ours is wonderful enough to have done over and over and over again: he met death for his truth. Rather than be false to his convictions, false to his mission, he faced the cross and the tomb. For one minute he shrinks. He says, Father, if it is possible, do not let me have to bear this: do not let me drink this cup if it can be avoided; but, if I must drink it, thy will, not mine, be done.

For one minute, apparently, he loses his vision of the Father, and cries out, Why hast thou forsaken me? Every-

body else forsook him; but why didst thou? But that passes; and he says, Into thy hands I commend my spirit, and bowed his head, and the end had come.

So Jesus lived with the Father,—lived a life superior to conditions, lived a life undisturbed by the exigencies of his career, lived a life that could afford to look down on the questions of poverty and hunger and homelessness and lack of sympathy and the bitterness of his foes, lived a life that seemed to have a meaning running all through it, that the world could not disturb, and that death could not dash to pieces, lived a life of which death itself was the crowning end and the victory that led to the life eternal.

If God is? If God be the kind of God that Jesus thought him; *if* God be our Father, as he was his; *if* our lives here have a meaning, and an outcome,—may we not live as did he, and triumph as did he?

Father, Father of Jesus and our Father, we thank Thee for this word: we thank Thee that we may cherish this great trust, that we may be strong in this confidence, that we may face obstacles, bear burdens, win victories, and enter into peace through our trust in Thee. Amen.



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THE DISCIPLE AND THE WORLD.

THE author of the Fourth Gospel represents Jesus as saying,— this in the eighth chapter and the twenty-third verse,— “Ye are of this world. I am not of this world.”

It is a part of the ritual of some at least of the churches that, when a person presents himself for membership, he shall take as a part of his vow the promise to renounce the world. Worldliness throughout the entire history of Christianity has been supposed to sum up in one word all those things which stand over against the Christian life, as opposed to it. The New Testament in one place speaks of Satan as the “god of this world.”

These two words, “this world,” are supposed to indicate all the organizations, institutions, tendencies, which are evil, which are selfish, which are opposed to the higher Christian life. Nearly all the saints, the traditional saints of the Church, have been men who have given up the world. They have fled from the world. They have taken vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, they have renounced the flesh, they have renounced money; and in this way they supposed that they had given themselves more completely to the true service of God.

If a man to-day in some parts of Christendom, and especially as related to the Catholic Church, proposes to become a distinctively religious man, it means that he withdraws himself from the world. If a woman is to become a religious woman in the technical use of that term, she takes the veil, she enters a convent, she joins some association or order, so that her life is supposed to be henceforth an unworldly life.

It seems to me, then, important to our comprehension of the ideal of the true disciple, a follower of Jesus, that we

should understand what worldliness means, what it meant two thousand years ago, what it means to-day, what the disciples' attitude toward the world should really be. In order to come at it understandingly, I shall ask you to consider with me for a little while what attitude Jesus himself took towards the ordinary ongoings of the worldly life about him. Then I shall ask you to note the attitude of Paul, the predominating New Testament attitude outside the Gospels, and then consider what the spirit of Jesus would lead us to do to-day.

In the first place, then, what attitude did Jesus take towards the world of his time? Many of the organizations, institutions, interests, which make up the civilized world of this twentieth century, were not in existence, at least in the immediate environment of Jesus, so that we can only judge from a study of his spirit as expressed in his words and actions what he would have done in regard to them.

For example, Jesus did not come into contact with what to-day we should speak of as a literary life. He had nothing to do with that which seems to absorb so much of the interest of this modern world, and which we class under the name of science. No word of his is recorded which would indicate that what we mean by science had ever entered his mind.

There was little in the way of music or art or any of those things which so interest the æsthetic side of human nature. Yet we can only imagine that Jesus would have cared for beautiful things, because he does note and call our attention to the beauty of the natural world around him. Possibly, he might have felt that for a man to devote himself in any exclusive way to what we call the æsthetic side of life would have been to waste time and thought and care on things relatively of less importance than those he might give himself to; but he certainly showed an appreciation of the beauty of the handiwork of the Father.

There are two or three great phases of life as they pre-

sented themselves to him at that time which are worthy of our attention. What was his attitude towards wealth, towards rich men? If we had only the Gospel of Luke as our guide, we should be obliged to say that it was one of uncompromising hostility and condemnation. Matthew tells us in one of the beatitudes that Jesus said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Luke tells us that he said simply, "Blessed are ye poor," saying nothing about the spirit.

And the parable of Dives and Lazarus lets us into the secret of the way in which the author of this Gospel looked at wealth. Dives is in the place of torment: Lazarus is in Abraham's bosom. They are in sight of each other; and Dives prays Abraham that Lazarus may be sent with a drop of water to cool his tongue. Abraham does not say a word to Dives about his having been a wicked man: not a word is said about Lazarus having been a good man. Lazarus had been poor: Dives had been rich. And now things are being evened up; that is all so far as that parable is concerned.

Abraham said to Dives, You in your lifetime received your good things, and Lazarus evil things: now he is comforted, and you are tormented. That is the doctrine of the Gospel of Luke, all the way through consistently taught. Riches are looked upon as evil, and poverty as something which God treats with great compassion and will compensate in some way by and by.

But, if we take a larger survey of the attitude of Jesus, I think we shall have to modify this view. He was a friend of Simon, who was rich: he was a friend of Zaccheus, who was not only rich, but a publican. He does, indeed, do this; and you will see the important distinction between hostility to wealth as such and hostility to that thing which Jesus really opposed. He tells the story of the foolish man, who wonders in his prosperity what he shall do to take care of his goods. He says, I shall have to tear down my barns and build greater. And Jesus said, "Thou fool, this

night thy soul shall be required of thee." Then what shall become of all that man's accumulated wealth? Jesus says, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." And he says, also, that, if a man exchanges his soul, his real life, for any wealth or prosperity, he makes a disastrous bargain.

Considering, then, in the broadest way the teaching of Jesus, considering what he says about the difficulty of a rich man's getting into heaven, what he says to the rich young man whom he loved, but who was not willing to give away his goods for the sake of following the Master,—taking into account all these, I think we shall find it perfectly clear that Jesus simply recognized accumulated wealth as a danger, just as absorption in anything else may be a danger.

The more fascinating, the more desirable a thing is, the greater its temptation and the more difficult it is for a man to use these things "as not abusing them," as Paul has it in his Epistle to the Corinthians. No matter what it may be, if a man loves, and is pursuing, some worldly object, it becomes a source of danger to him; and yet you remember in those parables about the talents Jesus seems to teach almost an opposite doctrine. It is the man who had ten talents given him and the man who had five, who used them well, who received commendation; and it was the man who received only one, and who misused that, who was condemned.

Jesus' attitude, then, towards wealth is precisely the same as his attitude towards any great interest of human life that may distract a man's attention, and take away his thought from something that is in itself more important.

What attitude did Jesus hold towards such society as existed in his day? He was no ascetic. He says, John the Baptist came neither eating nor drinking, and you accused him of having a devil. I have come both eating and drinking; and you say, Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, the friend of publicans and sinners.

He was no ascetic. He entered into the life of his time freely, simply, naturally, humanly, accepting the hospitality of the rich and sharing the outcast condition and the privations of the poor with equal sympathy, with equal comprehension of those things that are deeper and higher than either poverty or wealth.

What was his attitude towards that organization of society that we speak of as government? His people, those that regarded themselves as most patriotic, were in a state of seething, restless rebellion, ready to flame out into open opposition at every opportunity. Jesus encouraged nothing of the sort. He said, when they asked him whether it was proper to pay tribute to Cæsar, Let me see one of your coins; and they brought it to him, and he said, Whose is this image and superscription? They said, It is Cæsar's. Then he announced that eternal principle,—“Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's.” That is the attitude which he took in regard to the organized institutions and forces of the world.

We shall see as we go on, when we come to discuss what, it seems to me, is the proper attitude of the Christian disciple in the modern world, somewhat more in particular the carrying out of the principles of the Master.

Let us turn now to consider the Pauline attitude. I do this because Paul is the great representative figure of the early Church after the Master had passed away, and because his teaching has done more to shape Christendom throughout its history than that of any other man. I wish to read you just a few things that he says:—

“The time is shortened, that henceforth both those that have wives may be as though they had none, and those that weep as though they wept not, and those that rejoice as though they rejoiced not, and those that buy as though they possessed not, and those that use the world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.”

Paul's teaching in regard to a great many things — in regard to marriage, concerning slavery and many other matters — has been misunderstood, because his point of view was not taken. What was that point of view? It is difficult for us to place ourselves definitely and clearly in his footsteps at the present time. He believed that the present order of things was coming to an end almost any time, possibly within a year, within five years,—at any rate, before that generation passed away. So he said: Suppose you are a slave, what difference does it make? What is the use of struggling against this present political and social order for the sake of abolishing slavery? In a few years this whole constitution of things is to pass away; and you, at any rate if you are a Christian, are a free man of Christ.

Suppose you are free. Do not pride yourself on it: that is not a matter of first-class importance. If you are a free man by right, you are a bondman of Christ. Live for him. Suppose you are married: that is only an incident in life. It is better for you not to be married, he says. Why? Because he that is married will be concerned about pleasing and taking care of his wife. He cannot devote himself entirely to the one thing which, in view of the immediate end of the world that was approaching, was to the mind of Paul of far more importance.

Suppose you are rich: do not let that absorb you. It is only a little while, and all these things will pass away. Buy as though you possessed not, live as though you were not rich; that is, not absorbing yourselves in these things, not using them selfishly. Suppose you are poor: do not worry about it; and do not let the rich look down upon the poor, and do not let the poor look with envy towards the rich. All these things are of slight importance. The kingdom of God is imminent, and may appear at any moment. The one great thing for you to do, then, is to be absorbed in thought and labor that shall prepare you and help prepare the world for this great transformation.

If Paul had known that the world was to exist eighteen or nineteen hundred or two thousand years after his time, that everything was to go on after the orderly fashion which it has followed, there is no sort of question that his teaching would have been very largely modified by these considerations. But I ask you to note one thing for the credit of Paul. Paul taught precisely what you or I would have taught in his condition and with his belief; and Paul laid his finger in all earnestness and with all emphasis on principles which are eternal, and which are of as much importance to-day as they were at the time when he lived and spoke and wrote and passed from country to country as a messenger of the coming of that kingdom in which he believed.

The spirit of Jesus, the spirit of Paul, has not passed away. The history of the world has not been such as the early Church expected; but the temper of Jesus, the attitude of Jesus, the unworldliness of Jesus, the unworldliness of Paul, transformed to suit the changing conditions, are as imperative towards the life of to-day as they were towards that of two thousand years ago.

Let us, then, for a little while consider what attitude the real disciple of Jesus ought to maintain towards these great phases of human life which in their entirety make up what Jesus and Paul meant when they spoke of "the world," and what we may speak of still in similar terms.

"The world" as an order exists to-day, and it is in opposition in the main to the kingdom of God; and the hope of humanity lies in this — that this worldly spirit shall gradually be superseded by the spirit of the Christian disciple.

What in the main is that attitude? What is it to be a disciple of Jesus? It is to care chiefly for the things for which Jesus cared; that is, for the soul, for the essential human life, for God, for spiritual things, for righteousness, for truth, for love, for tenderness, for pity, for sympathy, for helpfulness,—for these things which make up the spirit of Jesus.

Now, at the risk of apparent repetition, I shall ask you to consider with me what a man's attitude to-day ought to be, if he is a Christian, if he is a follower of Jesus, towards some of these great concerns of the world.

And let me say right here, in passing, that, to my mind, being a follower of Jesus, living out his spirit, being a Christian in the true sense of that word, being a disciple, is nothing else but being an ideal man. For the experience of the world has demonstrated that these which we call the Christian virtues are only the human virtues,—the virtues which help men, the thoughts, the feelings, the conduct, which tend to the welfare and the happiness of mankind.

What would be the attitude, then, of a disciple of Jesus to-day towards money? Would he be hostile to capital, as some who call themselves Socialists, are? Would he oppose the possession or the accumulation of money? Not at all. He would fight, however, for the accumulation of money by such methods, such processes, such ways as should not hurt others, in ways that are honest, ways that are fair, ways that are just, so that, when he has accumulated the money, it shall, so far as anything of that sort can be in this world, be his, righteously his.

But, as Jesus said in his day, the possession of large wealth must be regarded as a danger to the ordinary man. There is such a fascination, such an interest in it, it gives a man such power, that it will be harder for him to devote himself to the high, fine, spiritual, human things of life than as though he had not this great accumulation to care for. But, if he be strong enough, masterful enough, perhaps he may not be a nobler Christian for the possession of this wealth, but he may be a mightier, stronger, more serviceable Christian, because he is possessed of greater power.

For, let a man have power, whether it be physical, mental, moral, spiritual, whether it be power of money or of brain, no matter what it may be,—if he has power, then, of course, he is mightier for the doing of things. But, if he is a con-

sistent disciple of Jesus, he must remember always that the end of life is not the money, the accumulation of the capital, however honestly it may be done; and that all this is only an incident of life, an opportunity, something to be used.

For Browning has touched the very essence of the Christian life when he refers to the "development of a soul" as being the one chief thing that is of value in human life. It is what a man becomes, not what he owns, not what he does, not what he enjoys. It is what, through the experiences of this life, whatever they may be, he trains himself to be, which is important according to the teaching of Jesus.

The man is foolish who sells his essential life, his manhood, his soul, his loyalty to God, his loyalty to his fellow-men, that which makes him what he is,—the man is foolish who sells it for anything, because he is worth more than all the worlds. That is the teaching of Jesus, that is the attitude of a true disciple towards life.

Consider the matter of ambition. There is nothing wrong in a man's being ambitious. If one feels in him the germs and possibilities of power, it is as natural for him to wish to grow, to develop, to expand, as it is for a young oak to become mighty. But when a man, for the sake of office, or power, fame, place, anything that ambition appeals to, sacrifices the welfare of another man, is false to the rights or interests of another man, then what? He becomes false to himself, false to God, and he pays too big a price for the prize that he desires. This is the teaching of Jesus in regard to ambition.

It is said, "He made himself of no reputation"; "he went about doing good,"—went about living for others, letting reputation take care of itself. That is the Christian attitude towards greatness. You remember that Jesus tells the disciples, when two of them express their desire for a place in his coming kingdom, that it has been the custom among the

Gentiles all over the world for great people to exercise authority, to be lords and rulers, to dominate the lives of others; but in his kingdom it is not to be so. The great in the kingdom of God are the ones who greatly serve.

And the world is finding that out. As we look back down the pathway by which the progress of man has come, it is the men who have served the world that we praise and honor; and we are coming more and more to execrate, no matter how mighty they may have been, the men who simply served themselves, who have been selfish, who have been ambitious at the expense of the lives, the welfare, the happiness, of even the meanest and the poorest.

What shall be the attitude of a true disciple of Jesus towards the æsthetic side of life? I think it has been common for us to suppose that it is all right for a man to devote himself utterly to a literary life, or a musical life, or an artistic life. They say, at any rate, he is not a sinner who does this: he is creating beautiful things. But, if a man selfishly devotes himself to literature or music or art, painting or sculpture, or even to science,—if he selfishly devotes himself to these things, he is something less than an ideal disciple of the Master.

A man can be just as unhuman in devoting himself to these things as he can be in devoting himself to money or ambition or any other selfish end. These things are simply opportunities which a man may use for making himself something high and fine and for rendering a great service to mankind. In other words, all these things, no matter how sweet and true they may seem to be in themselves, are to be subordinated, according to the Christian ideal, to the man's life, to his higher aims, to what he is and what he proposes to become.

Shall a man indulge himself in pleasure if he proposes to be a disciple of Jesus? That depends,—it depends upon what it means. Pleasure-loving of any kind, I know, has ordinarily been classed as antagonistic to the Christian

character and the Christian life ; and, undoubtedly, if a man gives himself to pleasure-seeking as an end, he is not only something less than a Christian, he is something less than a man.

But pleasure, that kind of pleasure which does not hurt in itself, which does not degrade, that is right and well, provided we have earned the right to it, provided we use it as relaxation, provided we use it as recreation in the true meaning of that word,— just pronounce it another way, and call it “re-creation.” That use of these things which rests a man, strengthens him, and makes him better fitted for a life of usefulness to his fellow-men, may be a virtue. That which devotes itself to these ends as a mere selfish indulgence lowers the tone and dignity of the individual life and makes a man unfitted for the service of his fellow-men.

Here, then, it seems to me, is the principle, easy for us to note and understand, if we will. The true Christian life is the life that has for its aim and end the development of the individual soul into the highest and best of which it is capable. And God has so arranged our human affairs that the man who does this is also the man who renders the highest and noblest service to his fellow-men.

There is no possible antagonism between those things which are best for the individual and those which are best for the race. Human experience has demonstrated beyond all question that serving our fellows in any department of life, trying to add to the sum total of their good, trying to make them better, nobler, to add to their happiness, is in itself of necessity cultivating the qualities in our own nature which make us most like God.

The ideal, then, is simply this : We are here in this world. We are surrounded by all the ongoings and activities of life,— literature, science, music, art, commerce,— all the interests that make up civilization : we are in the midst of these. Every phase of this life is a double possibility. Nothing in itself is evil : it simply depends entirely upon the attitude

towards and the use which we make of these different forms and phases of human activity.

We are here not for the sake of the little life that we lead to-day. If we wish to live superior to these temptations and trials that are about us on every hand, then we must have an end, an aim, that reaches out beyond that which we can see. We must have an ideal of what it means to be a man, to be a disciple of Jesus, to be a child of God.

We must remember that this means the building up of our own characters, the becoming all of which we are capable, and that these incidents of life are nothing but opportunities. They are of no value in themselves. We can misuse them, we can use them if we have them, we can turn them to our account. If we do not have them, we can get along without them.

The Christian idea is that you cannot put a man into this world anywhere, in any condition, in the midst of any circumstances, so that he shall of necessity be defeated as to the meaning and outcome of his life. As Paul says, Suppose you are a slave: be a man in your bonds, live superior to that condition, use the opportunities and conditions of your life to develop your manhood.

Suppose you are free: that does not necessarily make you a man. Freedom is only an opportunity. You have a larger capacity, larger possibilities, than another man. Then your responsibility is greater. Suppose you are rich: remember that you are superior to the wealth, and that the power of wealth is only an opportunity which money brings. Suppose you are poor: you need not be poor in soul, you need not be envious, you need not degrade yourselves in your attitude towards others. Be a man, no matter what you are, no matter where you are. There is no power in the universe, except the man himself, which can defeat the purpose and outcome of life. That is the Christian ideal.

Live superior, then, to all these things, and build up your own soul in trust in God and love for man. And, then,

whether the world's fashion passes away or remains, no matter ; you have earned and won your victory.

O God, let us indeed be the disciples of him who has taught us how to live the divine life ; and let us remember that this divine life is at the same time the high, human life ; and let us be grateful to Thee that all of us, whether we can have everything else we desire or not, can have Thee, and so have the sense of triumph at the end. Amen.

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THE DISCIPLE AND THE CHURCH.

I HAVE taken two passages of Scripture for my text, the first from the seventh chapter of Matthew, the twenty-first verse,—“Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.” And the other is from the prophecy of Jeremiah, the thirty-first chapter and the thirty-third verse,—“I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it.”

The progress of the world has illustrated a sort of uneven and shifting balance between two extreme tendencies, one towards tyranny, the other towards anarchy. Men naturally organize themselves for any great purpose which they have in hand. They recognize the natural and necessary fact that together they can accomplish that which they are unable to attain alone.

And yet, as we study carefully the purpose of organization, we find that it is for the sake of the individual: it is not for the sake of the organization. The thing that is desired by all intelligent persons is that the individual shall be protected, shall be guarded, and that opportunity shall be afforded him for developing into the finest and highest of which he is capable.

This development of the individual, then, is the ultimate end and aim. For it all organization exists, or ought to exist; and, when organization forgets this and hinders the life and the growth of the individual, it has forfeited its right to exist, and must be replaced by some other type of association.

For the highest and finest organization, ultimately, is to be reached by the development of the individuals of which

it is composed. Ultimately, do I say? In the end, in that far-off time of which we are able to dream, but which we cannot as yet see, organization may become unnecessary, and the principle of philosophical anarchy may assert itself. People who wish to do right need no law. Those who are desiring the finest and best things do not feel the touch or the pressure of any just statute. They keep within the limits of the right because they have no desire to do otherwise.

But one fact concerning organizations needs to be noted. We may take, for example, by way of illustration, political institutions, any form of government. When the government is established, it has at its head an emperor, king, president, governor,—no matter what,—and it has officials of all kinds; and the difficulty is, the practical difficulty, that these emperors, kings, governors, officials, shall come to imagine that the great thing for them to do is to guard and perfect and maintain the organization as if for its own sake.

As though a man, for example, should have some wonderful machinery, and spend all his time keeping it in order instead of manufacturing the things that it was intended to produce. As if a man who owns an automobile should all the time mend it and tinker it, and watch it and guard it, and ride nowhere.

The tendency always is for the people who are set to oversee an organization to come to think that the organization and its maintenance are the great aims and objects of life. They forget that the organization exists for the sake of the individual, and that individual rights, individual opportunities, individual growth, are not to be sacrificed to the organization.

In more than half the world to-day the pressure of the government is felt to such an extent that the individual finds, if he thinks about it, that practically he has no rights, has little opportunity, almost no chance for personal development, for growth.

This same tendency illustrates itself in every department of life. There have, for example, been ages when there has been some great, overpowering, artistic tendency. It had its own artistic standards; and any departure from those was regarded as of necessity something inferior and wrong; until, by and by, some great genius has appeared who has been able to strike out in some new direction, discarding all the traditions, and, perhaps, founding a school of his own, which in its turn shall by and by become an agent of tyranny to others who wish to depart from the accepted standards.

The same is true in literature. The traditions of Queen Anne, finding their finest and completest expression perhaps in the poetry of Pope, were so regnant in England that, when Wordsworth appeared, there was no place for him. He did not conform to any of the ordinary literary standards of the time. He was misjudged, misrepresented, depreciated, until he forced himself by the power of his genius upon the attention of his age.

Let us see by two or three illustrations how this works in the religious realm. Socrates is, I suppose, admitted to have been the divinest man of his age, the most humane, the noblest specimen of manhood that trod the streets of Athens; and yet there was no place for him to live. Why? Because he had outgrown the religious organizations, the religious ideals, the religious forms and rituals of the time. He was persecuted and put to death by religious organization and religious ritual. It was reverence for the gods on the part of the ignorant and bigoted and those incapable of any larger ideas that put to death the friend of God and the friend of his age, and the promise and prophecy of a new and higher religious development.

In religion, just the same as in any other department of life, this tendency to fixity of organization and stability of ritual appears. If some day you will read a book by a great French writer, DeCoulanges, called "The Ancient

City," you will find a flood of light thrown upon the origin and growth of religious organization and custom. He tells us that in the religion of the ancient city certain fixed forms of prayer and of ritual came to be so established that no one dared to touch or change them. Certain phrases, certain words, for example, had come in some way to be regarded as sacred. They were written down, they were repeated year after year, generation after generation: they were supposed to have power over the gods, to win their favor, to gain their blessing; and it was supposed to be impious to change a single word in these sacred formularies.

Not only that, but the priest, when he was going through his ritual, must stand in a particular posture, he must pronounce his words with certain fixed intonations and inflections, his gestures must be those which had come down from the past. Whatever was old was regarded as sacred; and no one dared to touch or change it. He who was impious enough to do it was supposed to bring down the anger of the gods, not only upon himself, but upon the authorities of the city which permitted such a thing to be done.

And right in here is the root of persecution. People have persecuted in the past because they were afraid of the gods, or afraid of God,— afraid that he would be angry, not only with the one who dared to change the customs, but that he would be angry with the public authorities which allowed him to do it. So everything in the way of change has been rigorously suppressed.

Let us glance back for a moment along the line of our own religious development; that is, the development of the Christian Church. Of course, it is the child of the Hebrew religion; and in this same Hebrew religion there were two classes that we need to note. On the one hand were the priests: on the other were the prophets. The priests were those who developed, organized, and guarded the traditions of the past, the laws of Moses, these laws including not only what were supposed to be moral teachings, but forms, cere-

monies, customs of every kind. The priests devoted themselves to the organization and the ritual as though they were ends in themselves : it was their great business to keep these intact.

Who were the prophets? The prophets were the mouth-pieces of the new life. They protested against the recognized and fixed forms that would keep the country from any new and finer development : they dared to say that they spoke some new word of God, as real, as true, as any that had been spoken to Moses ; and so they protested against this fixity, and demanded room for the larger and growing life. And the entire history of the Hebrew people might well be summed up in the continuous conflict between the traditionalists, represented by the priesthood, and the new life, finding utterance through the lips of the prophets.

For, when we come up to the time of Jesus, the great tragedy of his life was brought about as an incident in this age-long conflict. Jesus was put to death by what? Put to death by what at that time represented the Church,—the temple, the organization, the ritual, because he spoke against them. Not that they were necessarily wrong in themselves, but he gave utterance to a larger thought than those old ideals were capable of holding. He said, God is too great, too universal, to be confined to Mount Gerizim or Mount Moriah. God is Spirit, to be worshipped, therefore, by him who cares to worship him, in spirit and in truth.

And it was the rigor of the organization, devotion to the ritual, worship of the past, which hung the Nazarene on the tree outside the city walls. He stood for liberty, for new thought, for a larger life, for a grander conception of God and man, for a nobler ideal and a more universal human hope.

But this same tendency took hold of the traditions concerning Jesus ; and by the time we come to the year 1000 or 1200, the Middle Ages, there is one of the hardest and

most fixed and fast organizations on the face of the earth, representing, as it claims, the truth and the life of Him who had broken the old organization for the sake of a growing humanity. So when Savonarola and Huss and Wiclif and Cranmer and Luther appeared at the time of this religious renaissance, the old organization in the name of God and the name of Christ is ready to do all it can to crush them out, to prevent the religious life of the world from coming to anything finer, larger, higher.

Luther represented the extreme of Protestantism. He defended the right of private judgment not only, but declared it to be a duty. He was no enemy of conformity in the sense of wishing to brush away all ceremonial, all custom. The principle for which he stood may well be illustrated by the attitude which he held towards Sunday. He said, I advise you to keep Sunday; but, if anybody tells you you must keep it, placing the command on any Jewish foundation, then I order you to break it in the assertion of your Christian liberty.

In other words, he placed the man before the organization, the ritual, tradition, custom, and made these what they ought to be, servants of the life. But the followers of Luther have denied his spirit; and we have to-day in some parts of the world a Lutheranism which is as hard and fixed and fast and as anti-Luther as one could well imagine.

So by and by there comes the new development of liberalism, of which we Unitarians are representatives. But this same old tendency of human nature has always been at work, and I suppose always will be; and there are certain knots of Unitarians here and there, aided by certain outside critics, who wish to stand in the way of further growth, who have organized what they call a "Channing Unitarianism." Channing, of all men! If they will only read and study the man, they will find that he stood ever facing the light, accepting, welcoming all new and higher and nobler growth.

Such, then, are the two tendencies; and such are some

of their results. With these now in mind, let us a little more particularly consider the attitude which a true disciple of Jesus ought to maintain towards the Church, the Church as an organization, the Church with its ceremonies and its forms. For all churches must have at least some organization, must have at least some ceremonies, some forms. The Quakers, the Friends, in spite of all their effort, do not quite escape this tendency. The attitude of the disciple towards the Church, then.

First, he must believe in the Church, it seems to me. It is true that Jesus organized no church, he left no word or command in regard to organizing any church; but those who partook of the new spirit and life which he had brought into the world naturally came together; they organized as necessarily as the grass grows in the spring.

I believe that every man and every woman in the world ought to belong to some religious organization, ought to be affiliated with it so as to help it on in some way. Why? Because there is any Bible command to that effect? No, I care nothing about that at all. Because by joining together we can accomplish more; and it is our highest and most sacred duty to accomplish the most we can, because the Church is the one organization on the face of the earth, so far as I know, which has for its one only end the development of the religious life, the bringing men into right relations to God and right relations with each other, the holding together mutually to build up the religious life within its own membership and to spread the contagion of this life far and wide in the world. And, because in this way we can do more for this grandest and noblest work in all the world, therefore we ought to organize, that we may have more power and accomplish greater results.

But, if the Church ever gets to be regarded as an end in itself, if it stands in the way of that for which it was organized, then it must be opposed, then it must be modified. I believe in forms, ceremonies, rituals,—I care not how elabo-

rate or how extensive they are,— provided they are vital expressions of life, provided they are real, provided they represent something, provided they help expand and develop the religious nature. But, when these forms and ceremonies get to be ends in themselves, then they are to be opposed, they are to be broken, they are to be changed.

There is nothing sacred in any form or ceremony that exists anywhere in all the world. Jesus ordered none of them. If you wish to regard his attitude towards it, there is hardly one of them, Baptism, the Lord's Supper,— I speak of these as illustrations,— that originated in Christianity, or originated even among the Hebrews. They are as old as the religious history of the world, and sprang out of certain natural tendencies in human nature.

They are well if they serve. If they stand in the way, if they become hindrances, if they become substitutes for life, then they are to be brushed one side. And we know perfectly well that there are those in different churches over the world who hold these in higher esteem than they do the qualities of human nature that they are intended to develop.

For who have been the heretics of the world? They have been like the traitors, or those guilty of *lèse majesté*, as applied to the civil government. They have been men who have offended the organization. They have been men who have neglected the ritual. But, do you know, no man who is an earnest seeker for truth, no matter what his present conviction or where to-day he may stand, can, by any possibility, be a heretic in the presence of the Nazarene, who died because he was a heretic both in belief and in practice, who died for the sake of the newer, larger thought, and the wider, nobler life of the world.

A man who in cowardliness conforms, a man who dare not in public speak the thing which he whispers to his friend in private, a man who knows, but never tells, a man who is unfaithful in his life,— these are the only real heretics in the presence of the great life and truth and love of Jesus.

Phillips Brooks is regarded as a good Churchman. In a volume of his called "Essays and Addresses" there is an article on Orthodoxy, in which he takes the ground that there can be no fixed and final statement of truth. I refer to him merely because he represents a Churchman's position.

Of course there can be no fixed or final statement of truth. In an infinite universe, in which man began in weakness and ignorance, and in which age after age he is growing and expanding a little and learning new truth, how can there be a fixed and final statement? There can be no infallible revelation of God except as fragment by fragment we are able to demonstrate that in this direction or that such or such a thing is true. The only revelation of God is truth; and, just as fast and as far as we can see the truth and write it down, just so fast and so far does the real word of God get itself recorded.

As putting this into fine poetic shape, I wish to read you a brief word from Lowell:—

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.

There can be, then, no heretic who is an earnest, simple seeker after God's truth, no matter which way he may be facing, nor where he may be to-day. If he is trying to find and follow the footsteps of God, who must be accepted of him, blessed by him. And, if he is in the fellowship that

God recognizes, what right has any human organization to put him beyond its pale?

Church organizers are sometimes like a man who should have developed some beautiful specimens of the rose, and should prepare the soil for its growth, and build a fence around a large tract of this prepared soil and plant the seeds and rejoice in the opening of the flowers. But by and by the wind comes and catches some of the seeds, and carries them out into the wide fields. And the next year the man sees them growing there; and what does he do? Does he welcome them? Is he glad? No. When asked about it, he says: They look just like those that I planted. They have the same tint, they have the same fragrance. In fact, I cannot tell the difference myself; but they must be evil because they did not grow inside the limits of the fence which I have set up.

This has been the historic and popular attitude of the Church towards all fine and beautiful facts in what is sometimes sneeringly called "all out of doors," — as though there were any all out of doors that could get beyond the limits of the power and the love and the care of God.

The only heresy, then, ought to be dishonest thinking or dishonest living; for the Church exists, if it is true to its mission, to make people true in thought and in life. Truth is the one great end, so far as the intellect is concerned. Love and service are the great ends, so far as practical life is concerned. The great danger in any particular age of the world is that we shall get to taking our religion at second hand, that it shall become an echo, or an echo of an echo.

I think it was Mr. Beecher, some years ago, who said that no live, earnest, sensitive man would wish to go courting with his father's love-letters. If a little child sits in its mother's lap, and really loves the mother and feels the touch of her care, he will find some way, naturally and simply, to express himself. And that expression, however formless, is

better than any most beautiful form of a past generation which the child is taught to memorize, and which is placed upon its lips, while, after all, it is not the living expression of the child's immediate love.

The times when the world has been most vital with religious life have been the times of its non-conformity. This is what the Reformation means, the breaking away from old standards and forms and ideals because the life was larger than they, and could no more be confined within the old-time limits. This is what the movement of Wesley meant in the Church of England. It is what the development of the Puritan and Pilgrim ideals means, and which drew them across the ocean to establish themselves on these new shores. And, when the Puritans tried to fix an orthodoxy here, the Pilgrims protested, and made a place of refuge for all earnest and honest thinkers, no matter how widely they might differ from each other. As Lowell has put it in one of his letters, Whenever religion loses its real spirit and life, then it "begins to bedizen its exterior."

The times in the history of the world when the greatest emphasis has been placed on organization, forms, and ceremonies, have been the times of comparative dearth and deadness. When things are alive, they grow, and break over barriers, and assume the form that is the expression of their own inner power.

We need, then, to cultivate this first-hand thought about religion. God is not a God who was alive once, two thousand years ago, or who spoke to Moses, or who appeared to Abraham. God is alive now. He is not a figure who appeared in certain places in the world ages ago, so that those spots have become consecrated shrines. I am amazed at the blindness and traditionalism of people who will go to Palestine and hunt for sacred spots which to-day it is practically impossible for anybody accurately to identify, thinking they get close to God by so doing.

I have no objection, of course, to reverence for these

places : I would like to visit them myself for the sake of old-time memories ; but the thing I do object to is the idea that by doing this you can get close to God, when God is here, and you are close to him, if you will only open your eyes and see, if you will listen and hear, if you will only cultivate spiritual sensibility and feel.

God is here, in the growth, the development, the new life of the time. There is not a discovery, there is not an invention, there is not any one of the wonderful things that characterize this modern age, which is not a manifestation of the present life and thought and power and love of the God who is nearer to us than the breath we breathe. Let us come to him, then, first-hand.

Remember the truth — which I had meant to read, but I fear there is not time — which Walt Whitman voices so finely when he represents the child coming with handfuls of grass and asking what it is ; and he tells him that it is a token of God, dropped so that we may pick it up and search for the initials, and ask, Whose ? And he says, Why should I try to find God any more than I find him to-day ? God is leaving tokens of himself as I pass, everywhere, in the street. I do not pick them up, I do not keep them ; for other tokens come to me at every turn ; I face them on every hand.

We need this kind of religion, that recognizes the present, living God, and that he is speaking to us to-day. Where are his utterances ? I love to believe that they are, some of them, in the writings of Paul, some of them in the Gospels, in the prophets, in the Psalms, in the old books of the Bible ; but, they are also in Ruskin, in Emerson, in Lowell, in Whitman,—they are in any of these writers who are inspired to voice the highest religious thought and feeling of the age. God is speaking to us through these men just as truly as he spoke in the days of old.

We need, then, to cultivate this first-hand religion, and to remember that the Church as a religious organization exists

for the sake of developing this first-hand religion, leading us to God. I do not believe it is enough when the Church leads us to a shrine or to a saint or to Mary or even to Jesus. Jesus himself came to show us the Father, not that we should end in looking simply at him. The Father, the infinite, present, living, loving, speaking, leading God, is the one object of worship, the one end and aim of all our endeavor.

So, as the years go by, if we must build ourselves new structures, new organizations, as I suppose, human nature being what it is, we must, let us remember that they exist for the sake of the individual life, and let us, as fast as we can, outgrow them, leave them one side, and, if it must be, construct others that are more adequate.

This lesson is put in such beautiful poetry in the "Chambered Nautilus" of Holmes that I wish to read you a few of its lines : —

" Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil ;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

" Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn !
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings : —

" Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea ! "

The ideal, then, is a time when there will be no need of external law, or external form of any kind; when the law will be written in the heart, and when we shall live out the divine life as naturally as we breathe, or as the blood flows in our veins.

That Church which has the least organization, and is the least bound by its creed, is not necessarily the farthest away from God. If it be true to its liberty, it ought to be nearer to God; for, when the scaffolding has done its work, then it may be taken down, leaving the beauty of the structure undefaced, unhidden by that which was only a means to an end.

Father, we thank Thee for these visions of the better things. We thank Thee for the good fortune of this age, that we have outgrown and escaped the bitter, bloody tyrannies of the past. We ask Thee that we may not dare to condemn any, whether they follow our way or not, who are trying to find Thee. Let us remember that finding Thee is the consummation and the end, and that they who find Thee, no matter by what means, have found all. Amen.

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LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON AS GUIDES FOR TO-DAY.

As a text, I have chosen the words to be found in the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel according to John, the first half of the fifteenth verse,—“For I have given you an example.”

Lincoln's birthday was last Thursday. Next Sunday will be Washington's. As we stand here, then, between the two, with the memories overshadowing and inspiring us of the two greatest men the republic has produced, it seemed to me that nothing could be more fitting than that we should consider a few of the practical problems in the country which face us at the present time.

I shall deal with the personality of Lincoln and Washington only by reference and suggestion. I would like to have you think how they would deal with the questions that are before us. They lived in different times, surrounded by different conditions. But if with the same integrity, the same honesty, the same humanity, the same tenderness, patience, perseverance, we front our problems with which they fronted theirs, then we shall indeed be worthy of their memories.

Do you wonder that I take a theme like this for such a place as this and such a day? There are two theories of the relation of God to the world which have been held in the past and which prevail still. One is that which makes a hard-and-fast distinction between what is called “sacred” and what is called “secular.” One holds to the thought that God revealed himself once and for all, completely, in one Book; and those who believe that would think that it is perfectly proper on Sunday morning and in any church to

preach a sermon that deals with any character whose name is mentioned in the Bible. But perhaps they would think that, if we are to deal with modern men and those whose names are not recorded in the sacred Book, we ought to do it at some other time and in some other place.

There is, however, another theory of the relation of God to the world. According to this all ages and all places and all times are sacred. God is living now, God is speaking now, God is working in present history as well as in that of the Jews. God lifts up and inspires and teaches certain men, and they stand as his representatives and spokesmen to-day as much as others did at any time in the history of the world.

If we can hold that theory, there is even a certain advantage in taking modern men, people of our own race and our own time, because they come close to us. I believe, indeed, that this is the theory which we should hold, and, holding it, we may say, here and now, how grateful we are that God has given this nation great men.

Do you see the significance of it? It means that the fibre of the stuff of which we are made is capable of producing such characters. And do you see next what that means? It means that we have a right to take them as inspirations and examples, as indicating what in our degree we may be and may become.

We may not be able to attain the height which they so easily reached; but we can follow after them and set our feet in their footsteps. And it means also that we have a right to use these names and memories for correction, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness. They are of our people, of our blood, of our traditions, of our times. We then can follow them, though it be afar off; and, if we propose to be worthy of the great country which one of them did so much to found, and the other so much to save, then we must meet the questions of this hour in their spirit, and try to be as true and faithful in our day as they were in theirs.

Without any more preliminary, then, I shall suggest for your consideration certain practical problems that face us to-day. I shall not have time to deal with them adequately. Each one of them ought to take one discourse at least. So I can only point out some outline considerations, and perhaps set you to thinking, so that, when the practical solution of these questions comes, you may be ready to face them worthily and in the spirit of our great and noble examples.

People tell us — Secretary Root told us in his address the other day,— that there was apparently a growing gulf of misunderstanding and irritation between the rich and the poor in this country. There are those who say that the rich are not only getting richer, but that the poor are growing poorer. I believe the first of these propositions; but I do not a bit believe the second.

But that there is this sort of feeling is enough to give us a practical problem for solution. We have taught our young men too much in newspapers, in lectures, in books dealing with the opportunities of life here on this continent, dealing with ideals of success, that the one great thing to be aimed at is money.

Take the suggestions of the lives of Washington and Lincoln as bearing on this matter. Washington was rich, one of the richest men in the colonies: Lincoln was poor, one of the poorest men of his time. But note this significant and important fact for us to consider, and remember forever,— when you think of Washington, that he was rich is not the first thing to think of; when you think of Lincoln, your attention is not fastened on the fact that he was poor.

The two men illustrate the great truth that here in this republic manhood is supreme, and that manhood may be attained by both the rich and the poor, by the rich and the poor equally and alike.

Washington used his wealth merely as an opportunity, something setting him free and giving him advantage in the matter of devoting himself to the service of his country

and his time; and Lincoln never dreamed of being overwhelmed or oppressed by the consideration that he was poor. He showed what is still true in this republic,—that any man who has it in him, and who cares, can brush one side the obstacle of poverty, and rise to the highest and best of which he is capable.

Here is the practical solution, then, of the problem of wealth and poverty in this republic. Let us cease fastening our attention on them to this extent. Let us remember that what we are is the chief thing, and that there are open opportunities for any man who will seek the highest heights of manly attainment,—any man, I say.

Another point: for, as I said, I can only suggest some of these matters for consideration. It is very significant, in view of the public discussions that are all the time going on as to our universities and the length of time that a young man should spend at a university before he is permitted to graduate and take his degree, for us to note that neither Washington nor Lincoln ever had any university education at all.

In the technical sense of the word, they were not educated. And yet they were educated as nobly and grandly as any man that has ever trod the soil of our land,—educated in the sense of having their powers and faculties developed so that they could take hold of and deal with the great questions that confronted them; educated in the sense that they knew enough so that this knowledge might cast a light on the pathway along which they would advance to the highest ends of attainment.

They were educated; and no man in America to-day need to be in this essential sense uneducated, whether he ever sees the inside of a university or not. We must broaden our conception of what it means to be educated.

These men became masters of English writing and English speech, Lincoln particularly having produced phrases, passages, orations, which will stand as classics to all time,

which even to-day by the scholar are being compared with the finest products of the finest period of ancient Grecian culture.

There is another point I must speak of very briefly. I would not speak of it at all, did it not seem to me to be my duty. I ask that I may not be misunderstood or my motive misinterpreted. I speak of it, not through any antipathy to the Catholics as such; I speak of it because the Roman Catholic Church to-day illustrates this great, this imminent danger to the welfare of the Republic; and it happens to be represented by the claims which it is making.

Archbishop Farley the other day put in a plea for the city's money to support and endow a Catholic library. That is one point I wish you to note. And the other is kindred to it,—that the Catholic Church is earnestly, patiently, persistently, determinedly making an attack on our public school system. It is endeavoring to do one of two things,—either to get the public schools open to distinctively Catholic teaching or else get public money for the support of distinctively Catholic schools.

And, if the time ever comes when either of these aims is accomplished, it will be a sad day for the future of the republic. England has recently been convulsed from one end to the other over a similar question,—the endeavor of the Established Church of England to get control, or to keep control, of public education.

It seems to me that the principle is so clear that no man who devotes five minutes to careful consideration of it can possibly go astray. Why should Archbishop Farley ask the money of New York for the support of a Catholic library? Why should he ask it for the support of Catholic schools? The principle is here: public money for public uses and public uses alone! I should fight against this just as vigorously if the proposition was to ask for public money to support a Unitarian library or a library of any other sort whatsoever.

You and I are not interested in the fostering and maintenance and spread of a kind of religion in which we do not believe. Let those who are interested in it have all liberty to work for it, to give for it, to build it up in every conceivable way. But what right have they to tax a Jew, a Buddhist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Unitarian, an agnostic, to teach and spread the Catholic faith? Why should money be taken out of my pocket to accomplish ends which I not only do not believe in, but which I do not approve, and which I believe to be detrimental to the public welfare? It is injustice, it is robbery, it is outrage.

I warn you to think of these things; for it has been a surprise to me here in New York to note that movements of this sort are being made every little while. And the result of them is not the rising of the people in defence of the republic: it is hardly more than a paragraph in the newspapers; and just because of this apathy and lack of attention we shall wake up some day to find that certain irretrievable steps have been taken, and that the mischief has been accomplished.

There is one other evil that I wish you to consider in the light of the spirit and temper and example of Lincoln and Washington; and that is what seems to me undoubtedly the growing tendency towards violence, North and South, East and West, in the relations between the whites and the colored people not only, but in the relations between workmen and their employers, not only among grown people, but even among the children.

If the matter has been accurately reported, there was a strike the other day in Albany on the part of the messenger boys. They have a perfect right to strike, they have a perfect right to devote themselves to arguing with and persuading other boys not to interfere with the success of the strike, they have a right by every peaceable method to carry out their purpose; but even the boys have taken to violence of late. They stoned the police. They interfered in every way with other boys who proposed to take their places.

The point is this. When a group of men wishes to have its way, they who constitute the group are getting less and less inclined to take the peaceable method of persuasion or of appealing to law or of trying by the ballot to accomplish their end, and are reverting to barbarism ; for that is simply what it means.

If half the stories of what occurred in the mines in Pennsylvania during the last year be true, there was violence there that should not be permitted for an hour. If half the stories that come to us from the South be true, there is mob violence there that should not be permitted for an hour. If half the stories that come to us from the West be true, there is mob violence there,—violence as between the whites and the colored people in the Northern States as well as in the South. In other words, when you reproduce the conditions, the same old qualities of this human nature of ours are likely to make themselves apparent and felt.

I can understand violence in Turkey, in Russia, in a good many other parts of the world ; for there the people have no rights which are allowed and respected. They have no voice in the government, they have no peaceable method of redress or change. But there is not the shadow of a shade of an excuse for violence under ordinary conditions in a republic like ours.

Who rules this republic? Who rules this city? Who rules the State of Indiana, the State of South Carolina? You do : I do. Each man has a share in it. He is at liberty to write and print : he is at liberty to talk in private and to preach in public. He is at liberty to do everything he possibly can to change public opinion, to get new laws passed, new ideals accepted, new methods established. Anything is open and is possible in a republic where all the people have a vote ; and under such conditions as these there is absolutely no possible excuse for violence.

And we shall not be civilized, we shall not have a right to claim that we are civilized, until mob violence anywhere

and for any cause is immediately, ruthlessly, stamped out. Had I the power, I would repress it by the quickest and most forcible means I could control anywhere, everywhere, instantly. For it is barbarism, pure and simple.

And yet, if the stories that come to us are true, it is increasing; and the danger is that the people will get accustomed to it, become tolerant of it; and, when they do, they share in the barbarous nature of that which they permit and condone.

I come now at the end to speak of one of the gravest questions that faces and threatens the future of the republic. I refer to what has come to be called the Race Problem. What are we going to do with the colored people in this republic? What are they going to do to us?

It is thirty-seven years since the war closed; a little more than that since the Proclamation of Emancipation which set between four and five millions of slaves free. Those four or five millions now, I suppose, are at least ten millions. We had the impression — I know I had — that, when we had given them the ballot,— when we had adopted the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, it was only a matter of time when the thing would work itself out.

We had a sort of belief in the magical power of the ballot. We thought it was going to be an instrument by which the colored man would become civilized, educated, prosperous; and we imagined that he and the whites of the South were going to be able to live together in harmony and good will.

But thirty-seven years have gone by; and the problem, so far as we can see, is not much nearer solution than it was at the beginning. Indeed, there are certain developments of the question which seem more discouraging to us than they did then.

I wish to make my attitude clear to you,— not because I suppose my attitude is specially important; but the attitude

which I hold will determine what I shall say; and you need to understand my attitude, in order to see whether what I have to say is of any practical value.

I do not hold the men of the South responsible for the existence of slavery. They were no more responsible than were the men of the North. All the thirteen colonies had a hand in it at the outset. Merchants and shipmasters sailing from New York and Boston probably did more in the way of bringing slaves from their native jungles to this country and selling them to those who wished their labor than did those of any other part of the country.

Slavery would have continued to exist in the North as it did in the South, had it been equally profitable here. The simple matter of fact was that our industrial conditions were not such as to make it worth while to keep slaves, while the slave labor was just what was needed to carry on the peculiar industries of the Southern States.

We are not then to take a position of superior virtue when we face the condition of things in the South to-day, and hold them responsible. For it is worth our while to note that, even if their fathers were responsible in an even greater degree than were we, the sons are not responsible. Those who are facing this terrible problem and trying to settle it to-day, they certainly are not responsible for its existence.

I had the instruction last night of hearing a dead earnest address on this subject by Senator Tillman, of South Carolina. He spoke before the New York Press Club. He did not change or alter any of my convictions; but I was intensely interested to get his point of view. And, remember, we can never be just to a man until we can get his point of view and look at the problem as it appears to him.

He said with the greatest emphasis that he was thankful that slavery was gone, and if by a stroke of a pen he could bring it back again he would not do it; and yet he is one of the most powerful agencies in the State of South Carolina

in the work of practically disfranchising the negroes, and fighting for the dominance of the white man. This I state neither to approve nor to condemn, but merely to note a matter of fact.

The South is not responsible, then, for the existence of slavery nor of the problem as it exists to-day, whatever you may think of the past. But there this terrible problem is. And let us remember also that the negroes are not responsible for being here, and that we must recognize that fact and their rights as well as those of the white man.

What is it that the people in South Carolina are afraid of? I wonder how many of the people of the North really comprehend the situation. There are a certain number of hundreds of thousands more colored people in the State of South Carolina than there are white people. That means, if the free ballot is allowed to everybody, the rule of the whites by the blacks. And these blacks, no matter what may be said of some of them, are, in the main, unfit to govern themselves, much less to govern anybody else.

What would you do if you were in a State where there were more negroes than whites, and where they were ignorant and coarse and rough and brutal, and where they proposed to control things entirely and have them all their own way? Would you be a great deal better than you think the people of South Carolina are?

I merely put the question for you in the privacy of your own homes to think over and answer; and I ask you to have that side of the problem in your mind when you are about to deal practically with the matter.

What is it that the people in South Carolina are afraid of? I do not know; but I know what Senator Tillman is afraid of, for he told us last night. He says that, if social and political equality are allowed to the colored people, it means, in his judgment, within the next fifty years a gradual mixing, mongrelizing, degrading, of the entire people. And he is ready, in the spirit of dead earnest conviction, to fight against it to the last breath.

It is not a mere matter that we are going to settle by passing laws in Congress, by legislating, by lectures, by newspaper articles: it is a situation, not a theory; and the attitude of the whites in South Carolina and in other Southern States is a part of the problem, must be faced, must be met, must be dealt with. And we desire the education and the civilization and uplifting of the great mass of white people in the South, do we not, as much as we do that of the blacks?

I am not sure that Senator Tillman's fear is well grounded. I merely mention it to you as being a part of the problem with which we have got to deal; and we have got to deal with it, and that speedily. Secretary Root told us the other night that the hopes of the men of thirty-seven years ago had proved futile. The ballot, he said, has been a failure. What did he mean by that? He meant that the ballot had not changed the character, socially, of the colored man; that it had not necessarily educated him; that it had not civilized him; that it had not lifted him up to the level of the whites; that it had not healed the breach between the races; that it had not been the means of making the whites any more ready to associate with him than they were before. Why should we have expected any such result as that from the ballot? Do you know, friends, one thing we have overlooked; and we never shall deal with this problem rationally until we take it into most serious account. That is the difference between the white man and the black. The black man is not simply a white man with a colored skin, and who can be made just like anybody else by sending him to school. We have learned the truth of the great science of evolution; and what light does it cast on this problem? It tells us that there are centuries of natural development between the position which the white man occupies and that occupied by the black.

Why should we expect a thousand years of natural growth to be leaped over in a generation? We did ex-

pect it, thousands of us expected it; but we have learned that the expectation was a foolish one.

And we have got to front another fact. We are learning gradually that merely educating people does not necessarily make them good, whether they are white or black. I think it has been one of the pet theories of this republic that the common school contained in it the solution for every sort of problem; that, if we could only send everybody and anybody to school, we should have the millenium.

But we have found out that an educated scoundrel may be only a sharper and more irresponsible kind of scoundrel. We have found out that habits, customs, traditions, having breathed the atmosphere of a certain kind of civilization, are quite as important as merely knowing how to read and write.

I make a little confession here now. I do not mean in making it to claim any superior wisdom. Those who have been familiar with my ideas for twenty-five years know that I have never been in favor of the kind of suffrage which is conferred upon people in this country, either white or black. Why should a man from Poland or Hungary, the next day after he steps off an immigrant steamer, be made a citizen of the United States?

Perhaps he has been trained in other forms of government until the ideas connected with them are ingrained; and it is almost impossible for him to comprehend what our system means. And, then, in a great many cases, he cannot write his name, and could not read it if you wrote it for him. Why should he be intrusted with a share of the destinies of this great republic? Surely, the negroes, even the worst, poorest, and most ignorant of them, are as capable of voting as are men like these.

I have said for years that, if I had had my way at the outset, I would have made the ballot a prize, to be attained. I would have had it depend, not upon money, not upon color, not upon creed, not upon race, not even upon sex.

I would give it to those persons who have character and intelligence enough to make good citizens.

But it is too late now for that. I suppose we cannot go back on the history of the last fifty years. The question is as to what we shall do to-day. And I frankly confess to you that I come here with no panacea. I do not know what we are going to do. I do not see the way out of it.

There are certain things, which are probably utterly impracticable, which I should like to see tried. I would like to have the colored people scattered over the country in groups, if you please, here and there. Let them have control of towns or small cities; and let them learn self-government, with the example of our methods and our inspiration all around them. In this way let them gradually grow up into self-control, into fitness to take care of themselves.

But, as I said, I have no panacea to-day. And I wish to say again, so that we may be humble and enter upon this great task with a proper spirit, that I do not believe the most of us would have done much better than they have done down South if the conditions had been reversed. We were very bitter against the men who went into the Confederate Army; but we know perfectly well, if we think of it calmly two minutes, that, if we had been born and trained as they were, we should have gone into the Confederate Army just as they did.

We cannot, therefore, plume ourselves on superior virtue. The thing that we need to do is to help the country out of this great difficulty; and, in order to do that, we need sympathy and comprehension of the problem. We need tenderness towards those who are struggling with it, bitterly, fiercely perhaps, sometimes, in the South. We need to know what it means to them, what their hopes and fears are. And we need to remember what I said a moment ago, that the colored man did not come here himself; and we, having brought him here, are under the highest of all conceivable obligations to do for him the very best thing we can discover.

We need his labor. Let us do all we can to educate, to develop him, to give him a free opportunity to become the best and highest possible. And at the same time let us deal with the problems so that there may be no bitterness, antagonism, so that there may be no degradation of the white people as they stand face to face with these masses of the black.

I offer no solution this morning. It is too large a subject to enter upon. I do not doubt for a moment that we shall find one. I have faith in God. I have faith in the calm sense of the people. I have faith in their humanity and in their ability to find a way. But, as we take each new step, I beg of you, remember Washington, remember Lincoln, remember the spirit and temper with which they met the difficulties of their time. Remember their integrity, their humanity, their tenderness, their honesty, their truth, their consecration. Remember their devotion to the republic, their devotion to God, their devotion to their fellow-men.

And, as we remember, let us hear the voice of the Spirit saying to us in the words of our text, "For I have given you an example."

Dear Father, let us love this republic, which means so much to us and which carries not only our destiny, but the hope of liberty and equality for manhood up the future. Let us love it. Let us give to it not only our passionate devotion, but our calm attempt to understand its problems and needs. Let us give our patience and our loving service.

AMEN.

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THE WAY OF JESUS.

My text you may find in the eighth chapter of the Gospel according to Mark, the thirty-fourth verse,— “ And he called unto him the multitude with his disciples, and said unto them, If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.”

The method of the religious life is frequently spoken of as the “path,” or the “way,” the way out of evil into good, the way from self to God, the way from destruction to salvation, the way from sin to righteousness.

In the Acts of the Apostles Paul is represented as starting out on his persecuting tour, seeking after those of the “way,” who followed the way of Jesus. In the Old Testament we are told of a highway cast up, made so plain “that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.” Bunyan in his wonderful “Pilgrim’s Progress” represents Christian as walking a road which leads from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City.

My purpose this morning is to consider with you some of the principal steps that any man must naturally and necessarily take if he decides to follow Jesus ; that is, to become one of his disciples. If we shall find out by the time we are through that this way of Jesus, which he taught, which he illustrated, is the natural way for a true man, a true woman, to live, why so much the better.

Religion is essentially a life, not a feeling, not a ritual, not a belief : it is a life. “Conduct is three-fourths of life,” says Matthew Arnold.

“For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight :
His can’t be wrong whose life is in the right.”

So says Pope in his “Essay on Man.”

And yet we must not overlook two or three considerations. Religion is essentially life; but it is also feeling and ritual and creed, and none of these can be escaped. The point for you to note, however, is that feeling and the ritual and the creed are for the life,—not the life for them. If one does anything, he must have some form, some method of doing it, however simple; and, if one ever acts, it is under the impulse of feeling. Feeling, then, is the motive force of action, and so is of the most immediate and greatest importance. And the kind of feeling will naturally determine the kind of action.

So concerning the matter of belief. It is the fashion at the present time to decry belief, creeds, as being of no importance. "He can't be wrong whose life is in the right,"—true; but he whose beliefs are wrong will be likely to be found acting wrongly before a great while, because ultimately it is the belief which determines the action,—not necessarily the belief which we formally profess, but the belief we really hold.

If I wish to get on the other side of a river in winter, my belief as to whether the ice is strong enough to hold me may become in the trial one of even vital importance. If I wish to take a train, and it is a matter of life or death that I reach a certain station at a certain time, my belief in the time table, as to the question of when the train starts, may be a very vital matter, indeed. If I am ill, the belief of the physician as to what is the matter with me and as to what is the best method of treatment to follow may be of the utmost consequence.

If a man believes in religion,—that connection with a certain organization is more important than honesty, than conduct, than purity of life,—it may make a great deal of difference in the outcome. If a man holds that accepting a certain creed is the condition of salvation, and that, if he hold to the "form of sound words," the method of his life is of slight consequence,—will it make any difference?

Belief in the truth of things is of the utmost importance ; and yet, as I said, it is a matter of emphasis : the belief is for the sake of action. And so it holds true that true religion is a light, a right life, that is a righteous life, a life in accord with the truth of God and the real relations in which we ought to stand to our fellow-men.

Now let us consider some of the steps that we ought to follow in leading this practical life. Prerequisite to the very first step, unless you choose to call it the first step, is faith. Faith is one of the best-abused words in the language. By faith I do not mean a definite kind of belief in a doctrine.

Faith is one of the most simple and practical things in the world. The Bible says, "The just shall live by faith." I say it is equally true that the unjust live by faith. All men live by faith : they must perforce. Nine-tenths at least of the actions of every day on the part of all of us are taken on faith, a certain amount of trust.

We are very rarely certain of the outcome of anything we undertake. We consider the whole matter in all its bearings, and we cast ourselves in practice upon a certain venture, determine to follow a certain way ; and we do it on faith.

We take a steamer for Europe. We have faith in the company, faith in the men who built the ship, faith in the captain and his crew, faith in the stability and general order of things. We do not know that we shall ever arrive at our port. We start out on faith. So every railway train we take ; so everything we do. And no matter whether it is a good thing or a bad thing, no matter what our course of conduct may be, we have to take a thousand things for granted, and test the matter by trial.

So, if a man decides to follow Jesus, to walk in his way, to lead the practical life of a disciple, it means simply that he makes up his mind that, on the whole, that is the wiser, the better thing, for him to do. He may not feel sure of the

result of following Jesus; and, so far as the practical outcome of it is concerned, it does not necessarily mean that you are settled in your mind as to his infallibility.

Suppose you are in the Adirondack wilderness: you do not know anything about it, its devious pathways, its mountains, its woods, its lakes. You put yourself by faith into the hands of a guide: you are not sure that he knows his business, not certain as to his honesty; but you must be led by somebody and you trust him. And, though he may seem bewildered sometimes, you know he knows more of woodcraft than you do; and you trust that he will lead you to a place of safety.

So we must make up our minds if we have any definite object in life to follow. We must make up our minds as to what that shall be. Are we after money? Do we care chiefly for pleasure? Do we desire literary fame? Do we very much desire political or social position or place? No matter what we want, we make up our mind to follow a certain definite line of action through life in the endeavor to attain the one thing which we chiefly desire; and we must do it by faith,—faith in ourselves, faith in the possibility of attainment, faith in the guidance and good advice of those who have been over the way before us.

Now the faith that we are required to have in Jesus in order to become his disciples is just as simple, just as rational, just as natural, just as human as any of these other faiths which I have spoken of.

People misuse this word "faith." It has nothing whatever to do with determining as to the nature of Jesus, or how he was born, or when he was born; as to any historic fact in the past; as to who wrote a book in the Bible; as to when it was written; as to whether it is infallible or not.

People generally speak of taking all these things "on faith"; but it is merely to talk nonsense to use language in that fashion. Questions of history or tradition, questions

of criticism, are questions of fact, to be decided on the evidence, if we are honest and true with ourselves. But these practical matters of living are matters of faith, and must be. We determine to start out along this way; and we trust in the outcome.

Now what is the first step in the way of Jesus after this practical decision of faith? It is a word which perhaps we do not hear very much of in our Unitarian churches, perhaps not so much as we ought to: it is repentance. When John the Baptist came preaching, the first thing he said was, "Repent." When Jesus took up his message, the first thing he said was, "Repent."

What did they mean? If we put into this word the natural, human meaning, we shall find that it has an application to us as real as it ever had among any religionists in the past. The Catholic Bible — that is, that English translation of the Bible which Catholics most affect — translates the Greek word "do penance." That is not what it means. Neither John the Baptist nor Jesus, nor any New Testament writer, ever said anything about anybody's doing penance, making themselves voluntarily miserable in some way for the sake of a good supposed to result from it. That is not what repentance means.

As a boy, I was taught to believe that the essential thing in repentance was feeling badly, sorry, even to tears, if possible. And I remember, when I was trying to find the way of Jesus, that it grieved me more than anything else that I could not feel badly, as badly as I supposed I ought to, over my sins. But I have learned, in careful study of the New Testament, that the essential thing in repentance is not feeling badly at all. You may or may not feel badly. That depends upon your sensitiveness, the way you look upon your past life.

What is it to repent? It means *change your purpose*.

You have been walking one way, going in one road, — in a road inconsistent with the way of Jesus, the way of truth.

the way of love, the way of God, the way of unselfishness, the way of right. Change your purpose, and set your feet in this way : that is what repentance means.

If a man is very sensitive in his temperament, and if, as he looks back, he is conscious that he has been guilty of wrongs to his fellow-men, of wrongs to himself ; if he has wasted and thrown away the better and nobler things in his life,— why, of course he will feel badly about it. But, if he feels ever so badly about it and does not do anything, that is not repentance ; and, if he changes his purpose in accordance with the high and right and fine things, no matter about his feeling ; that is repentance.

Let me illustrate by the Prodigal Son. What was the essential thing with him ? I should think from reading the story that he must have felt badly. It does not say anything about his having shed any tears ; but, as he remembered that he had wronged his father, how foolish he had been, how he had wasted his property, thrown away his time, degraded himself by his vile associations,— as he thought over all that, it would have been very strange, indeed, if he had not felt badly.

But, if he had sat down in this far country, and simply felt badly to the end of his life, and simply repented in that way, it would not have done him any good. The essential thing was that he arose and went to his father. How he felt about it can be left to take care of itself.

Repentance, then, is this practical thing, a perfectly natural thing, a perfectly human thing. If, as you think it over, you are conscious that you have been leading just the right kind of life, that you do not need to change your purpose, to set your feet in any other way, then I do not ask you to repent. You do not need it : you do not need to be born again if you were born all right in the first place. But, if your life has been like mine, like that of most people, then if you simply, and in a manly way, make up your mind that henceforth you are going to follow in the way of Jesus,

then you will begin by repenting, by changing the purpose of your life and bringing it into accord with the divine.

The next step after repentance is what? It is forgiveness. And here, again, we need to clear away misconceptions as to the nature of forgiveness. One trouble I find with the accepted beliefs of the old churches is — at any rate, as it is popularly interpreted — that the past can be all wiped away by forgiveness. The impression frequently made on unthinking people by the story of the penitent thief on the cross is that he was forgiven, and ushered straight into Paradise, and that being there, on the right side of the gate when it was closed, he was as well off as anybody.

But does forgiveness do anything of the kind? Forgiveness never changed a past fact. Forgiveness never intercepted the working out of a natural and necessary result of any broken law. The past remains, however much you are forgiven. The injury you have done other people is there. It stands. You cannot touch it. You may possibly make partial reparation; but, if you have led somebody out of the right way into the wrong, your repenting does not touch the fact that that person is still walking this wrong way, and may walk it, so far as we can see, to the end.

You have injured some person so that his life is broken. It is a failure, practically. It is ruined. Because God forgives you, is that wiped out? No. It stands.

You have wounded your own life: you have injured yourself, as every man must who does wrong. Does being forgiven change that? No. The past is past, and irreparable.

You can begin over again. In the light of the past you can make the future what it ought to be. You may even climb

“ on stepping-stones
Of our dead selves to higher things ”;

but the stepping-stones of the dead selves are there, and so much is thrown away. Forgiveness does not mean wiping

out the past and making things just as though they had never been.

And follow the penitent thief, if you will, into paradise. Where does he start? He starts where he begins, as a penitent thief. He is the result of all the years of his wasted and criminal life. He is so much behind what he might have been; and it may take him ages to catch up again. This let us never forget.

Forgiveness does not wipe out the past; but it brings us into tender, trustful, personal relationship with God so that we have new heart and new courage, and may begin where we are and henceforth climb along the heights that lead up to the best and the noblest.

But there are two sides to forgiveness; and we need to note the other side for a moment. Did you ever consider the significance of that phrase in the Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors"? And Jesus comments on this idea after the prayer is finished, and says, "If you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will forgive you; but, if you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

Now I wish you to note that this is not an arbitrary thing. God does not withhold forgiveness to a man because he wants to. So long as he is unforgiving himself God cannot forgive a man. Forgiveness is two-sided. One side reaches from you to God, and the other side reaches from you to your fellows; and the two go together. This is a condition of the heart and life.

A forgiven unforgiving man is as necessarily a contradiction in terms as is cold fire, or hot ice, or white blackness. It is not a matter for power. It is not a matter for love even. God cannot forgive you except as along with that goes forgiveness on your part for all who you think have wronged you.

In another place, Jesus touches this same great truth,—I

have referred to it a good many times,—when he says, “If you bring your gift to the altar, and there remember that your brother has anything against you, leave your gift, go and be reconciled to your brother, and then come and offer your gift.” In other words, you simply cannot approach God except through right relations to your fellow-men, because approaching God is a moral and spiritual thing; and you must be in this moral and spiritual attitude towards your fellow-men before you can be conscious of the love and life of God.

You can be forgiven then, not in the sense of having the past wiped out, but in being reconciled to God, having atonement—at-one-ment—wrought, so that henceforth you do not carry the burden of feeling that you are struggling against the Infinite, who must of necessity be opposed to you. The Father becomes a loving friend, and all the more loving, you may say, because of your sin and your need. Just as a father or mother loves with peculiar tenderness a crippled or perhaps half mentally developed child, loves with a yearning tenderness and pity, so I believe God loves us when we have been astray, loves us with that power, that sweetness that would win us back again, loves us not so much because we are lovable as because our need is great.

Now the next characteristic of this life is that which Jesus had in mind when, in his figurative language, he said we were not to lay up our treasures on earth, but in heaven. What here did Jesus mean? He meant, it seems to me, the most reasonable, human, beautiful thing in all the world. The one who will follow Jesus must make the spiritual life, the mental, the moral life, the one great thing; and all others must be subordinated to it. He must lay the emphasis on this.

Now to illustrate. Suppose a man is rich? If he is walking in the way of Jesus, the end and aim of his life will not be his riches: they will be raw material, which he can

transmute into spiritual wealth; that is, into love, tenderness, pity, service, help.

Suppose a man is poor. He will not spend his life bemoaning that fact. Because his means are limited, he will make this life of struggle and deprivation again raw material, that he can transmute into sympathy, pity, tenderness, spiritual life.* It is this which Browning had in mind,—and I have referred to it several times, and probably shall several times more,—when he said that the great thing is the “development of a soul.” All life is for this, if you see clearly and are trying to walk in the way of Jesus.

Suppose you are lifted into some high position because you have shown marked ability. Jesus said the way of the Gentiles has been that people holding these positions use them as means for personal gratification. They use this power to exploit their fellows; but he says, “It is not to be so among you.” The great man becomes greatest of all because he serves, because he devotes himself to the highest and best things.

This is Washington’s birthday. As I said last Sunday, when you think of Washington, you do not think chiefly of his being a rich man, though he was; or of his being merely a great man, though he was. Washington used his money and his ability, all of his powers of every kind, for service, transmuted them into spiritual qualities. In the figurative language of Jesus, he laid up his treasure, not where moth and rust can corrupt, where thieves can break through and steal, but in heaven, beyond the reach of time and change. The wealth, the power, the character, of Washington, was not perishable. There is nothing in it that can ever pass away.

Suppose you are obscure: instead of having ten talents or even five, you have only one. Use your obscurity as a means of cultivating your spiritual nature, making yourself noble and true, patient, simple, able to sympathize with others who are obscure. That is, be a man, be divine in

being a man, wherever you are, whatever you are. And that is the way of Jesus. Is it not the rational way for a man, for a woman, to live?

Suppose you love art: do not let art dominate you. Use art as a man; make it minister to the world's beauty, the world's joy, the world's good. Suppose you have literary power: do not let it turn you into a book. Be a man, and use books; transmute the literature of the world into spiritual qualities, into character. Suppose you love music: do not be merely a musician. Be a man first, and use the magic of music to delight the world and to minister to the highest and finest things in the world.

This is the way of Jesus. Be a man, be a woman; and wherever you are, whatever your conditions, whatever your possessions, let them all be secondary, and make them build up your manhood or your womanhood. This is a thing that this age needs to learn, with its extremes of poverty and of wealth, with its jealousies, its bitterness, its heartaches, its longings. It needs to learn that there is no power in the universe, except in the man himself, that can make his life a failure. That is absolutely true. God is on your side: the laws, the forces of the universe, are on your side; and, if you choose, you can make them your servants, make them help you.

No man need to let conditions make him sour and narrow and bitter and mean because he cannot have his way. Be of the essential qualities of sweetness yourself, and like the rose, or an apple in its ripening, whatever your conditions, you will extract beauty and sweetness from them, and grow ripe, and not rotten. This is the power which God has enthroned in every soul.

This leads me to consider the next step; and that is sacrifice. Jesus said: If you wish to follow me, take up the cross daily, sacrifice yourself for my sake. He that gains his life will lose it; and he that loses his life for my sake will find it.

Lowell, in his poem of "Sir Launfal," has sung:—

"At the devil's booth are all things sold,
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
 No price is set on the lavish summer;
 June may be had by the poorest comer."

I agree with a part of Lowell's teaching: with the other part I disagree. At the devil's booth all things are sold. At God's booth, too, all things are sold. The Christian leads a life of sacrifice. The sinner leads a life of sacrifice. Every man leads a life of sacrifice. Every man must. In other words, we cannot do everything, we cannot have everything, we cannot enjoy everything. We must choose, and, for the sake of that choice, pay the price of the rest; that is, sacrifice the rest. That is the universal law. The law of sacrifice is a law of life, that is all; and there is no more sacrifice about a Christian life than there is about any other: only in other lives you sacrifice a good deal better things, and in the Christian life you never have to sacrifice anything that is really worth anything.

If a boy grows up to be a man, he must sacrifice the freedom and delights and joys of his boyhood in the process. If you take a wild Indian of the plains and ask him to become civilized, he must give up his free and irresponsible life. If a young man is to go into business and win success he must sacrifice a good many amusements, whatever stands in the way of that success. As Milton sang a good many years ago, he who will win any great height must

"Scorn delights and live laborious days."

If a man is to make a financial success in the world, he must give up certain other things. If he is to gain a literary success, the same is true. No matter what kind of a life you

decide to lead, you must pay the price of it. If you decide to lead a good life, the only things you pay are bad things. But, if you decide to lead a bad life, you have got to pay a lot of good things. So it is a life of sacrifice, whichever way you take.

I do not believe in people's voluntarily assuming burdens. A great many people when the season of Lent comes around, while they have been living a life perhaps of pure self-indulgence all the rest of the year, determine, as though it were a merit, to go without eating certain things for forty days, to do without going to places of amusement for forty days, doing this or refraining from that for forty days. All this seems to me pure artifice, trying to fool ourselves with superficial matters while we fail to see the essential, pure, open, eternal truths of life.

God does not ask us voluntarily to make ourselves miserable. We shall have all the occasion we need, if we are true to ourselves, when the hour of temptation comes and the stress of life faces us. I do not believe we need to go out of our way to invent things with which to torment our souls. Let us be true to the highest things in us, and sacrifice whatever stands in the way of that: that is the Christian law of sacrifice.

Walk this road, and give up the joy of wandering off into side paths that lead nowhere in particular; give up rest and leisure that you might have if you did not lead this life of help and service; give yourselves to God; be a man, and pay the price of it: that is the Christian law of sacrifice.

Now one other point only, and this is not so much the last step (it is the last if you look at the order of values and consider it the climax),—not so much the last as it is that which ought to permeate and cover and clothe the life all the way through,—the essential thing in following Jesus is that we should love.

What does love mean? Love is not merely a passion: it

is not merely an emotion. Perhaps you get the finest interpretation when you remember that the New Testament says that "God is love."

What constitutes the sun what it is? The fact of its universal, eternal, spontaneous, generous giving of itself, to good, to bad, to beauty, to ugliness, to sweetness, to filth, to mountain peaks, to gutters. The sun gives itself, beautifies, glorifies, cleanses, transmutes all.

In this sense God is love; and the essential thing in his nature is that God is the universal giver of himself, pouring out his infinite nature upon all things that are, not upon the good people only, but upon the bad people, as he sends his rain on the just and on the unjust. God includes all things in this love.

So if we love, try to be like the Father, try to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, we shall love God first, as the infinite ideal of all that is beautiful and good and fair; we shall love our friends, those that love us; we shall love kindred spirits, those that we delight to have as our companions; we shall love people that are not lovely, love them with a yearning tenderness that seeks to serve, that pities them because they are not lovely.

You remember that prayer, one of the sweetest and finest things I know of, "God bless the wicked: the good thou hast already sufficiently blessed in making them good." That is the spirit we should cultivate as we look out over the world,—love the unlovely, believing that God has not created one soul without placing in the centre of it somewhere the germ of infinitely divine possibilities; love it for the sake of that, surround it with love, as the sun surrounds a dead tree, or one apparently dead, in the spring, bathing it with its light and its warmth, until the hard, rough bark bursts and the buds appear, and leaves and flowers follow, covering it with beauty and glory.

So love the unlovely, the rugged, the gnarled, the ugly, the coarse human beings; be like the Father in loving; love

for the sake of developing and unfolding all these divine and sweet and high possibilities in their nature.

Love your enemies. Is that a hard saying? If you have an enemy, it is because you have done something to create that enmity, or he thinks you have. If you have, love him as one you have injured, and try to make reparation. If he thinks you have, do not hate him for it; he is more to be pitied than you are. You pity a man with a broken arm, or a twisted leg, or with an imperfect development of the brain, or who is deaf, or who is blind. Cannot you pity morally twisted, broken, and deformed lives? cannot you pity morally deaf and blind people? can you not pity them just because they are so unhappy, because they need so much to find out the truth and the way, and to be delivered from these evil conditions?

This is the divine way of loving: love all souls that exist. Love them until you become so divine that you cannot believe in the possibility of any single soul in all the universe being forgotten, or finally left marred and broken when, as Tennyson says,—

“God hath made the pile complete.”

One of the sweetest bits of religion that I know of in any literature or Bible of all the world is this sentence which I hold in my hand. I feared I could not repeat it accurately to you from memory; and so I wish to read it. It is Buddhist, from a Chinese liturgy: “Never will I seek or receive private, individual salvation, never will I enter into final peace alone; but forever and ever and everywhere I will live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all the worlds.”

That is divine love, that is divine pity: that it is which heals, which saves, which redeems, which lifts up even to the uttermost.

If we walk the way of Jesus, we shall love them as he loved, praying for our enemies if need be with our last

breath, as he prayed for his, loving until we compel all things to take on the character and drink in the spirit of that love.

Our God, we thank Thee that we can dream such sweet dreams of goodness; that we can see that they are not divine only, but human; that we can see that they are reasonable and practicable. So let us give ourselves to making these visions real. Amen.

By MINOT J. SAVAGE, D.D.

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BY

MINOT J. SAVAGE

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"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. VII.

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The Voices of the Dead

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1903

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NOTE.

"The Voices of the Dead" was preached at Boston in June, 1884. Though published at that time in *Unity Pulpit*, it is being continually called for. But it has long been out of print, and we take advantage of Dr. Savage's absence from the pulpit last Sunday to reprint it. Mr. Collyer preached but did not wish his sermon published.

THE PUBLISHERS.

THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."—HEB. xi. 4.

I HAVE rarely preached what could properly be called a funeral sermon. But, toward the close of almost every year since I have been with you, I have taken up some topic the pursuit of which would lead our common meditation along the pathway that is bordered with cypress and immortelles. That pathway we all of us have trodden; for it is because the fact of death is so very familiar that the words of Longfellow are so often on our lips,—

"There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

I am sure, then, of your sympathetic listening when I try to speak to you of those who have gone over into the silence.

I come with no formal offering of consolation. The words of another mean so little when the lips of the one we love are white and still that talk then seems to me almost an impertinence. I can perfectly understand what Lowell must have meant when he wrote:—

"Console, if you will: I can bear it.
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Hath made death other than death.

"Immortal? I feel it, I know it:
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret,—
Immortal *away from me!*

"Communion in spirit? Forgive me;
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all my income from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

"That little shoe in the corner,
 So worn and wrinkled and brown,
 With its emptiness confutes you,
 And argues your wisdom down."

And so, since no words can touch or change the fact, I have always felt that a silent handclasp beside a grave was more eloquent than any formal speech. But when the grasses are green upon the grave; when the flowers are teaching us that life and beauty still reign though the dust goes back to dust; when the thickest clouds of sorrow are dissolved in tears; when time and distance have at least taught us to be patient,—then we may be in a mood to think calmly, and listen to what the voices of the dead may have to say.

The first questions that press upon us are the common ones,—old, but forever new. From that far-off day when the first friend bent anxiously over the first white, silent face, and wondered what this new, strange thing meant, until the whispered "Good-bye" that this moment somewhere trembles on the air, this human race of ours has been asking the same old questions. Do they still live? Do they remember us, and love us? Shall we find them and know them again? Even if they live, will they not have grown away from us? What kind of life do they lead? Can they communicate with us in any way? Would not their seeing our sorrows interfere with their happiness?

These, and a hundred other questions, press upon our hearts. To all of them many are the answers that have been offered us. But so many have they been, and so contradictory, that they cannot all be true. What ones, then, are true? There are not wanting many in the modern world who doubt them all. I hope for another life; and I trust that some day I shall exchange that hope for a certainty. But, beyond that, I do not much expect to go. If that life is different from and higher than this, then we must wait before we can know it. Knowledge is the result of experience. We know the way

we have trodden ; but that part of our path that lies before us we can only know as, step by step, we make it our own.

But all these many inviting themes I propose to leave one side this morning. Whatever the future may be, the thing of chief importance for us is to-day. Though the lips of death do not open to let out the secrets of that land that our earthly sunshine conceals, yet their very silence breaks into voice with lessons of living importance for the present hour. A few of these lessons, then, I wish to interpret for you, if I may. What have the dead, as dead, to say to us, the living?

From these closed eyes and these white lips,
Where loving smiles no longer play,
What, to the ear that silence hears,
Does Death to us, the living, say?

1. The silent lips that mark the close of a sweet, a fortunate, or a noble life, always speak to me first of gratitude. I know the first feeling of most is that of an irreparable loss. But what does the great loss mean but that you have been in possession of a great treasure? And so my first feeling is one of thanks for the sweet years of friendship, of association, of love. We have had these years of joy and of good together. That fact and the blessed memories of it cannot be taken away from us.

On this point, let us listen to the words of one that our narrow, ordinary Christian teaching has accustomed us to think of as a heathen. The old Roman, Seneca, writes: "The comfort of having a friend may be taken away from you, but not that of having had one. In some respects, I have lost what I have had; in others, I still retain what I have lost. It is an ill construction of Providence to reflect only upon my friend's being taken away without any regard to the benefit of his being once given to me. He that has lost a friend has more cause of joy that he once had him than of grief that he is taken away. That which is past we are sure of. It is impossible to make it not to have been."

And another so-called heathen, the Greek Plutarch, after the death of their little girl, writes thus to his wife: "Should the sweet remembrance of those things which so delighted us when she was alive only afflict us now, when she is dead? Since she gave us so much pleasure while we had her, so ought we to cherish her memory, and make that memory a glad rather than a sorrowful one. Let us not ungratefully accuse fortune for what was given us, because we could not also have all that we desired. What we had, and while we had it, was good, though now we have it no longer."

What reason have we not to be glad and thankful for the imperishable memories of father, mother, wife, husband, child, brother, sister, friend! In the midst of the din and weariness of some discouraged afternoon, is not the bird-song at our window that waked us to the first life of the dewy morning still ours, its remembered sweetness still giving us back that fragrant hour that will not return again!

How much of the beauty and joy of life is made up of memories! How small a part of the world we really live in is made of that which day by day passes before our eyes! Our real world is the remembered one. The rare landscape, the mountain outlook, the ruin whose crumbling stones and clinging ivy were redolent of romantic history, the sun-lit reach of laughing sea, or the night-scene of moonlight on the waters, the forest walk or the crowds of distant cities,—these make up the world we love to live in, when a little leisure releases us from present toil. And these are all of things that we remember.

And, as it is of places, so also is it of persons. Those we meet and talk with every day are few as compared with those who come to us from out the past. And these remembered forms are present companions.

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more."

However keen the still lingering grief over the death of some one who made so large a part of your life, is there one who hears me who would give up the memory of that life for the sake of escaping the present pain? Would you make that all a blank for the sake of that peace which is only the absence of sorrow? Give me rather the pressed flower, the faded ribbon, the half-worn shoe, and even the tears shall not make me sorry I had the love.

“’Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.”

“I shall have had my rapture, come what may.”

And not only are the lost ones ours still in memory: they are with us in another way that is quite as real. Their love, their deeds, their association, the influence of their characters,—these have largely helped to make us what we are. How much of the best that is in us are we not conscious that we owe to them!

The graves of loved ones far away
Up the dim track of years
Still nerve the purpose of to-day
To rise above our fears.

Oh, many a tender word is said
And gentle deed is wrought,
In memory of the cherished dead
That live still in our thought.

And many a man, whose noble fight
For truth has lifted men,
Knows some dead loved one's deathless might
His motive power has been.

And so, as I listen, the first voice of the dead that I seem to hear is one that bids us be grateful for all the positive good of the years when they were ours, and for the no less positive good of the present memories that still make them ours for inspiration and comfort.

2. But there is another voice that we ought to hear and

heed. And this bids us beware that, through devotion to the dead, we do not cloud the lives of the living. Piety toward the lost is to be commended; but there is a kind of piety to the dead that is impiety to the living. For example, I have known such cases as this. A mother loses one of her children. This child was no more remarkable and no more loved than any of the rest. But, during sickness, this one called specially for the mother's care and for the lavish outpouring of all her devotion. And, when at last death comes, the virtues of this lost one are all exaggerated by the mist of tears through which they are seen, until the mourning is such as makes all the living feel that they count for almost nothing. We cannot but mourn for the dead; and we would not have it otherwise.

"Let grief be her own mistress still:
She loveth her own anguish deep
More than much pleasure. Let her will
Be done."

I'd have you do all you can for the dead. Make beautiful the place where they sleep. Set apart a sacred chamber in the heart that shall be a shrine for them forever. But do not give all your thought and love and care to the dead. Remember it is well with them. And the living need you more than they. But let one of the lost ones speak as if in his own person: —

Weep for me tenderly; for I,
Were you here lying in my place,
Would press my warm lips on your brow,
And rain the hot tears on your face.

And, when this body's laid away,
I'd have you my low earth-bed make
All fresh with grass and sweet with flowers,
And sacred for the old time's sake.

But then, sweet friends, look up and on!
Let sunshine all the clouds break through;
And do not for my sake forget
What *for the living* you should do!

Let not the shadow of my loss
 Darken the path the living tread;
 But let the memories of my past
 Still cheer and help, though I am dead.

In the early days of the world, among the lower barbaric tribes, the death of any at all prominent member of a tribe was nothing less than a general calamity. For it was looked upon as a religious duty to see to it that everything the dead one owned was destroyed. House, furniture, food, clothing, weapons, horses, all were burned on one funeral pile or buried in one grave. Even his wives and servants were frequently sent to bear him company in the other world. The comfort, the well-being, and sometimes the very lives of the living were thus sacrificed to the dead. We all think such things to be barbaric and cruel.

But the taint of that barbarism is not all eliminated from the modern world. Our cemeteries still witness to the wasting of thousands and thousands of dollars on what is nothing but the ostentatious pride or the wasteful recklessness of sorrow. The dead are not helped, while the living that need help are forgotten. And many a home is made dark and dreary for the living by what is nothing better — when carried so far — than a selfish indulgence in what is a very intemperance of grief. It seems to me nothing less than a serious wrong for us still, though in our modern fashion, to sacrifice the living for the dead. It denies, by implication, all our professed faith in the future. At the very worst, the dead are in peace, while the living still thrill and throb with either pain or pleasure; and it lies with us very largely as to which it shall be.

3. The next voice of the dead tells us something we can do for them and for the living as well, at the same time. Continue the work for the world that the dead ones loved, and so see to it that earth loses as little as possible by their departure.

Almost all lives, however old, are incomplete. They cher-

ished plans that had lured them on for years, and that yet they leave as fragments. Finish the work then that they have left you to do. Thus, you may feel that you are building their monuments. Thus, you may help the living world, and at the same time gladden their hearts, if they can look back, and prove to them that you truly love and remember.

To illustrate what I mean. I know a father who has lost his only son, for whom he had intended the wealth that his years of labor had accumulated. This loss he carries, as a life-long sorrow, in his heart; but he does not do as did that New York gentleman, whose daughter is buried in Greenwood, pile his whole fortune in useless marble over the grave. He is planning to-day to establish a school, munificently endowed, dedicated to the memory of his son. Thus, he can feel that his son, though lost, is still living in and helping on the world. Such a son is not dead, but is one of the living forces to lift the present and mould the future. Thus can we all, if we will, knowing what our dead would have done for mankind, seek to carry out their will. How much nobler this, how much truer honor to the dead, than to bury ourselves in useless grief or to bury what would have been their fortunes in useless, unproductive stone! *

Let our ideal dead one again speak for himself: —

These ears can hear your words no more,
However fondly you may speak;
For my sake, then, with words of love,
The living cheer, and help the weak.

My heart, now still, no longer aches;
But weary thousands watch and wake
Through dreary nights and hopeless days;
Help them before their sad hearts break!

Cherish my memory in your heart;
But, lest it grow a selfish thing,

* These words were spoken while Senator Stanford was still living.

Make channels for a thousand streams,
Of which my love shall be the spring.

So, from the grave, I still may speak,
Still help the sorrowing world to bless,
Still live, though dead, and swell the tide
Of human hope and happiness.

4. But another voice I hear, as important to be heeded as any of these. Since death must come some day to us all, Seneca says, "Let us, therefore, make the best of our friends while we have them." Let me illustrate, and lead the way toward what I mean by an example of what frequently happens this side of death. I once knew a clergyman — not myself — who had been with a parish for a good many years. Everybody loved him, and nobody told him of it. They had come to take his staying with them for granted. Meantime, he had begun to question whether they were not wearying of him. A call came from another city; and, naturally, in his then state of mind, he accepted it. Then, when it was too late, the whole of his old parish went into mourning. They protested how much they cared for him, and begged him to stay. But he had committed himself to going. Then, he let them understand that only a fraction of what they were saying now would have kept him, if only it had been said before.

I have known children whose fathers and mothers never kissed them, never told them they loved them. And yet, had one of these same children died, both father and mother would have rained their tears over the dead face, and kissed the lips that could give back no response.

Many a life is lonely with longing for the expression of an affection which really exists, but never utters itself in words. Like Tantalus in Hades, they live for years close beside refreshing waters to which they can never touch their lips.

How frequently is it true that, when our friends are dead, we say: "Oh, I wish I had done such or such a thing for

them! I wish I had told him so or so." What is this strange barrier of apparent indifference that keeps us from making cheery and bright the lives of those we really and deeply love? In a recent magazine appeared the following, entitled "An Old, Old Question":—

"A spirit that from earth had just departed
 Lingered a moment on its upward way;
 And, looking back, saw, as though broken-hearted,
 Its friends and kindred weeping o'er its clay.
 'It seems they loved me dearly. Had I known it,
 My life had been much happier,' it said.
 'Why only at our parting have they shown it,
 Their fondest kisses keeping for the dead?'"

If there is any one voice of the dead that we need to hear and regard, it is this. We let a thousand little unimportant personal peculiarities — that are no real part of ourselves — irritate us and keep us apart. We are forgetful and self-absorbed. Or we foolishly think the expression of our most genuine feelings a weakness, and so keep down that which is really noblest in us. And then, when ears can no longer hear, we storm them with an unavailing flood of words. And the lips that can no longer feel get the kisses that would have made life's burden so much lighter, and would have charmed away the clouds of many a cheerless day.

Let us then try to live with the living as we shall wish we had, when we call them living no longer. Let us try to make each day finished, so that we need not be compelled to say, "Had I known that this was coming, I should have said, I should have done, O so differently!"

5. And, of one voice more, I must try to be the echo. Learn that the thing to fear is not death, but life.

The old theology has for ages been warning us, "Prepare to meet thy God." As though we were not living face to face with him every day! The idea has been that we were in some far country, away from him; and that some special,

peculiar preparation were needed to be made just before being summoned into his presence. And men have grown careless in the thought that a prayer, a speedy repentance, extreme unction, or some kind of priestly aid, could, at the last, wipe off the dust and soil of earth, and clothe their souls with the "wedding garment," that should make them presentable in the presence of the King. And all the while they were living right under the immediate eye of this same eternal King, and making up their clear-read record day by day.

It is some years now since I have had any, even the slightest, fear of death. Let us look at it for a moment. I find people afraid of death, because of a certain shrinking from the idea of burial. Let such consider the significance of that old saying of Socrates. Just before taking the hemlock, one of his disciples asked as to how he would be buried. He replied: "Is it not strange, my friends, that, after all I have said, you still think this body to be Socrates? Bury me as you will, *if you can find me.*" He had no idea of being buried. No one of us will ever know anything about a grave. To think otherwise is only a foolish trick of the imagination that deludes us with the fancy that an unconscious body still can feel and care.

Then, others fear death because of a dread as to some possible final suffering. I have stood by many death-beds, and never yet have I seen one where, at the last, it was not a willing falling asleep. It is just as natural as the detachment of a leaf from its bough and its slow falling to the earth through the October air. Even where there is the appearance of pain and struggle, it is generally mere unconscious muscular and nervous movement. The most of those who die are as unconscious of it as they were of their birth. And most of the apparent pain means no more than the first automatic cry of the new-born child.

And what else is there to fear? Let Socrates again be heard, while he tells us how, ages ago, it looked even to him. "One of two things," he says: "either death is a state of

utter unconsciousness, or there is a migration of the soul from this world to another. Now, if there is no consciousness, eternity is then but a single night; but, if death is a journey to another place, and there all the dead are, what good, O my friends, can be greater than this?"

At the worst, it is only sleep. While at the best, it is going into another room of the vast universe-house of the one Father, in whose presence we have lived here, and under the guidance of whose hand we shall be forever. This last I more and more firmly believe.

Life is the real thing of which, if of anything, to be afraid. For it is life, and not death, which determines character, and creates for us our heavens or our hells. Death has no more to do with the future than the sleep of to-night has to do with to-morrow. It is to-day that makes to-morrow, and to-night's sleep is only the gateway that leads to it.

Such, then, as it seems to me, are some of the things that we, the living, ought to hear spoken to us by the silent lips of the dead.

And now, in closing, let me tell you what I think about death. I claim to know but very little. I wish I knew more; and I hope I shall know more, even before the great transition comes.

Death, we say, is the common lot. It comes to us all. Our little lives begin in a cradle, rocked by love. There are a few years,—a little labor, some clouds shot through by sunshine, a little love, some dropping tears, brief successes and as brief disappointments,—and then a grassy mound, another cradle for another sleep. Is that watched over by love, too? Or is it the end? I cannot believe it is the end. And I cannot doubt that love still lives and guards.

In short, I believe that death is only another birth. And, as our coming here is expected and prepared for, so I doubt not we enter there not as uninvited or unexpected. It is only the beginning of another home. So, at any rate, I love to trust; and all the wisdom of those who doubt or deny is

not enough to entitle any one to tell me that my hope is an irrational one.

It is only a horrible and a false theology that has clouded over this second cradle with horror, and filled the shadow with scowling faces and threatening forms. The same Power that governs and shapes this life, that gave us love and light and beauty, that surrounded our pathway with friends and bordered it with flowers,—this same Power rules in all the worlds. We can go into no strange country then, nor beyond the reach of loving care.

As we fall asleep, so we wake up again. Five minutes after death we are what we were five minutes before. Day by day here we are making ourselves what we shall be there. Only in new conditions we shall go on under similar laws, to live out the life already begun and so achieve our destiny.

Those we love will not outgrow us. They who have preceded us may have become much wiser than we are now ; but the wisest are ever the tenderest and the least conceited about their wisdom. So their wisdom, instead of being a barrier to separate them from us, will only bring them closer in sympathetic help.

The only change that I can imagine will be that conventional and artificial bonds will be broken, and people there may be freer than we are now to associate according to the attractions of their deeper and truer sympathies. But this, though it change our relationships, will be no loss ; for each will follow the bent of his real desires.

The only things we need fear, then, are the natural and necessary results of the thoughts we think and the deeds we do to-day. They go before us, and become our angels, good or bad, that will welcome us to regret or gladness. Let us, then, make the present as fair and sweet as may be, holding our loved and lost in our hearts until the veil is lifted, and we learn — what I can but trust is true — that life and death are but different names for two departments of what is really the one eternal life.

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RELIGION AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I HAVE taken two texts. The first you may find in the sixth chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy and the seventh verse,—“Thou shalt teach them unto thy children.” And the next is from the Talmud,—“The world is saved only by the breath of the school children.”

To recur now to the words in Deuteronomy, “Thou shalt teach them to thy children.” Teach what? The precepts of truth, the words of God, the fundamental principles of religious thought and life.

If a man is convinced that he is in possession of divine truth, next to obeying it himself the first and most important of all duties is that he teach it to his children. But when, where, how? The answer to these questions depends, it seems to me, upon the conditions of every age and of every country.

If we go back for a little while to the conditions of early society, we find that what we are accustomed to think of to-day as secular truth was practically unknown. Beyond the simple, domestic arts and the preparation for hunting and war, all that there was to teach the children was religion. Religion has always existed in the world; and in the early world it made up the larger part of life.

The people then believed that everything they did was dependent upon the relations in which they stood to the invisible powers, so that religious teaching was the main part of the instruction and training which was imparted to the children.

It is only in the modern world that there has been any division between the secular and the sacred. In ancient

Rome, for example, the king or the emperor was at the same time the Pontifex Maximus. He was at the head of the State: he was at the head of the religious life of his people.

In the Roman Catholic Church, which has preserved the traditions of the Roman Empire, the same thing has been true. The pope claims absolute dominion over this world, and an equal dominion over the other, so far as his subjects here are concerned. In England the Church is a State establishment; and it claims the right to-day to dictate as to the conduct of the public schools of the kingdom.

When the Puritans, driven by persecution, came to this country, they did not escape the ideas which were at the basis of the persecution from which they fled. They brought with them the thought of the practical identity of the Church and the State. The town was taxed for the support of the Church; and only church members were allowed to vote.

For the first time in the history of the world,—unless an exception be found in Holland,—for the first time in the history of this continent at any rate, we find another principle recognized at Plymouth. The Pilgrims established a civil government which claimed only to control the affairs of this world: all the religionists of every kind were free at Plymouth. You need to note this immense distinction between the Puritans and the Pilgrims: the Pilgrims never persecuted for religion's sake. Roger Williams, the Quakers, Anne Hutchinson,—any one was free at Plymouth to believe what he would and practise his religion as he pleased.

And, when the thirteen colonies achieved their independence and the United States was formed, this government—the first great instance in history—planted itself purely on a secular ground. The United States as a nation is not a religious nation, it is not a Christian nation, it is not a Catholic nation, it is not a Protestant nation: it is a secular nation.

It, with clear eye and deliberate purpose, refused to have

anything to do with the establishment of anybody's religion. It took the ground that its business was to look after the affairs of this world; and it left everybody free to believe as they pleased, and exercise their religion in any way they chose. That is one fundamental principle of our government.

But the government recognized, and rightly, that it was not to give up the work of teaching the children. Teaching remained as a matter for the State to look after. It only distinguished as to the things which it had a right to teach.

Did you ever ask yourselves why it is that the government claims a right to teach the children at all? or that it regards it as its duty? Why, for example, should I be compelled by law to put myself to the trouble and the expense of training and educating my children? Why should I have a right to take from you a certain proportion of your money for the sake of educating my child? Why should you have a right to take money out of my pocket to help educate your child?

I ask you again, Have you ever clearly recognized the principle which is here at stake? If you will get it in mind, you will find it a thread of light running through all the controversies on this subject, and which will keep you from being confused or led astray.

What is the principle? The ruler of a people needs to be trained and intelligent, in order that the government may be just and good. That is the fundamental principle of all. Who is the ruler? Under a despotism, if the despot is wise, well trained, and if his assistants and administrators are competent to carry out his will, you may have a just and good government, no matter whether the people are educated or not.

In an aristocracy, if those who arrogate to themselves the title of aristocrats, those who govern, are trained, educated, wise, you may have a good and just government, no matter

whether the rest of the people are educated or not. The point is, and perfectly clear as you will see, that the ruler, whoever he is, must be trained, must be educated.

Who is the ruler in this country? The moment you answer that question, you see why it is that the State claims the right to educate the children. Every adult male in the United States is a sovereign. He is the ruler; and, therefore, he needs to be trained, educated, made competent to look after the interests of the people. Unless at least a working majority of the voters are trained, educated, intelligent, there can be no wise or just or good government; for the government cannot be better than the ruler. There, you see, is the principle; there is an answer to the question as to why the State has a right to demand that the voters at least shall be educated, trained for their office.

But,—and here is an important matter now for you to take account of—the world finds it very hard to outgrow its traditions, to clarify its thought and be consistent and logical in the working out of its accepted principles. I said that the children, those who are to become citizens and rulers, should be educated for their office, trained into fitness for this power of administration.

Now you will note, if you will give it a little clear consideration, that right in there is the rule that is to guide us in settling the question as to what ought to be the aim and scope of the public schools. I am a heretic in regard to our system of public education,—quite a serious one, I fear,—as I am from the accepted standards of the popular religion. The schools do not seem to me at the present time to be doing the work which is essential, and that largely for the reason that they are engaged in trying to do a hundred things which are not essential.

Let us see if we can get at the principle which is involved here, so as to make our position so clear as to be self-evident. The principle is this (I enunciated it two or three Sundays ago in another connection),—public money is to be used for public ends, and only for public ends.

You can see clearly enough, if I should propose to use some of the money raised by public taxation to buy my boy in the winter a fur overcoat, or a pair of skates, or a bicycle, the absurdity of it. You would say at once, Why, you are using public money for private and personal ends. From the point of view of your boy, from the point of view which you occupy, it may be very desirable, indeed, that in the cold winter he have a fur overcoat, or that he have a pair of skates, or a bicycle; but it is not important to me that your boy have these things. It certainly is not important to you that my boy have these things. Why, then, should you pay for these things for my boy, or why should I pay for them for your boy? You have a right to take my money for only those things which concern the public welfare. I have a right to take yours only for the same reason.

Now let us look at the public schools for a moment, and see what they are trying to do. I have not made a detailed and careful study of them here in New York as I did at one time in Massachusetts. I imagine, however, that the conditions are very much the same. At any rate, I shall assume that the statements which I am about to make are substantially true.

The most of our public schools are organized on the theory that the boy is to start with the kindergarten and end with the university. What is the result? A great majority of the boys, a very large majority, never get through the grammar school: they are obliged to leave, to go to work. In what sense, then, are they educated into fitness for citizenship?

I am told that many boys who apply for a business position cannot write well, are not able to spell correctly, are not competent to compose a good business letter, are not familiar enough with the fundamental principles of mathematics so that they can be trusted in that department without guidance and oversight.

And yet these things stand right at the threshold. Why

are these things so? Merely because the curriculum of our schools is such that the average pupil gets the beginning, a disconnected smattering, of a large number of things, and gets nothing complete, so that he is in any true sense fitted, equipped, for practical life.

Now can you not see? I am no more concerned in the question as to whether or not your boy shall learn to sing, or shall learn astronomy, or shall learn the higher mathematics, or shall learn Latin or Greek, or French or German, than I am in his having a fur overcoat or a pair of skates. It would be a very fine thing if every boy could know everything, and be trained to his utmost in every faculty and in every direction; but, so far as the public is interested in fitting him for citizenship, all these matters are one side of the main issue.

I ask you now to concentrate your attention for a few moments on those things which are essential to citizenship. I have no objection, if everybody is agreed about it, and there is time and money enough, to your teaching the children everything; but teach these things which are essential and important first, and do not sacrifice these to an attempt to accomplish the impossible.

What is my interest in the training of another boy? I want your boys and you want my boys — it works both ways you see — in the first place to be trained so that they can earn an honest living: that is the very first condition of good, honest, just citizenship. Every boy ought to be trained so that he will not in a little while come back on the community for the mere matter of support. It is the first interest, or ought to be, of the public schools to train the boy's mind and eye and ear and hand — all his faculties — according to the boy's aptitude, in such a way that all possible shall be accomplished in the way of fitting him to take care of himself when he goes out into the world. That ought to be the first aim of the public schools.

What the second? He is to be a citizen. He is to vote.

He is to have his share in determining the destiny of this country. This is the next thing that is important,— that he should be taught so much of history, of other countries and of his own, so much of the history of men's attempts in the way of government, as shall enable him to understand at least the principles of this government which he is to help to manage.

It is wicked that any man, born here or born anywhere, should be permitted to undertake the work of guiding the destinies of this country while he knows absolutely nothing about its fundamental principles or methods. He should be taught to know what a republic means, what liberty means, what are the possibilities of self-government, the cost of this freedom which we have attained. He ought to understand these things, so that he may enter upon his duties intelligently, soberly, and with the ability to determine what is best and what is impossible, what ought to be done and how it ought to be attempted.

Then there is a third thing that every boy ought to be taught. If any of you think I am confining my attention too much to the boys, it is because I am talking about the voters. As yet the women are not voters. If they were, the same principle would apply to them as to the boys.

What is the third thing? Every boy ought to be taught the fundamental principles of right and wrong. Can this be done without teaching religion? Some religionists tell you it cannot; but let us see a moment. How is it that men have learned that it is not right to kill; that it is not right to steal; that it is not right to lie; that it is not right to covet, not right to envy, to hate? How is it that men have discovered the fundamental principles of ethics, of right and wrong? Has it been by any revelation, or has it rather been as the result of human experience?

Men have learned the fundamental principles of right and wrong by trying to live and get along together, just as naturally as they have learned what articles are wholesome

to eat and what are not. This is proved beyond any sort of question in the face of any religious controversy by this fact:—that all over the world, in every land where you find people arrived at a certain stage of social and political progress, you find substantially the same ethical principles recognized and acted upon.

If you require a revelation, supernatural revelation, to teach people the principles of right and wrong, then you must concede not only that there has been a supernatural revelation accorded to the Christians and the Jews, but to the Chinese, the Persians, the Hindus, the Mohammedans, and all the other great religions of the world.

Just as, for example, when you reach a certain altitude above the level of the sea, whether in North America or South, in Europe, Asia, or Africa, you find substantially the same kind of trees and shrubs and growths of one kind or another,—not identical, but substantially the same kind,—so, wherever you reach a certain altitude of social and political experience on the part of men, you find substantially the same ideas of right and wrong.

These, then, have been wrought out as the result of human experience; and they can be taught without reference to any particular religion or any sect in Christendom, just as well as the fundamental principles of astronomy or geology can be taught. And these ought to be taught in the public schools.

You cannot control the development, possibly, of a pupil's character; but you can teach him the principles of right and wrong, so that after he goes out into society and begins to play his part as a man, if he goes wrong, he shall do it with his eyes open and be responsible for it. That is all that the State can do in the matter.

Three things, then, the public school ought to concentrate its attention upon,—training the child so far as possible into an ability to earn his own living honestly; training him in such a way that he can be an intelligent citizen of the re-

public and cast an intelligent vote ; training him in regard to the fundamental principles of right and wrong, so that he may know the right way, whether he chooses to walk in it or not.

Now, as I said a moment ago, I have no objection to every boy's knowing everything, and being trained into the possibility of doing everything, if he can ; but the interest of the State is simply in having the child trained into fitness for good citizenship. That first, middle, last, all ; and that anyhow, whatever else goes by the board. That first : other things, so far as you can, after that.

But, as I said, it is very difficult for people to get free of their traditions ; and the religious tradition, the religious prejudice, is the last one ever to be overcome. Why ? Because it is held as the most sacred and the most important ; and so people feel bound by it after they are willing to surrender almost anything else.

And so people demand,— they demand to-day, it is the popular demand in one way or another— that religion shall still be taught in the public schools. It is taught in a fragmentary way, in a poor and inefficient way ; but the majority of the people of this country seem to be in favor of some attempt in that direction.

I wish now to ask you to consider the principles involved, and see what we ought to do. Note now what I said a moment ago, that this country for the first time in the history of the world on the part of a great nation, has abandoned any claim to dictate in the matter of religion. All religions here are free. All sects are free. All should have equal opportunity before the law, none of them any special favor before the law.

Why ? In the first place, to put it baldly,— and you will see that that carries the whole principle,— all the religions have had it as their great aim in the past to prepare people for another world, to see to it that people's souls were saved after death.

Now let us put it with perfect frankness and freedom. It is none of the State's business whether my soul is saved in the next world or not. The only concern that the State has with me is to see that I make a good citizen in this world. What becomes of me after I pass the border is my business, and not the business of the State.

Governor Odell has a perfect right, as a man, to join any church and to do anything he can to persuade other people to join it, to engage earnestly in trying to save people's souls; but, as *Governor* Odell, he has no concern in this matter and has no right to interfere in it. The State has jurisdiction over this world, and not over the next. There is the fundamental principle.

Now note what the present condition of affairs is. When I was a boy, the New Testament was read the first thing in the morning after the school session began. We read around in turn, each of us reading a verse. I never thought that the effect was one in favor of reverence or the cultivation of religion. It was not done with any great seriousness. The children, half the time, did not know what they were reading about; and it rather tended to flippancy and disrespect towards religion.

I understand that in this State to-day the law is that the Bible may be read in the school, but without note or comment on the part of the teacher. Is that law obeyed? I do not know to what extent the matter is carried; but I do happen to know that in some cases the teachers do comment, and do teach, not religion only, but theology.

And do you not know perfectly well that it is practically impossible for a teacher to conduct the reading of the Bible in the schools without its being apparent as to what his own standing and beliefs are, without his having, not a religious, necessarily, but a sectarian influence of one kind or another? I believe — and this is what I am coming to now, practically — that the only just, fair, righteous thing is that the Bible should never be read at all in the public schools; and I will tell you why.

Before coming to that, let me touch on one point that I am willing to concede as an exception, though I do not think it would be satisfactory to anybody. Every little while somebody tells us how valuable the Bible is as a masterpiece of English. I grant it. President Butler of Columbia has been making a point of it recently, and saying that the Bible ought to be more read and studied by scholars, if for nothing else than that it is such a masterpiece of noble English.

Does anybody believe, however, that the way the Bible is ordinarily read in the public schools teaches any child a noble use of English, that they get any impression in that direction? If you wish to use the Bible for that, let us have a text-book prepared, the finest specimens of the Bible selected, and let it be used as a reading book. I should have no objection. Those, however, who look upon the Bible as an absolutely infallible, divine revelation would think that a degradation of the book: it would not satisfy them; and for that reason, in my judgment, it is not a practical solution of the problem.

Let us come back then to the point of having the Bible out of the schools. Why? Years ago I fought for this in Massachusetts, for the sake of justice to the Catholic Church: that is what I was fighting for then. The Catholics have always objected to the reading of our translation of the Bible with Protestant comment or with no comment at all; and their contention is right and just.

If a Catholic is sincere, he believes that the teaching his child his religion means the eternal welfare of that child. Can you expect him to sit down then patiently and calmly while you, without any warrant in justice, compel his children to submit themselves to an influence that threatens the eternal welfare of their souls? Is that fair? Would you like it yourselves?

Here in this city now are thousands and thousands of Jewish children attending the public schools. They are

among our best scholars. Their parents object, and they have a right to object, to having thrust upon their children the consideration, the teaching of a religion which has stood as the symbol of persecution and horror for them for fifteen hundred years. Would you like it yourselves? Is it fair to the Jews?

There are in the city — not a great many of them, I suppose — Buddhists, Mohammedans; there are followers of Confucius; there are representatives of many of those faiths which we call Pagan. They are taxed to help support the public schools. Have we a right to thrust upon their children the teaching of that which they distinctly and definitely repudiate?

There are agnostics, there are atheists, I suppose, a few; but nobody doubts that the son of an atheist, the son of an agnostic, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Parsee, Hindu, Jew, can be a good citizen. And the only interest of the State is that he shall be a good citizen; and we have no business to thrust upon them as a part of their education that which has nothing to do with the matter of their being good citizens, and which at the same time violates the most sacred convictions of their souls.

If we could all agree on some religion; if everybody believed alike, worshipped the same God and in the same way, and had the same ideas of this world and the next,—then of course nobody would complain; and, while it would not be the business of the State any more than it is now to teach religion, it might be taught without marked injustice. But it cannot be so taught to-day.

I believe then that, when the matter comes up for discussion and settlement,—as come up it will,—we ought to be ready to treat it from the broadest point of view in the interest of justice and right.

I would carry the matter further if I had my way. I believe that all strictly church property ought to be taxed. Why not? As it is to-day, there are millions of money

invested in property dedicated simply to some particular form of religion and millions which are not taxed. You and I, who do not believe that religion at all, have to make up by our over-taxation for the deficit caused by this exemption.

I would have all strictly charitable institutions free. But I do not know why a Jew should be taxed to help support the Church of the Messiah; I do not know why I should be taxed to support the cathedral; I do not know why the Catholics should be taxed to support the Brick Church.

Let the people who believe, believe enough and care for their religious belief enough to pay for it, or else go without it. That seems to me the fundamental principle of justice and right in the whole matter.

I believe in religion with all my soul. I am ready to say that I believe it is the very highest and deepest concern of man. The relation in which we stand to God, to each other what our destiny shall be over yonder,—these are the greatest questions that we can ask or answer. But the State, as State, has no business to touch them with the tip of its finger: let the State keep to its own affairs. Let the church and the home, let the fathers and the mothers,—if they are honest and if they believe anything,—find ways of looking after these, the highest concerns of life.

And let us remember that equal justice is the basis of all good government.

I wish at the close to read you a word which I read as part of my lesson. It is remarkable when we remember when it was spoken and by whom. It is by King Asoka, a great Buddhist sovereign, who lived two hundred and fifty years before Christ. This is what he says: "A king who is beloved of the gods honors every form of religious faith. He considers no gift or honor so much as increase in the substance of religion. The root of religion is to reverence one's own faith, and never to revile that of others. The king's purpose is to increase the mercy, charity, truth, kindness, and piety of all mankind."

Let us as citizens, and filled by a spirit like this, look after the affairs of government as it concerns this world. Let us as churches, as fathers, as mothers, look after the higher and deeper things of the religious life.

Father, we consecrate ourselves to Thee ; and that means to truth, to service, to love. Let us be just and helpful to all men, and remember that Thou art the equal Father of all. Amen.

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THE LIBERAL THE TRUE CONSERVATIVE.

My text you may find in the Second Epistle to Timothy, the fourth chapter and the seventh verse: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

During the last two or three weeks there has been a flurry in the newspapers, and some public discussion calling out sermons here and there from the pulpit, caused by the fact that the great German scholar Delitzsch gave a lecture in Berlin before the emperor and a select number of interested people. The subject of this lecture was "Babel and Bible."

There was nothing new in it to scholars. I mean by that that the points which the lecturer brought out have been the common property of the scholarship of the world for at least a short time. He showed that many things which have been regarded by the Church as a part of an infallible revelation contained in the Old Testament were only Babylonian traditions and myths.

He showed, for example,—what I have had occasion to tell you more than once,—that the Sabbath did not originate in the Bible nor among the Jews, but that it traces itself back to planet worship in the Euphrates valley. He told the people who listened to him that the flood was an old Babylonian legend, a good deal older than any part of the Bible. He told them also that the story of the Garden of Eden and of the temptation of the woman by a serpent were also Babylonian stories.

These things, I say, have been known by competent scholars for at least several years. But he seems to have

stirred up the staid and contented orthodoxy of Germany by these plain statements; and many were very much exercised and troubled because the emperor appeared to give countenance to these heresies by listening to them.

This produced such an effect that the Kaiser has tried, apparently, to counteract it, to offset it, by making a statement which, on the surface, would appear to show him sound in the faith. He makes confessions, however, even in this defence, which are fatal to the extreme claims which have been made for the authority of the Old Testament.

I refer to this simply to introduce my theme. Religion is the most conservative thing on the face of the earth. It is right and natural that it should be. I am not going to attack that statement: I am going to indorse it. Religion is the most precious possession of man. Nothing else is of importance as compared with it.

For what does it mean? It is man's best attempt to answer the questions, What am I? what is my duty? what hopes look out towards the future? It is man's best solution up to the present time of the problem of life. And what is the deepest thing in life? It is not the brain. It is not knowledge. What is the profoundest thing in a human being? It is consciousness, feeling, love, fear, hope, tenderness, devotion, worship, aspiration. It is these things which are the qualities of what we mean when we say "the soul."

And, as much as I care for and believe in science, as much as I am ready to defend the intellectual activities of life, I am ready to say that science, the brain, the intellect, are of value only as guides for the life. The life is the first thing; and we want light only that we may know which way to go.

Suppose you are on a big steamer in mid-ocean. What is the important thing about it? Is it the chart? Is it the compass? Is it the helm? What are chart and

compass and helm worth? They are of value only that they may help the persons on board, the passengers, with their loves and their fears and their hopes and their aspirations,—that they may help them to their desired haven. That is all.

The one precious thing, then, on the ship is its passengers; and the one precious thing about us is that which makes us what we are,—the soul, the I, the personality. And religion, as I said, is felt to be the one solution of this problem which concerns the nature and destiny of the soul.

No wonder, then, that men have regarded it as a precious possession; no wonder that they are timid when something appears to them to threaten it; no wonder they are conservative in regard to its interests. They ought to be. I shall show, however, before I get through, or try to, that this conservatism is frequently misunderstood, and that it leads to practical errors; but the conservatism itself is right. We ought to do everything we possibly can to protect and conserve this, which is the most precious possession of the world.

It is this instinctive feeling which makes people shrink from the investigation of those things which they regard as sacred. People are willing, comparatively, that almost anything else shall be improved. The last thing on earth which they are willing to have improved is their religion. And this unwillingness springs out of this jealous regard for it, however misdirected that regard may be.

I ask you now to go with me while I raise the inquiry as to who have been the great conservators of religion, and as to how it has been preserved; who, in a word, have been the conservatives in the world's religious life.

Come to our text, as standing on the threshold of my answer. Paul towards the last of his life chants this song of triumph: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith." The crown,

the culmination of it all, lies in the fact that he has done what he could to keep the faith.

Now who was Paul, and what had he done, and how had he done it? Paul says in one place, when he is called upon to defend himself against his accusers, "After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers." What was the attitude of Paul towards his inherited religion? It was one of outright hostility. Paul broke with the religion of his fathers. He opposed it at almost every turn.

In other words, Paul was the greatest heretic and the most outright and downright radical of his century. The old orthodox first church at Jerusalem looked upon him with suspicion. They sent out their emissaries to follow him during his missionary labors, and to try to bring back to what they regarded as the true faith the people whom Paul had led astray. This whole Epistle to the Galatians, from which I read this morning, is an earnest protest against the attitude of the old orthodox church in Jerusalem and a defence of his own course. Read it in the light of that thought.

Paul says to his converts, Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has set us free, and be not entangled again with the old yoke of bondage from which you have escaped. Those of you who pay attention any more to the rudiments of the old religion in which you were born are false to the new religion, the higher and better thought that has come to this particular time through the teaching and ministry of the Christ.

That was the attitude of Paul, the great heretic, the great radical leader of his time. That is what he meant by keeping the faith. He freed the faith from its accretions, from the things that had clustered around it, which were no part of it, and so fitted it to go forth on a new and grander era of conquest and deliverance.

I want you to note with me now a similar fact concern-

ing two or three other of the crisis epochs in the history of the religious life of the world. Suppose we go back to the time of the temple of Solomon, among the Hebrews. There were two classes of religious people at that time. There were the priests, the Levites, those who served the temple, those who protected and extended and defended the ritual service; and then outside these were the prophets. Those who called themselves the conservatives were the priests, those who ministered to the established order of the religious life of the time. Those who were the real conservatives in the light of our knowledge to-day were the prophets.

But what were the prophets as judged by the people of their time? They were heretics again, they were radicals: they protested against this exclusive devotion to the established religion. They represented God as saying: You are consecrating yourselves to the temple worship, to the sacrifices, to the altar, to the ritual; and I am weary of all these things. What I want is a religion of the heart. Wash you, make you clean. To do right, to be just, to be tender, to be true,—this is the religion I care for, and not this of outward form and service.

And the old religion in course of time, the old forms, passed away; and it is the religion of the prophets, the forelooking, anticipating religion, which dominated the after-time, and which proved itself the true conservator of the real religious life of the world.

Come up the ages, and take an illustration from what is comparatively a modern time. Go back until you reach the time of the Reformation under Luther and Calvin. What attitude did they hold towards the religious thought of their age? They stand indeed to us as types of extreme reaction and conservatism; but, again, Savonarola, Huss, Wyclif, Luther, Calvin, and their coworkers were the arch heretics, the out-and-out radicals of their century.

They turned their backs on the old. They fought

against it as standing in the way of the new and higher life in which they believed. They fought against the old order. They did what they could to free people from the bondage of the olden time, and stood looking with their faces towards the coming. What attitude did they really hold in the evolution of the religious life of the world? They were the real conservatives. They freed religion from that which threatened its life, and started it out on a new career of conquest.

Now let us look for a moment at the great typical example of all the ages. Go back to the first century. What was Jesus? People sometimes say: Is not your father's religion good enough for you? Is not your mother's religion good enough for you? Suppose it had been good enough for the great leaders at the different epochs of the world's advance. That advance never would have taken place; and the world to-day would be back in the jungle, in the periods of barbarism from which these real conservatives of the religious life of the world have set us free.

What was Jesus? Jesus was the arch heretic, the great radical leader of his age. Hardly one single point in the old religion concerning which he did not differ from the leaders of his time. They believed you must worship in Jerusalem, in the temple. He said, You can worship God anywhere. They said, You must bring sacrifices. He did not say anything against the sacrifices; but he said these were less important; that the one great thing was the attitude of the heart, the relation in which people stood to God and their fellow-men. They said, You must keep the Sabbath. Jesus said, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; and, whenever any human need conflicts with the Sabbath, the Sabbath must give way, and the need must be regarded as supreme.

And so he taught a religion of the heart. They said, You must go through the Mosaic ritual. He said, Here are you who go through the Mosaic ritual; and you

are untrue to the claims that your father and mother, your friends and neighbors have on you, and you are wrong. It is love, tenderness, truth, that is important. Giving a cup of cold water is more than sacrifice. Feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, comforting those in trouble, this is what religion means.

This was the attitude of Jesus in his age; and so again, as I said, holding this attitude, he was the great heretic and radical of his century. And yet was he not at the same time the true conservative? Did he not preserve and guard that which was deep and high, that which was essential in the religious thought and life of the world? and did he not, by setting religion free, give it more power over the hearts and lives of men?

It has always seemed to me very strange that people can see so little way beneath the surface. This earth is young yet. Humanity is only beginning to be partially civilized here and there. Instead of its being afternoon, towards the sunset of the world's civilization, I rather believe that the sun is hardly up as yet: it is early morning. By and by the world will be developed and educated into a comprehension of these principles, and will not play over and over again the farce tragedy which has so often disgraced the progress of civilization.

Let us take an illustration of what I mean from another department of human life than the religious. People feel that government is of great importance. It means social order, individual protection, individual rights, individual opportunity. And so they value it; and they are right in this. But for centuries—indeed, in certain parts of the world we are not beyond that yet—men identified the idea of government with the divine right of kings; and they said, If you attack the doctrine of the divine right of kings, you are attacking society, you are going to overthrow the government, you are an enemy of your race.

Again, people have said, We cannot have a conservative social order without a nobility. So they have identified this progressive order with the preservation of the nobility. I suppose in England to-day, if a popular movement were started to take away the rights of the nobles, the majority of Englishmen would feel that the social order itself was threatened.

And yet here in this country we have a government without any doctrine of the divine right, without any king, without any nobles, without any of those things which for thousands of years were looked upon as absolutely essential to the preservation of government at all; and we are reaching a point where the philosophic anarchist is able to say that government is a matter that pertains to the thought and habits and feelings of the people, and that, the more people are developed, the less government they need, and that we may look forward to the time when government itself may pass away, so far as any external machinery is concerned, and the world take care of itself, because government has become an inner thing of the thought and heart.

It is government, it is order, that is important, not the machinery that is supposed to preserve it; and, if you can have the government, then the less machinery the better.

And the same thing is true in regard to religion. It is religion that is important and that we wish to preserve; but, over and over again in the history of the world, people have identified religion with some mere accompaniment of it, and so have prepared the world for disaster and devastation. Nearly all the tragedies that have come in the development of the religious life of the world can be understood only by a reference to this principle.

Let me give you a few illustrations, so as to make the matter perfectly clear. In the early history of the world the cult, the ceremony, the forms, were considered the

essential thing. What the people's character might be was of slight importance if they only maintained the external order. And they placed such an emphasis on this that, when by and by men who looked towards the future questioned the importance of this, and proposed to do away with some of these things, society was ready to turn and rend them.

And right in here have been some of the saddest martyrdoms of history. Anaxagoras in ancient Athens was sentenced to death—for what? Because he dared to speculate, anticipate modern science by supposing that the sun might be a globe of fire. Socrates was compelled to drink the hemlock,—why? Because he questioned some of the external forms and rites and rituals of his country's religion, and taught that it was a matter of conduct, of heart.

And what was the result? By and by the people lost faith in Olympus, lost faith in their country's gods; and a wide-spread, devastating unbelief spread all over the ancient world. The external religion on which they had relied, and which they had identified with religion itself, could not endure; and the people thought that religion itself was dead; and there was a long period of devastation, of sorrow, of heartache, of wandering, of unbelief, before they could recover themselves from the results of that needless disaster.

That man is not a friend of religion who identifies it with anything that is open to intellectual attack, anything that may be shown to have a weak and insecure foundation.

There are thousands and thousands of people to-day in the world who think that religion depends upon belief in an infallible institution, an organization; but it takes only a little careful historical inquiry to find that there is no infallible institution on the face of the earth. The one that claims to be to-day has committed itself over

and over and over in the past to positions which we know now were not true. It has made mistake after mistake, as well as been cruel and tyrannous. Its hands are bloody, and it cannot endure the impeachment which is made in the light of the intelligence of the modern world.

And this is being discovered in Spain, in Italy, in different countries in Europe, in this country; and thousands of those who have been its adherents and who have been taught to identify religion with this organization are losing faith in God, losing faith in the fundamental ideas of morality, losing faith in the future, because, as I said, they have been taught to identify these things with that which cannot bear investigation.

Let me illustrate the same thing in one other direction. There are thousands of people who have been accustomed for the last two or three hundred years to believe that the security of religion depended upon the infallibility of a book; and we have been told over and over again that the men who questioned about the Book—as to who wrote it, as to when it was written, as to where, as to whether it was historically and scientifically accurate—were enemies of God, that they were enemies of religion.

But we know now perfectly well that there is no infallible book in the world; and we must find some other basis for our religious belief and life.

There is one other point I would note in connection with this, and then draw the one conclusion from them both. There are thousands of people in all the churches who have been taught to identify the reality of religion with the infallibility of a creed, whether that creed be the Nicene, the Athanasian, the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Confession, or what not. The people have been taught that, if they questioned this creed, they were injuring religion.

Now no man in the world has greater respect for

a creed than I. These creeds, when they were formed, were white-hot and molten. They were the heart and brain convictions of earnest men. They were run into these moulds of sentence and phrase and word according to the best light of some of the noblest men that ever lived, the best light of the age in which they were framed.

But the mistake has been in supposing that the world had got through, that there was to be no more growth, no more learning, no more light coming out of God's heaven for the guidance of men. And by and by they found that these creeds were outgrown, that they no longer represented the truth of the time.

And what has been the result? I was talking with one of the best-known clergymen in this country the other night, still in the orthodox church; and he agreed with me when I said that one of the greatest troubles in the modern world is right here. Thousands and thousands of people have been taught to identify religion with certain theological beliefs. The churches have taught this, the ministers have preached it, the reviews and newspapers have argued for it; and the people have taken these teachers at their word, and they have found out that the creeds were not true, that the Bible was not infallible, that these positions were not sound.

And the result is what? They have lost all faith in religion, lost belief in God, lost hope for the future,—the inevitable natural result of identifying religion with something which can be intellectually attacked and outgrown.

Here is one of the great difficulties of the world. This stream of human advance must go on. If men obstruct, if they dam this great current, and keep it back for a while, what is the result? By and by the pressure of waters from above gets too great, and everything gives way: the country is flooded and devastated, the fields are destroyed, and homes are swept away.

Those who care for human life will keep the stream open, unobstructed, and guide its flow. The true friends, then, of religion, the conservators of religion, are the ones who do not identify it with anything which the progress of human civilization may antiquate or leave behind.

I wish now to outline for you in what time remains to me the main position of the liberal religious men of the time, so that you may see that they, as I really believe, are the conservators of the religious life of the world.

When God created this solar system of ours, he did not say, In order to keep the planets in their places, I must fence them in or build a wall around them. What did he do? He placed a great luminous orb at the centre, and trusted to its power of attraction to keep all the various planets and asteroids swinging and singing around it in their appropriate order, free, and bound only by the natural laws of such an attraction.

That is the attitude of the liberal religious world. We hold what? We hold first that religion is not a theory, is not an institution, is not a ritual, is not a sacrament, is not a book.

We have no objection to any of these, rightly used; but we hold that religion is primarily the life. It is the life of the soul, lived in free and loving relation with God and with our fellow-men. Religion is life, it is love, tenderness, worship, aspiration, reverence, service, hope; and all the external affairs of the religious life are good, if they help the life. If they hinder it, they are not good. If they stand in the way of its enlargement, its growth, they should be swept out of the way. If they are identified with it, they only lead to disaster. If they are substituted for it, they destroy religion itself.

So the liberals of the world hold that religion is first, and above all things, the life. What do they hold about God? They do not believe that he spoke to somebody

two thousand years ago, left it as a tradition in the keeping of a church, or had it written down in a book. They do not hold that idea. They believe that God is alive to-day; that he can be seen to-day by the pure in heart; that he can be heard to-day by those whose spiritual ears are sensitive and attent; that he comes into personal relation with all true and noble souls to-day; that he is the guiding, helpful Father of men now just as much as he was in Galilee two thousand years ago.

And just as some spots are sacred in the memory of men because they are associated with some grand religious thought of the time, just so the spot where we meet God now is sacred,—as sacred as the holy sepulchre, as sacred as the holy hill, as sacred as spots that were trodden by the weary feet of the Nazarene.

God is alive now, and talking now, and leading now, and loving now, and helping now. That is the position of the liberal in religion.

And what about Jesus? It is the real historical Jesus the liberal cares for. He is not specially interested in trying to find out just what was the internal constitution of his nature, just what was his relation to God. We care for the man who walked wearily among his fellows, who went about doing good, who loved and who helped.

We do not believe any longer that we must hold our faith in Jesus on the basis of the story that he wrought miracles. Even in the orthodox church there is a right-about-face as to this position. People who find they can still believe in the miracles believe in them because they believe in Jesus. They do not believe in Jesus any longer because they believe in the miracles. The miracles are a burden for Jesus to carry. Many they have dropped entirely. They do not believe in Jesus any longer on account of a written record about him, and because this record is claimed to be infallible.

It is the real human Jesus who is the power in the religious life of to-day.

And then, once more, the liberals believe in a larger and grander kind of revelation than has been held in the past. It would not trouble us to have any part of this Book impeached or disproved. The things that are true in the Book we gladly accept as a part of divine revelation; but all truth is a part of divine revelation; and we believe that this real word of God is being written to-day just as fast and as far as anywhere we discover something that is true, something we can prove to be true. Just so far are we writing down a sentence of God's revelation.

There is work being done on this book of God in Africa, in India, in China, in the isles of the sea, in Europe, in America. Astronomers, geologists, chemists, are at work at it, as well as preachers and philosophers and religious students and thinkers. All earnest people who are finding God's truth are at work writing down God's revelation. And this revelation grows year by year, and is coming to be more and more the one practical guide for the life of man.

Do you not see, then, that it is the liberal who believes that religion does not depend upon any claimed fact in the past, or any institution, or any ritual, or any book, but who believes that it inheres forever in the internal and universal relation between the soul of man and God,—that it is he who is the conservative, the preserver of the religious life and faith and hope of the world?

It is a very striking fact—and I call your attention to it now at the close—that every one of the great religious names of the world who are looked upon to-day as the defenders of the faith, as the leaders of the religious life of man,—every single one of them was a heretic in his own age.

And why? Because they believed in the future. They were ahead of their time. They stood facing the coming. And so it is true as Lowell has written it down in those wonderful words in his poem "The Present Crisis":—

" By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts hath
burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven up-
turned."

Father, we thank Thee, that we not only find Thee in the past, but that Thou art here in the present. We thank Thee that, as we look forward, Thou art the star of guidance and the inspiration of leadership. We thank Thee that, trusting Thee and taking Thee by the hand, we may start out on new ways towards the finer and better things that are to be. Amen.



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“THE SON OF MAN.”

“Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Josés, and of Judá and Simon?” — MARK vi. 3.

I LOVE to note the worth of these words, “the Son of Man,” that fall so often from the lips of Jesus, and are familiar to him as his life, and then to ask, What better reason can be given for their familiar use than this,— that he was one with our human family, one and indivisible, and was never looking *down* on us from the awful eminence of the Godhead, but was looking right *at* us with purely human eyes, and holding us in his strong and tender human heart? This Son of Man who, as Jeremy Taylor, the good bishop, says, “had a stable for his chamber and a manger for his cradle, and was cold and hungry and unprovided for when he came to be one with us.”

I love to ask, also, if we weigh at their real worth the years which lie between his infancy and manhood until he went forth on his divine mission,—the years of preparation, the most momentous in a sound and true human life,—and then to ask again whether we may not find some clew to the man in these years of preparation for the work his Father and our Father had given him to do, while in the home, the workshop, and the commune his life was blended through and through with that of his human kind; for a fine thinker says, “The childhood is happy which has furnished few records, but has been made happy by early thoughtfulness and by great ideas of his origin and destination, which settle with a dome-like brooding upon the mind of childhood more than

upon our mature life,—the childhood which has expressed itself not in distinct records, but rather in deep affections and in abiding love.”

Still, the Gospels do hold one record of the earlier years in the time when he went up to Jerusalem with his father and mother, being then twelve years of age. Here, I think, we find the child and the boy who had been brooding over the great ideas of his origin and destination, troubling his simple old father with the questions for which he would fain find the answer, so that the old man must have said to him in sheer despair, and, it may be, with a touch of temper, “My son, these are questions I cannot answer; but we shall go up to the holy city to the feast when the time comes, where the wise men are who can answer them, no doubt. So you must wait until we find them in the temple.”

So they went up to the city; and the old father forgot his promise, but not the boy. They had lost him; and “it came to pass that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the wise men, hearing and asking them questions, and all that heard him were astonished at his questions and answers”; and, when his mother said, “My son, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing,” he said unto them, “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?” Was it of the old man and his promise he was speaking, or the Father in heaven, or a blending of both? We cannot tell. And were they amazed — those wise men — at his questions and answers? Well they might be. amazed. Here was the child who was haunted by the great ideas of his origin and destination; and here were the masters learned in the traditions of the elders, that we may liken to the flowers we press and treasure, while this young soul brought to them the bloom and beauty of the springtide borne by the breath of God.

This is the sole record in the Gospels of his youth time.

Then some eighteen years come and go before we find him again, when he leaves the carpenter's workshop to enter on the holy mission,— years in which there is no word or whisper of what he has *said*, but a clear record of what he has *done*, in these words: "When the Sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue; and many, hearing him, were astonished, saying, Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" While you may remember the tradition I cited from one of the early fathers, that he worked with his father as a carpenter and builder and at making ox-yokes and ploughs.

And these are by no means lost years, when you trace them by the light of his discourses and parables, full as they are of pictures drawn from the life which was blended through and through with his own, while he must work for his bread,— take the stroke oar when his old father was past work, and for the household when he had passed away.

So it is the master-builder who tells us of the man who built his house on the rock that stood safe and sure when the house built on the sand went shuddering down in the storm,— a picture so vivid that my dear Father Furness told me, when he heard Dr. Channing read the passage at the close of the Sermon on the Mount, he saw the wreck going down on the water-floods, and trembled.

Did he know the secret of wise building, this son of man, as Adam Bede would know it in the noble story? He also knew the secret of good ploughing and sowing and of all that was done in the quiet green lands, just as you do who were raised on the farms, and for the same reason,— that all this was blended with his life on the land. And he has seen his mother make the bread times past remembering, when in the home she would dole out so carefully the three measures of meal, where waste meant want, as I would watch my mother in the old time put in so much leaven, no less and no more; and his father store

the vintage, when the grapes were ripe, careful not to put the new wine in the old frail leathern bottles, lest they should burst, as it may be they had in some former year, and the wine be lost. He had seen the shepherd go after the sheep that was lost, full of concern, and bring it home on his shoulders with a joy in which the neighbors and friends must share; and the poor housemother sweep the earthen floor to find her lost piece of silver,—not your big round disc of a dollar, but some small, thin sixpence.

The Gospels are replete with these human pictures that tell the story of the unrecorded years. They are as natural as the turn of your hand and as true, because he was the Son of Man by his birth and upbringing, and must learn in this simple human fashion what he poured out of his heart in the matchless discourses and parables through the pregnant three years,—the years of preparation through which dear to him, among all the sons of men, would be the shining of the sun and the fair and sweet succession of the seasons, dear the sound of human voices and the clasp of human hands, dear the homes all about him and the children playing about the doors; the mothers within doors, busy about their work, with the men in the fields and workshops earning the daily bread; the sunlight rippling over the waters, and the boatmen coming home with the fare of fish; the wild lilies in the meadows; the wheat springing forth, growing to ripeness in the full time, and swaying ready for the harvest in the soft summer air; while the birds sweep through the azure, and alight to sing their song to the Son of Man, so human and therefore so divine.

Once more, when I glance at what we may call his limitations, as these lie in his life and upbringing, I have to note how he never estrays from the small world, fenced in and held apart from the world outside, and conclude that this world, so rich in history, in letters, and in art, had no

part or lot in his education and training in the home, the school, or the synagogue.

His knowledge of this kind is always drawn from the sacred books of his own nation,—their history, biography, law, prophets, and psalms, with no trace of what we have come to call the higher criticism, beyond his stern condemnation of the tradition of the elders. There is no word in his discourses that I remember which holds the suggestion that, if he could read, he had ever read any other books than the Scriptures to the end of his life.

And, again, I have to notice in pure reverence what we may call the limitation of his sympathy for the life outside his church and nation, when he left the carpenter's bench and went forth on his divine errand,—this Son of Man who must rise to the eminence of the Christ we love. He must still be within these lines when he said to the woman of Samaria, when he sat by the well, "Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews"; but already, I think, the vision of his large free gospel has caught his heart when he says to her, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in the spirit and in truth"; and still within the lines when he said to the woman who also stood outside the pale, the mother who begs him to have mercy on her for her child's sake, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it to the dogs." But, when she cries in her mother agony of love, "Yea, Lord, yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs," then the barriers are burned, as my faith stands, once and forever; and he says to her, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." And the child was healed. The time had come to him then which comes to all the great leaders, reformers, and Immanuels in the kingdom of heaven on the earth, when the Son of Man must break through the barriers or outgrow them, as Paul outgrew them, and Wyclif, Luther, and Latimer,

Wesley, Channing, and Parker, with more besides than I can name, and rise to the eminence of the elected sons of God.

So I love to believe it was after this new birth that he tells the story of the good Samaritan; and, when his disciples would have him call down fire from heaven because, as they passed through Samaria, they found no welcome, he answered: "Ye know not of what spirit ye are. I have not come to destroy, but to fulfil, not to destroy life, but to save; and he that is not against us is for us."

And, again, when I am bidden to believe that he was not only the Son of Man, but also "very God of very God," I want to answer: Then, for this reason, if what you say is true, he must have held in his nature the precious secrets of help and healing through which we are now tided over the direst agonies that can smite us, and can meet the shocks they bring with a steadfast heart. And we can think of no agony he ever stayed, or hurt he ever healed, so fearful as that he must himself have endured as the Son of Man, with that tender and pitiful heart so purely human, if, knowing all we know now, and doing what they do who are working the miracles of help and healing in our homes and hospitals, he was helpless to reveal them.

The thing is not to be imagined. The secrets of the ages which are solved by Heaven's blessing and our human striving, these we must leave with the eternal Providence; but, given this tender, pitiful, human heart, true to the last beat on the cross to our suffering human kind, then we know what we may surely look for in the Son of Man. The humanity locks in with the responsibility; and so you may tell me my Christ knew all these secrets as very God of very God, but must not reveal them. Then I cannot give him reverence or love. All he knew he told us. All he could do was done,—all the help, all the healing, all the heartening, and then his

own life on the cross, when it pleased Him in whom all fulness dwells to make him perfect through suffering.

And once more, believing as we do in his pure and proper humanity as the son of Joseph and Mary, we should be at no loss to understand the perfect fitness of this term as we find it in the Gospels from his own lips and from the lips of his friends and followers, always true to the same human chord through the perpetual variations,—the Son of Man who would reach downward to the lowest, that he might help them upward by one step, if no more, toward the highest on earth as the first toward heaven also.

He will not be called "good master," lest this, as it seems to me, should exalt him too high, and make him more than the Son of Man and the human brother of some poor creature who might be saying: I can never be good: it is no use trying. I will be what I am, and who held his life in perpetual peril from those who counted themselves the pattern of all goodness, so that he might come the nearer to those who were outcast, the publicans and sinners they held in perpetual scorn and contempt. Therefore, the publican touches him with a deeper and sweeter concern than the high priest in the most holy place, and the Magdalene than the maid or matron safeguarded by the sanctities of the home and temple, sweet and good by birthright.

He seems to be saying to these lost ones: God help you! There must have been something sadly out of true in your birth or your fortune, something most precious you have lost or never found, before you could come to this *via mala* in which you are wandering; and I must seek and save that which was lost, for you also are the children of our Father in heaven.

It is all human, this divine concern to his human heart, and therefore most God-like; and the thinnest veil never falls to hide them from the human sympathy and succor. The one lost sheep is more to him than the ninety-and-nine

safe in the fold, nor will he allow the poor waif to be driven home over the thorns and briers. He will have the good shepherd bring it home on his shoulders, rejoicing, and saying, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost"; while this joy, he tells us, is only the earthward echo and intimation of the joy in heaven over these lost ones he would save.

And now may I say to those who wonder why we cleave to this Son of Man and his pure humanity: We have no option. The reasons I have tried to touch are to me self-evident as others are on which I cannot dwell. A great saint of the old time says we need a revelation of the true man, or we can never have a revelation of the true God; and Jesus meets the demand and the need. So we cling to his humanity as the first grand truth we must accept. And, to my own faith in him, we want the limitations I have touched for the true starting-point—and the evolution, shall I say, from these limitations—as surely as we want the divine perfection into which he grew in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, because, if he was quite other than I am, than you are, the one singular and separate person in our human family, I should be compelled to believe that his life cannot be one and the same with yours and mine, either in its temptations or its victories, if we have any to our name.

But, if, indeed, he was human as we are, this strong Son of Man and Son of God, and must face the same questions and the same trials of our existence on his way through the world, then he draws us to him by the cords of a man,—wept by graves as we do, shrank back from the shadows as we do, and the agony when we also cry, "Let this cup pass from me," or, with a still deeper pathos, "Let it pass from *mine*," and doubted as we do in some dire moments, crying in our heart, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me!" but through all these fires of human suffering won his way to the throne to which

he has been lifted,—then I want just this divine leader and captain, this Son of Man, as the way, the truth, and the life for me; and in the measure of my own manhood will be my loyalty to him who was first of all so human, and through his humanity became so divine, and who

“ Because he loves us so,
Because he was most noble and a king,
Can well prevail against our fears, and fling
His purple round us, till our hearts do cling
So close against his heart as not to know
How weak we are alone.”

We want him to help us meet these shocks and surprises that seem sometimes to shake the throne of the eternal God,— these storms and earthquakes, these fearful volcanic fatalities, these pestilences that still walk in darkness, these arrows that fly at noonday on land and sea, these things that slip in between our very prayers and set a question-mark against Milton's cry,—

“ I will assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.”

I want my Son of Man who did not know what these question-marks mean, who never made one, and who said to the listeners what he says to me, “Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the will of your Father,”— the Son of Man and the Son of God who fought his battle with the powers of darkness, death, and long despair, and won the day out of the mirk midnight,— I want him to be my leader and the captain of my salvation from my very self, that the worst may become the best.

Is this hunger in me to grow into the likeness of the Son of God in all things? I want to be sure that my own loyalty to what is most human is the first step to whatever is most divine. Do I want also to be a son of God? I must first be a true son of my human family in my home, my church, my nation, and in the great wide world.

My dear friend James Freeman Clarke told me once that, when he was preaching in a Western city on our faith as it lies in the truth of the one God, our Father, he said to those who were persuaded that the doctrine of the Trinity was alone true, "You say your God dies," when a very eminent man cried suddenly, "That is false"; and then Dr. Clarke told me he took up the book from which they had been singing, and said to the gentleman, "Will you kindly read this verse,—

'Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.'

The man was astonished, and said, "I never noticed that in our hymn-book, and do not believe it"; and not long after he became a member of the infant church.

This is Jesus, "the most exalted religious genius," a fine thinker says, "God ever sent upon the earth, humanity in its divinest revelation."

And now, when I ask where lay the secret of the power and grace through which he became the divinest man who was also the most human, this is the answer, that he rested utterly and without debate in the Fatherhood of God, and, as I heard a good Presbyterian say a few years ago in a sermon, the Motherhood of God, also.

So the Gospels tell us that he said, "I and my Father are one," not in equality, as we must understand him, but in identity, and "The words I speak unto you I speak not of myself, but the Father which sent me," and "All things which I have heard of my Father declare I unto you." These, with more I need not cite, are the words he said touching the central secret of his power and grace. Human as we are in his nature and life, bound as we are, I say, to bear our burdens, to face our sorrows, to find his way through the temptations which come to us all,

and to be aware that the heavens, radiant with glory yesterday, were black to-day as a starless night, when death drew near on those dreadful wings, and he feared for the moment God had forsaken him, never for a moment thinking he could forsake God, I want to take his secret to my heart, and be one with him, because this world is mine, also, and I love him and would follow him, the Messiah of God, all the more and forevermore because he *was* the carpenter, a man of the people, and a democrat, the noblest to me the world has ever seen, standing by the people and for the people from the workshop to the cross,— the Son of Man who hated the tyrants and the tyranny, the bigots and the bigotry, and held in his heart the most tender concern for those who did not weigh well in this world's ruthless scales, who had not even the one talent to their share, but only some very vulgar fraction, while some strong hand or cunning stole the worth of that poor chance. Men like these and women who had lost their way, or, it may be, God help them, had never found it,— the dreadful brand was burnt on them when they lay in their cradle,— he durst look into their eyes. He pitied them, but could not despise. It may be I cannot quite do this. I am not man enough. I take his ensample to my heart, and then I would try. He gives me heart to seek and to save that which was lost, to see some gleam from God in the most hapless, most hopeless, and, to my poor seeing, the most utterly depraved. And I need him, finally, because he saw right into the heart of heaven through his own divine heart. This was no surmise to him, any more than was the shining of the sun, but the most sacred and impregnable truth he could tell us after the eternal love of God, our Father. And there are moments when I may doubt and fear, when the shadows fall heavy about my life. Then I listen to his voice, so full of good cheer, so full of faith in the "immortal life in never-failing worlds, for mortal creatures

conquered and secured," and the shadows flee away, the springs of faith flow again, the withered hand is restored. He is the sacred seer for me of this immortal life. I ask no questions. I trust in the great divine seer. I rest where he rested, and am one with him as he was who sang, — sang this sweet rustic strain: —

"Isn't this Joseph's son? — Ay, it is he,
 Joseph the carpenter, same trade as me.
 I thought as I'd find it, I knew it was here;
 But my sight's getting queer.
 I don't know right where his shed must 'a' stood;
 But often, as I've been a-planing my wood,
 I've took off my hat, just with thinking of He
 At the same work as me.
 He wasn't that set up that he couldn't stoop down
 And work in the country for folks in the town.
 And I'll warrant He felt a bit proud like I've done
 At a good job begun.
 The parson he knows that I'll not make too free.
 But on Sunday I feel as pleased as can be
 When I wears my clean smock and sits in a pew,
 And has thoughts not a few
 I think of,— as how the parson hissen,
 As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,
 Not *he* knows as much as the Lord in that shed
 Where he earned his own bread.
 So I comes right away by myself with the book,
 And I turns the old pages and has a good look
 For the text as I've found, where He tells me as He
 Were the same trade as me.
 Why don't I mark it? Ah, many says so,
 But I think I'd as lief with your leave let it go:
 It do seem that nice when I falls on it sudden,
 Unexpected, you know."

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IX. The Originality of Jesus

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THE ORIGINALITY OF JESUS.

My text you may find in the seventh chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth verses: "And it came to pass, when Jesus ended these words, the multitudes were astonished at his teaching: for he taught them as one having authority, and not as their scribes."

From the point of view of the old orthodoxy, our present subject would have no relevancy. According to that, it is of no special consequence as to whether Jesus taught anything new, as to whether he made any remarkable intellectual or even moral contribution to the thought or the life of the world; for he did not come into the world to teach, primarily. He came to suffer and to die. He came to be a sacrifice, so that he might fulfil some great exigency, and be the means of saving souls from eternal punishment in the next world. That has been the predominant teaching, as you are well aware.

There has, however, been no consensus of opinion during the last eighteen or nineteen hundred years as to the special meaning of this suffering and death. For a long time in the early Church it was believed that, through the fall of man, all souls had come to be the lawful subjects of Satan; that they were his; that he was their king, and had a right to dispose of them as he would. It was supposed, therefore, that Jesus suffered and died that he might purchase a certain number of human souls from the authority of the evil one, and bring them under his own kingship, redeem and save them.

Though not taught clearly anywhere in the Bible, it was traditionally held that Jesus had been the great

rival of Satan in heaven before the world was created, and that it was through the agency of Jesus that he and his followers had been cast out. The enmity, then, of Satan was special and peculiar against him; and he was willing to accept his sufferings and death as a price for the redemption of a certain number of human souls. This for a long time was supposed to be the meaning of the sufferings and the death of the Nazarene.

At a later time it was believed that there was some sort of exigency in the government of God that needed to be met in this way. Law had been broken. The authority of law must be maintained. Somebody must suffer. Jesus comes forward as a voluntary victim, suffers in the stead of men, and so meets this great governmental difficulty, and enables God to be just and at the same time the justifier of those that believe in Jesus. This was another theory.

Another was that Jesus was an expiation, that he suffered to appease the wrath of the Almighty, to deliver men from God's anger.

Still another, which has been very popular until within the last century, and is in many quarters still, has been called the substitution theory. Jesus' sufferings and death were substituted for the sufferings and the death of men; and those who believed on him could have so much as was necessary of the pain of Christ credited, so to speak, to them, transferred to their account, and so they go free.

The most popular theory at present in those orthodoxies which are being touched by the spirit of the modern world is what has come to be called the moral view of the atonement. Its most distinguished champion was Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford. According to this, Satan has nothing to do with it. It is not to appease God's anger, it is not to meet any governmental exigency, it is not for any of these old reasons; but Jesus comes into

the world willing to suffer and die, and so manifest to men the eternal and changeless love of the Father. And by this manifestation he is supposed to win men away from their sin and their rebellion, and bring them back in loving loyalty to the government of the Father.

These modern views would consist to a certain extent with a discussion as to the question of the originality of Jesus. The older views, as I have said, would not. There is a great change passing over all the different branches of the Church at the present time: even those that are hardly conscious of it are feeling it. To see how thoroughly humanitarian, how like our own, are some of the utterances to be found, I have brought with me this morning an editorial which I cut from a copy of the *Sun* the other day. I trust to the accuracy of its report as to what certain prominent men have said.

There was a large meeting at Stanford University in California just a little while ago, under the management of our old New York friend, Dr. Heber Newton, who is now the minister of the chapel at Stanford. He is represented on this occasion as having said that Christianity is not exclusive, but inclusive, of all religions, and as holding that all men who are true and fine and noble anywhere on the face of the earth are complying with the essential things which are necessary for one to become a Christian.

A few days ago in this city, speaking, I believe, to a Sunday night audience at Cooper Union, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott is reported to have said that a Catholic or a Protestant, a Jew or a Christian, so long as he does justly, loves mercy, and walks humbly with God, will be sure to be saved.

You see, according to this, any man anywhere in the world who loves God, walks humbly before him, and tries to do justly, is a Christian.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of the Madison Square Presby-

terian Church, is reported to have said that a Christian is simply a pure, honest, unselfish man. The writer of this article goes on to say that, if that is true, then a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, a Confucian, or an atheist, may be a Christian.

I speak of these as indicating the broader drift of thought in those churches that do not take the name of Liberal.

On the contrary, to show that these men are not having it all their own way, Bishop Huntington, of the Episcopal Church, has recently preached, reasserting the old doctrines of eternal hell and claiming that they are taught by the words and maintained by the authority of Jesus. And Captain A. T. Mahan, in addressing the Church Club a few days ago, thought that the churches were departing from their original, essential purpose by becoming so thoroughly humanitarian. The great thing, he said, which they were in existence for was to save souls, to bring individual souls to be laid as a sacrifice at the foot of him who came into the world to suffer and die to save them. I am not, of course, now quoting his words. I am only trying to represent the position which he took.

I have a good deal of sympathy with a certain aspect of his teaching. I think myself that, while humanitarianism in its practical sense as helping people in this world, is one of the magnificent fruits of Christianity, and ought to be one of the grandest activities of every Christian church, yet the church does exist primarily for something deeper and higher than that. That something else is the root, however much of the flower and fruitage of human service the tree may produce when the root is properly fed and cultivated.

Of course, those who are taking the broader and more humane outlook over the world are intensely interested in the practical question which I bring before you this

morning,—the originality of Jesus. Did he come into the world merely to suffer and die, and is it of no consequence what he contributed in the way of thinking or living to our life here, or are we right when we believe that he died under the influence of the same natural law which has been illustrated in the martyrdoms of all true and noble men who have devoted themselves to truth and the higher life of the world? Believing that, we are ready to raise the question as to what Jesus taught and gave the world which was peculiar to himself.

In the first place, I shall glance negatively at two or three matters which are sometimes thought of as special contributions of Jesus, but which can be traced far back of his time. The method of Jesus' teaching, the method of his living,—these were not new. It was common in Oriental lands for a man to gather a group of friends or disciples unto him, to travel from place to place, to depend for support upon the sympathy and kindness of friends by the way, to teach his doctrines sitting upon the edge of a well, or in a boat by the lake border, or on the side of a mountain, or passing along the country roads,—wherever he found some one interested and caring.

Neither was the method of teaching by parable, which is so conspicuous in the life of Jesus, peculiar to him. Gautama, the Buddha, taught by parable five hundred years before his time.

The great saying of Jesus as to that which is the central idea of the law was not original with him. Frequently people are found who suppose that he was the first one who said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy strength: this is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

I say, I think it is quite commonly supposed that Jesus was the first one to give utterance to this sublime condensation of the meaning of the law. A few years before Jesus was born, however, there were two great teachers in Jerusalem. One was Gamaliel, who afterwards was the master of Paul, at whose feet he sat and learned the law. He believed in and laid great stress upon the traditions as well as the actual teachings of the Mosaic law.

There was at the same time another teacher, by the name of Hillel, who was more like Jesus himself, caring less for form, ritual, concentrating his thought on those things which he deemed essential.

The story goes that a visitor in Jerusalem, on a certain occasion, went to Gamaliel and asked him if he could teach him the whole law while he stood on one foot. Gamaliel was indignant at what he regarded as a preposterous request, and turned the stranger from his door. Then he went over to the school of Hillel, and asked the master there the same question. Hillel replied: "Certainly, nothing is easier. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself. This," he added, "is the whole law: all the rest is mere commentary."

So you see that this grand truth was not original, in the ordinary sense of the word, with Jesus. Neither was Jesus the first one who said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." I know a great many Hebrews who think that the Christian world has misrepresented them in saying that they taught, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy." Whatever may have been the predominant feeling of the ancient world, this is not true. It is indeed true that, until a comparatively modern time, it has been considered a virtue to hate beyond the limits of your own neighborhood, your own family, or, at any rate, your own people or race.

Plato could commend an Athenian because he hated Sparta; and, even as late as the time of the naval hero Nelson, in England it was regarded as the prime virtue of an Englishman that he hated a Frenchman as he did the evil one.

So it is true that this divided state of mind has been a common one, not only in the ancient world, but in the modern; and yet I love to remember that, away back in the time when the Book of Leviticus was written (you will find it in the nineteenth chapter and thirty-fourth verse), there was a command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor,"—love him as thyself.

One other point negatively: neither was Jesus the author of the Golden Rule. Sometimes we say that sums up and contains in itself the essence of Christianity. In one sense this is true; and yet, hundreds of years before Jesus, Confucius taught it. When some one asked him if there was any one word in which he could convey the great lesson of life, he said, Is not "reciprocity" such a word? What you would not have anybody do to you, do not you do to them. In many parts of the world substantially the same teaching can be found. And yet do not understand me as meaning that anything is to be taken away from the glory, the power, the beauty of Jesus, either as to his teaching, his character, or his influence. Is it not true that all the great men of the world have summed up in themselves all the attainments of humanity up to their time, and then have taken some grand step forward, so that the world has been greater for their having lived in it than it ever was before? There were evolutionists before Darwin and Spencer. To those two men, and to Spencer first, we owe the great modern movement which is revolutionizing human thought; but others caught glimpses of the same idea, such men as Geoffry St. Hilaire, Goethe, Swedenborg and Erasmus Darwin. What Darwin and

Spencer did was to put their fingers on true, real causes which were at work bringing about these transitions and transformations. That was their glory.

So it is never derogatory to Jesus that there may have been glimpses and gleams here and there of the morning of religious civilization, which he at last ushered in with such glory, such brightness, and such power.

I ask you now to notice with me a few specific things which Jesus has contributed to the life of the world. And, first, he has put new and deeper and higher and finer and sweeter meaning into a belief which in some form existed before,—the Fatherhood of God.

I am glad to remember—and it takes nothing away from Jesus—that Father in heaven, or Heaven-Father, is one of the oldest names for God to be found anywhere in the history of human thought. Away far in the East, at the beginning of those wonderful religions of India, we find certain Sanskrit hymns. We can see the religions growing, taking shape. There the name, or one of the names, for God is *Dyaus-Pitar*, Heaven-Father. It is the same name which in Latin took on the shape Jupiter; and the old Latins said that Jupiter was the father of gods and of men; but then it did not mean what it has meant since the time of Jesus.

There were sweeter things than could be found in India or in Rome among those wonderful old prophetic writers who gave us foregleams and far-off glimpses of what we now call Christianity. In the Old Testament God is sometimes represented in the most tender way in the world as our Father; and he asks pathetically, or is represented as doing it, "If I be a father, where is my honor?"—why do you not treat me as a father? And, then, "Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." He will not be too exacting with us, he knows how weak we are.

So those old prophets felt and said. But, since Jesus lived and spoke of his Father in heaven, it has had a newer and tenderer meaning for all human hearts that have sat at his feet and learned the lessons that he was fitted to teach them. He is not merely now the Author of our being, not merely the Creator of the world and the Creator of animals and of man, the Father of races or of humanity. If we catch the true meaning of the teaching of Jesus, then he is my Father. I have a right to feel that he thinks of and cares for just me,—not for the whole family in the mass, but he knows my life, and all my peculiarities and weaknesses and burdens and sorrows and troubles; and I can go to him with them, not expecting him to change his world on my account, but expecting that I can feel under me his hand and folded around me the everlasting arms.

So Jesus contributed to the world a new, grander, deeper, higher, tenderer conception of human childhood and divine Fatherhood.

In the next place, he was not the first one who talked about human brotherhood. An old Roman playwright has said, "I am a man, and whatever is human concerns me." But that was not the ordinary attitude of the antique world. The proud Greek, standing in the midst of the marvellous civilization which he had created, looked out over the rest of the world, and called them all Barbarians. They were not the equals of the Greek.

So the average attitude of the Hebrew was one of Hebrew superiority and Hebrew condescension as he looked over the world upon those that he called the Gentiles. Indeed, we have not yet anywhere reached the height and the breadth of the teaching of Jesus.

He taught that one is your Father in heaven, and all ye are brethren. He taught that we were not to be high and low, superior and inferior, but all equally children of the one Father. And, when Christianity started out on its

career of conquest, it did more than had ever been done in the history of the world up to that time to realize this ideal.

Paul taught that there was one humanity in Christ,—that whether you were rich or poor made no difference, whether you were a slave or free made no difference, whether you were Barbarian or Greek or Parthian made no difference, whether man or woman, no difference. All are one in Christ. That was the teaching of Paul. I do not mean to say that his followers lived it out.

And the Catholic Church has always held up before the world one grand assertion and illustration of this fundamental truth that Jesus so grandly taught. I know that the Church has a thousand times allied itself with the great. It has been tyrannous, it has been cruel, it has favored the rich, it has violated this teaching of Jesus in almost every possible direction; but one thing it has always asserted before the world,—any base-born peasant, no matter from what grade of life, however poor, by right of character and ability was able to become pope, the head of the Church.

And that meant what? It meant that emperors, kings, nobles, the proud, the haughty, the rich,—all those occupying the high places of the world,—must bow the knee in utter prostration and humility before simply a man of no birth, no rank, no money,—only a man. And so, even unconsciously, it has taught this great truth which is central in Christianity.

Another thing which Jesus added to the world was his teaching of the infinite worth of a human soul. In all the old-time civilizations a few select men have been important; but the great masses of the people have been of no account except to be exploited by the great, to be servants, to be slaves, to be food for their ambitions, to make up their armies, to be harnessed as millions to their industrial engagements and occupations. Thousands and thousands

of them sacrificed in every direction, swept aside as though they were so many flies.

This has been the attitude too many times towards the world's great, toiling, common masses. But Jesus taught that any human soul, in any grade or rank of life, was of more value than the whole world, of infinite worth. He said, He that gains the whole world and loses his soul makes a very bad trade, a poor bargain.

And the logical outcome of that in practical life,—what does it mean? It means this conspicuous fact which Captain Mahan was criticising the other night before the Church Club: that the Church, as it has developed and unfolded the life and ideals of Jesus, has become so humanitarian that it regards the condition and the needs of the humble, the vicious, the criminal, the outcast, the poorest everywhere, and measures its Christian vitality by the standard as to what it is thinking of and doing for these that need.

We are coming to think that we ought to pray chiefly for these. As some one has said, "God bless the wicked; the good he has already sufficiently blessed by making them good." And so Christianity is a missionary effort. Christianity cares for the slave, for the outcast, and the poorest, for those in prison, for any one that is human anywhere.

Another thing Jesus teaches as it has never been taught anywhere else in the history of the world,— the greatness of service. He says distinctly and definitely that this has not been the dominant idea among the nations. The great ones there have been set on high. They have exercised authority over the people. They have used the people for their own behoof, for their own advantage; but it shall not be so in this kingdom which I have come to establish. He that is greatest shall be the one who serves the most; and even the giving of a cup of cold water is more than all dignified ceremony and all righteous pretence.

Indeed, Jesus here put his finger on an essential and eternal law of the universe. He was announcing something which was new in the thought of men, but something which was as old as the nature of God; for God himself is God because he pours himself out in infinite giving, with utter *abandon*, to constitute the life of the universe.

He is the eternal and universal servant; not a servant of the archangels only, not a servant of famous men only,—the servant of the poor, the servant of every bird that flies in the air and every beast that seeks its prey, its food from God; the servant of every tree, of every shrub, of every unfolding leaf, of every drop of water,—God, the infinite God, engaged forever in serving the life and the beauty of all these.

Jesus, then, I say, put his finger on an eternal and universal truth of the universe; and, as we look back and down the ages up which humanity has climbed so slowly, we are beginning to justify that saying, we are beginning to recognize that they only are worthy of honor, they only are truly great, who have served and helped the world.

And Jesus taught another great, deep, eternal principle,—that we grow, that we gain, that we become, by throwing ourselves away. The self-seeker, in the light of the great truths of Jesus, we find to be, what Jesus called one of them, a fool. Not in any bitter way. You remember in regard to the man who was getting so rich he did not know what to do with his property, and said: I will have to tear down my barns, and build larger ones, so that I will have a place to bestow my goods. Jesus said: "Thou fool!" Poor, pitiful fool, thinking you can get the wealth and the greatness of life by grasping.

You get the wealth and greatness of life by giving, and only by giving. All the spiritual qualities, all the noble things of the world, are those that can only be developed by giving them away,—intelligence, love, pity.

helpfulness,—all the finer qualities. Since God is the everlasting giver, the eternal servant, all the divine things can be gained by man not in any selfish way. He only fools himself if he thinks he can get rich in that fashion. It will come only as he gives.

Another thing Jesus taught,—the perfectibility of the common man, of all individual men. He set no low standard. Men sometimes say: Well, if I try to do about right, I imagine I shall get along. I shall do as well as the majority. What did Jesus say? "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Perfection for every individual—the one standard of life according to the teaching of Jesus. And he believed it; and that means what? It means the coming of the kingdom of God right here on earth. Jesus taught it. He believed that here was the place where God was to abide among his people. No matter at all to-day as to whether the framework of Jesus' thought was such as we continue to hold. Let us fix our attention on that which is essential; that is, that man is capable of living a godlike life. He is capable of using his body in a divine way. He is capable of using his mind simply for the sake of finding the truth, which is what it is for, not as the haunt and resting-place of prejudices and preconceptions. He is capable of welcoming to his heart all that is lovely and of good report. He is capable of linking himself spiritually with the Father of all souls.

And no man has any right to do just about as well as he can, and be contented with that. No man has any right to look indulgently into his own character, and make allowance for any sort of imperfection. Perfection is not, rightly considered, a tasteless, meaningless thing. It is the harmony, the completion, the perfection of life; weaving into it all its beauty, all its glory, all that makes it divine.

One point more. It is said in the New Testament in one place that Jesus "brought life and immortality to light." I cannot agree with the writer if he meant that the world had had no belief in a future life before; for we know now that there never has been a tribe on earth that did not have some sort of belief in continued existence after death. It has been the dream of the human heart. It has been the one thing concerning which you can say that always, by all men, everywhere.

But Jesus did put a new and higher meaning into it. He taught that this universe was the one house of the Father, that it had a good many different rooms in it, and that those that were in the spiritual life were simply in another room of the Father's house, and that they were living just as we.

He taught or, rather, assumed the existence of the individual personality. I for one have no sort of interest in the kind of immortality that a great many persons talk about,—the immortality of influence, for example. I should like to help the world for a little while; but suppose the world is going to live for a million years, and then tumble into nothing. I cannot get very much interested in that outlook.

Immortality by being absorbed into the Infinite, and losing my personal consciousness, I do not care for. On those terms, it means nothing to me. Immortality that shall shut the door of this life as I go out, and shut at the same time my personal memories and interests, I do not want. I would not turn my hand over for it.

Immortality on any of these terms does not appeal to me; but, if I can go out just myself, remembering and loving and hoping to find those I have remembered and loved, so that this common world shall find continuity over there,—then there is something to put meaning into life, something to uplift and glorify the highest and sweet-

est hopes of the world. This is essentially, I think, the teaching of Jesus.

But, at the close, there is something else he gave the world, in some ways better than all his teaching; and that is himself. Jesus was a good deal more than anything he said. He was a good deal more than anything he did. And it is really to-day that which Jesus was, or which we think he was, which is the richest possession of the race.

I do not know to what an extent we have idealized him; neither do I care very much. He has come to be our human ideal of all that is fairest and most divine; and we look to him for hint, for example, as to the relationship in which we shall stand to other people.

What did Jesus do towards the rich? what did Jesus do in his attitude towards the poor? what did he do towards the sinning? Infinite tenderness towards repentant weakness and sin. The only time that he flashed out into anger, cutting like lightning with his words, was when he was dealing with respectable, conceited hypocrisy. Always affectionately tender towards the weak. What was his attitude towards the Father? How did he meet suffering? How did he meet the darkness that swept down upon him and sometimes hid from him even the face of the Father? What did he do with his enemies,—those who misunderstood him, and were bitter against him, because they did not know him? What did he do at the last when, hanging on the cross, he commended his spirit into the hands of Him from whom he had come?

Jesus, I say, stands in all these different relations of life as our ideal. Have we caught up with it? I have no objections to people talking about other teachers, other masters. There are many who have lived and taught in the world that I would bow in the presence of as teacher and master; but Jesus is supreme. He is still

the star of humanity's morning, gleaming there away towards our east, where the first rays of the sun are beginning to redden with the promise of the dawn.

Is this world old, decrepid, hastening to decay? No. We are just beginning to be civilized, a little, in places, here and there. It is the morning we look towards; and Jesus is still our morning star. We look towards him for light, we travel towards him when we travel towards the best; and, when we are able to live out that which he taught and which he was, then the kingdom of God will have come.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast had witnesses in every age, in every race,—those who have testified of Thee, and have directed the thoughts of men towards Thee; but we thank Thee most of all for Jesus, Thy son, our brother, whom we can follow and love, and whose one great office is to lead men to the Father. Amen.

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JESUS AND THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

For a text—a point of departure—I take the words to be found in the twenty-second chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the thirty-first and thirty-second verses: “But as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.”

It is not an argument nor a criticism which I have in mind this morning so much as it is an exposition. I wish to set forth, simply as I may, what I conceive to have been the beliefs of Jesus concerning, and his attitude towards, the spiritual world.

It is of no practical importance as to whether I should be able to-day to state my beliefs as he stated his. We shall find that he gave us, or gave his disciples rather, no deliberate or special teaching on the subject. Whatever we can gather is purely by way of inference from incidental statements. He seems to have assumed the whole great subject, to have had a general belief back of all that he did and all that he said, but never to have entered upon any description or defence of that belief.

Unless we find some word to the contrary,—and I do not know of any such,—I think we are justified in assuming that the general theories of the universe which were prevalent among his people and at his time were those which he held; and so different were they from those which are common to the present time that, in order to have any

kind of picture of his world, I shall need to suggest to you a few of the main points concerning it.

The universe as believed in two thousand years ago was comparatively a very small affair. It was not nearly so large as our present conception of our solar system, perhaps not larger than the orbit of the moon.

The earth was flat and stationary at the centre. It was surrounded by water on every hand. The unknown author of the twenty-fourth Psalm speaks of God as having "founded it—the earth—upon the seas, and established it upon the floods." Some, at any rate, of the people at that time looked upon it as fixed in some mysterious way in the centre of all-surrounding seas.

Just a little way overhead, above the dome of blue, was heaven. This was where God held his celestial court, surrounded by his angels. From this point of vantage he overlooked the earth and controlled all its affairs.

Just beneath the surface of the earth was Sheol, or Hades, where awaited the spirits of the dead. All the spirits of all the men and women and children that had ever lived were here in this underworld, waiting for the resurrection. Nobody as yet, with the two exceptions of Enoch and Elijah, had ever gone to heaven, in the sense in which we are accustomed to use those words.

In the mid-air, between the earth and the heaven, there were innumerable spirits, many of them hostile to human souls. Satan had his kingdom here. He was the "Prince of the Powers of the Air." I do not mean to say that all the spirits that occupied this position were evil spirits. Some of them were good; and, in the minds of the people, these strove against each other, the good trying to help, and the evil trying to injure, human beings.

Such was the general intellectual conception or picture of the ancient universe. I wish to say again, as I have said in a good many other connections, that we are not at all to think that it may have been derogatory to the intel-

lectual or spiritual power of Jesus or of the value of his teaching that he shared the intellectual conceptions of his time.

Without a miracle, and that we are not to suppose,—at least there is no slightest hint or indication of it,—all the great men of every age have been the children of their people and their time. They have transcended it in some respects. They have been able to look up the ages and forecast certain great changes which were to come; and in this ability to see further than the people of their time lay one of the distinguishing marks of their greatness. It is nothing against Dante, it is nothing against Homer, it is nothing against Virgil, that they did not hold the ideas of modern astronomy. It does not take away from their greatness, their spiritual insight, or their power.

So we are not to think that it is criticising Jesus when we suppose that he must have shared the intellectual beliefs and theories of his people and his time.

The first great thing to note is that Jesus believed with his whole soul in a spiritual universe. At the present time there are two great contrasted theories. I need merely to suggest them.

There are certain men, especially among scientific students, who have come to hold that life is in some mysterious and inexplicable way a product of what we call matter. As they look out over the vast spaces and see the wonderful worlds, these men think of them as without consciousness, without life. They are made up of what is sometimes spoken of as "dead matter."

Possibly on some other planet a similar thing may have occurred; but here, they suppose, in some mysterious fashion, consciousness has come into existence. Here are beings able to feel and think; but this consciousness, they tell us, is the production of molecular movements of the particles that constitute the brain. Thought is a product somehow of matter. Feeling, love, hope, fear,—all that

make up what we refer to as spiritual facts and forces,—are results,—local results, temporary results; and, when the brain, which is the organ not only, but the producer of thought, becomes disintegrated and decayed, then the thought, the life, the personality, are to cease.

And by and by, when the old earth becomes frozen, like the moon, or when it tumbles into the sun, this marvellous drama that has been played here will be ended; and the world will swing voiceless and dead, or cease to exist altogether, as though nothing of life had ever been. This is one theory of the universe.

Jesus held precisely the opposite. He believed that life was first, and that what we call the "material universe" was possibly local and temporary, but at any rate a product of spiritual life, spiritual forces. He believed that we were surrounded by a spiritual world, and that the power to create this visible universe, and which keeps it going, and which manifests itself in individuals, had its source and its home in this which has come to be referred to by scientists to-day as the metetherial world,—a world beyond even the ether, a world of ultimate reality, a world of spirit and power and life.

The poet Spenser says somewhere,—

"For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

This is his way of giving utterance to this spiritual theory of the universe. Life was before what we call matter; or, if not before it, was the cause and not the effect. Life it is which is manifested in matter. Life it is which is manifested in each individual soul. This, though he might not have used our scientific or philosophical language to express it, was the general theory of the universe which Jesus held.

In the next place, he believed that man was by nature an inhabitant of that spiritual universe; that the princi-

pal thing about him was not his physical being, not even his intellectual being, considered apart by itself; but he was above and beyond all things a soul, a spark of the infinite and eternal life of God.

I do not know whether he held that human souls in any case had pre-existed, whether in that sense they came from God; but in the deepest sense he believed that we all came from God, and that we were here, clothed for a time and for some specific purpose, with these physical bodies of ours, but that the great, the essential, the important thing about us was the fact that we were souls, not *had* souls.

I do not like to hear people talk about *having* souls—as though it was a piece of property that they had somehow come into possession of and might lose. If there is any soul, if soul exists at all, it is the essential man. So man is a soul. At any rate, this is what Jesus believed and taught.

In the next place, he did not believe that this spiritual world was very far away. We unconsciously think in the terms of the intellectual theories in the midst of which we have been trained. Since the Ptolemaic theory passed away, and we are in the midst of this Copernican universe; since we know that this little earth of ours is only like a tiny grain of sand on the shores of an infinite universe; since we know that our solar system is only a little group of little planets around one little sun; and since we know that we can find no limit and conceive no limit to the physical universe,—if we believe in heaven at all, or in a place where spirits live, we unconsciously put it very far away.

It is a little striking to me to notice an indication of that in one of our favorite hymns, "Nearer, my God, to thee,"—a hymn which has taken the world captive, a hymn written by a radical Unitarian; and yet so much was she the creature of her intellectual environment that she speaks,

when rising into the spiritual world, of leaving sun, moon, and stars behind, as though that spiritual world were away off beyond the limits of the visible.

I remember a sermon some years ago—I think it was by Dr. Talmadge—in which he imagined some central sun around which all the other suns with their systems revolved; and here he located the abode of the blessed.

I read a book only a little while ago, or glanced it over, contending that the sun was the seat of the Eternal and Blessed City; but, if we put it as far away as the sun, that is farther than Jesus thought of it as being. It takes light eight minutes and a half to reach us from the sun. How near was Jesus in his thought to the spiritual world? He was so near that a whisper could be straightway heard. He was so near that in his imagination there could be an immediate answer to his requests.

He is in trouble; and suddenly an angel is by his side to help, to comfort him. In other words, he believed that this world of ours was, so to speak, folded round as by an atmosphere by the spiritual world, and that those who were the inhabitants of that world were not away off in some distant place. They might be, for aught any one knew to the contrary, close by our sides,—our companions, though invisible, our companions, though intangible, our companions, though inaudible.

This gives us, so far as it goes, a true conception of Jesus' thought of the nearness of the spiritual world.

There is another point that is of a great deal of importance in estimating his thought. Jesus gives us no hint that the door was closed between these two worlds, that it ever had been closed or was going to be closed.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps startled the world some years ago by publishing a book called "Gates Ajar." She taught that in the modern world somehow or other the door which apparently had been fast closed had got open, at least by a little crevice. When we note what has been

the dominant teaching of the Church, we can understand how startling this doctrine was.

The Church has always believed that, from the beginning of the world until the time of Jesus, God at least occasionally visited it, angels now and then appeared for some special purpose, the spirits of those that we call the dead were sometimes visible,—sometimes came on some special errand to their former abode.

And they believed that during the life of Jesus, so far as he and his disciples were concerned at any rate, the doors were wide open. They believed that they stayed open during what has roughly, and in a somewhat undefined way, been called the Apostolic Age. Then the doors were hermetically sealed. They have never been open since.

This is the ordinary teaching of the Protestant Church. The Catholic Church has never held that. It has been more consistent and more nearly true to the teaching of Jesus.

Jesus taught, then, that the doors were wide open; that angels could come on God's errands, and that they constantly did come; and that not only the spirits of men could come and did come, but that they knew what was going on, that they were interested in our human affairs, that they could take part, now and then at any rate, in what was being done by their former friends and associates. This everywhere is implied in the teaching of Jesus concerning the other life.

There is another point; and that is that Jesus teaches that this spiritual world is one house of the one Father. Spiritual world, did I say? I mean the world, physical and spiritual. It is the many-mansioned or many-roomed house of the Father; and men, being essentially souls, are just as much spirits now as they ever will be, and are just as much inhabitants of the spiritual world.

I do not like to talk about that as a future life. It is

not future. There is only one life in the universe; and that is this instant's life. Yesterday is a name, to-morrow is a name; and angels, all souls, if they are alive at all, are alive this instant, and this instant only, and they never will be alive any other time. For, when the next instant comes, it will be this instant again. It is the only time when anybody is alive.

If, then, we are spirits at all, if we are souls, we are in the spirit world now, although being surrounded by what Shakspeare calls

"This muddy vesture of decay"—

though I would not use this in any opprobrious sense—our senses are holden, so that we cannot perceive some of the grandest features of our environment.

And the people occupying these different abiding-places in God's universe are all his children. They make up his one great family; and they are engaged in natural occupations,—living, not suspended in some unimaginable ether, outside the range of any ordinary human interests.

It seems to me that, when we can analyze a man, and find out what are his different faculties, tastes, desires, possibilities of activity, those things which are essential to him, then we may forecast something of what the nature of his activities shall be when he gets rid of his body, and recognizes himself as what he essentially is. At any rate, this is Jesus' teaching: that there are many rooms in the Father's universe house, and that the people occupying these different rooms make up one family, and are touched by reasonable human interests.

There is another point hinted at, it seems to me, in the teaching of Jesus. It leads me to emphasize what I have already suggested; that is, that the people who, as we say, have died, who have entered into that other stage or sphere or kind of existence, are real, natural, human people.

I do not quite know that anybody taught it to me; but, when I was a boy, I used to imagine that the minute a person died he was either a perfect angel or a perfect devil, and that he had entered upon a condition of things that was to remain unchanged. He was unlike what he was before, in some unimaginable way had changed so that he had ceased to be human.

I have very rarely conversed with anybody whose mind was not touched — tainted, may I be permitted to say? — with what seem to me utterly irrational notions in this direction. They are astonished to think that people in the other world should be ignorant, should forget anything, should make mistakes, should be human, just as they were here week before last, before they passed into the other state. They are astonished and a little shocked and horrified at the suggestion that they may be interested in ordinary worldly affairs. It seems a little derogation of their dignity that they should not be somehow sublimated above everything that used to interest them or that they cared for.

I am not assuming the truth of any theories in this direction. I am merely trying to suggest what I think Jesus teaches or suggests everywhere, that the people in the spiritual world are just as natural kind of folk as the people in this world, and that they do not consider it beneath their dignity to remember and love and care about the things which they used to think of, love, and care for here.

It seems to me also clearly to be inferred from the hints which we find in the words of Jesus that he believed that the inhabitants of this spiritual world were in some way embodied. You know that this is New Testament teaching. Paul does not teach the ordinary church doctrine of the resurrection of the bodies which we have worn here. He does teach a doctrine of resurrection, of coming up, entering into this higher life; but he says that which is

raised is not the body that was buried. God gives each spirit a body as it hath pleased him. Such is his phrasing in regard to it.

What do we find in the words of Jesus which looks in this direction? Take the scene of the transfiguration. I am only giving this as a picture of the belief of the time. Here were two or three of the disciples, who accompanied Jesus on the mountain; and there appeared to them as they talked—who? Two of the old prophets, Moses and Elijah. And the disciples could see them and recognize them. They were not so etherealized that they were not visible. There was something real about them, so that, for the time at any rate, the disciples had no doubt as to who they were. So, whenever you find in the Bible anywhere the coming of the spiritual world into contact with this, the inhabitants of that world are visible and sometimes represented as tangible.

Now we need to remember that this whole question of physical and tangible is only a matter of degree. There are in this universe wide, almost limitless, ranges of real life with which my present physical senses cannot bring me into conscious contact. There are wide ranges of real existence that I cannot see with my present eyes. We know that our senses are very limited, and that it is only a very small part of the real things of the universe that we can either touch or discern with our present senses.

That does not make them unreal, that does not make them unsubstantial: it only recognizes the limitations of our present faculties, that is all.

Is the ether less real than a granite boulder? It represents an unimaginable quantity of power, beyond anything that we can reasonably think of as connected with the boulder. The mightiest forces of the universe, of this physical, this material universe,—the mightiest forces are the invisible, the intangible forces.

We say that a thought has power, a thought can reach

across a gulf of space that separates us from a friend, and come into communication with that friend, perhaps half-way around the world. Something in this direction has been demonstrated scientifically,—demonstrated beyond any reasonable doubt. But does thought leap an absolutely empty space? When a Marconigraph is sent across the Atlantic, is there no material connection between this side and that, merely because we have learned to dispense with the visible material of the wire?

That which the message runs along as it flashes its ether pathway is just as material as the old posts and wires of the Western Union: only it is a finer kind of material, that is all. And what the degrees are, who shall tell? We certainly, with our blunted and clumsy senses, have no way of doing more than make a guess as to what they are.

When we talk of spirits as unembodied, so far as any imaginable power of mind is concerned, we are talking of nothing at all. I cannot imagine an unembodied thought. I know that thought with me is connected with the body, as far as I have ever been able to trace it anywhere. It is connected with some body; and, for anything I can see to the contrary, there may be bodies ethereal just as there are bodies material, which shall be as much mightier, as much grander, as much swifter, as much more tireless than those with which we are acquainted, as electricity is more than muscle. This, at any rate, it seems to me, is contained in the teaching of Jesus.

Such, roughly speaking, are a few of the points that Jesus has given us, some glimpses of the outlines his thought of the spiritual world. He believed that we, embodied here, came from God, and that the true destiny of the soul was to be found in God as our end and home.

I do not mean by this that he thought of us as being reabsorbed into the Infinite. That conception is entirely foreign to the thought of Jesus and to Christian teaching

as a whole. He taught that in some way this earth was connected with, linked with, the Beyond, that there was some natural, logical connection between the two. He taught that the people who inhabited that world and existed in God cared for the people who are here. They were ministering spirits. They knew something about what was going on,—not necessarily everything; but they could care, and now and then they could help.

If we are to accept the ideas of Jesus concerning the spiritual world, then two or three results follow, which I must only outline to you very briefly:—

I think it is right here that we are to find Jesus' apparent indifference to a good many of the things that are happening in this world. Jesus did not seem troubled because a good many people were poor, because a good many were ignorant, because people suffered, because of the existence of disease.

In other words, he seemed to feel that we were going through a process here only, which was to find its outcome, meaning, explanation, in the spiritual world; and so, naturally, in his mind the present conditions were comparatively indifferent, comparatively unimportant, so that we were not to be overwhelmed by them.

The great thing, according to his teaching, is not that we shall get out of one condition into another, get out of one place into another, but that we shall live where we are as souls, as spiritual beings, looking towards something that is to come as justification for the process we are going through.

He thought—and this is a continuation of the same idea—that we ought always to keep this ultimate fact in mind, and, while we are in the midst of these present, human experiences, estimate everything in the light of that, and live for that.

Just as, for example, a student in Harvard or Columbia may play football, may visit the city and enjoy the com-

pany of his friends, go to the theatre, the opera, may wear this kind of garment or that, may love literature, art, may live a life which is each day brimful of interest, and yet, if he is a wise man, he is looking forward all the time to graduation day; and everything is subordinated to that. Nothing else is of any great importance but that. Whatever he loses or whatever he gains as he goes along through his four years' course, if he is only ready to graduate, then all is well.

So, when a man is on a journey, he may need to reach a certain city by a certain date. He can stop over, if he has time, on the way to study places, manners, languages, customs, to delight in architecture, literature, art, the companionship of friends; but everything is subordinate to the one idea that he must reach that place and be ready for the engagement that waits him there on a certain definite day. If he does that, no matter much about the other things.

This, then, is the theory of the Christian life as taught by Jesus; enjoy things as you go along, study, feel, care, aspire, hope, delight yourself with your friends, with society; but live ever with this one thing in mind, that you are a soul, and that the end and outcome of life is to be found there.

One other point now at the end. If this theory of Jesus in its main outlines is true, there is another practical result of the first importance. Suppose these souls that are in the invisible see us, suppose they know about us, suppose they can help us, comfort us, what a different meaning it puts into life!

I think that is a wonderful picture that Paul sketches, where he represents these lives of ours as a contest in the old Roman arena, the circus. Tier on tier around the amphitheatre rise the ranges of seats, crowded with the eager onlookers, interested to see who will win, crowded with the friends of this contestant or that, ready to lament

if he gives out or falls, ready to shout and cheer if he succeeds.

Paul draws this picture, and then says, "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses,"—those that have passed into the invisible to us, but to whom we are visible,—“let us run with patience the race that is set before us.” Let us be shamed, let us be incited, let us be comforted, by the thought of these onlookers.

I remember how in some moods, in my study or my parlor or wherever I may be, I look at a portrait on the wall. It is a portrait of some one I loved; and it comes over me,—I cannot do a thing or think a thing or feel a thing that is unworthy of that friend, even in the presence of the image of him painted by the artist.

How much more, if we can think that some friend is always near us, or at any rate may be, invisible to us, but seeing and knowing what we do! How it ought to shame us, if we think of doing any unworthy thing! How it ought to incite us, inspire us, challenge us to the highest and finest things of which we are capable! And how it ought to comfort us, when we know that they care and that they are watching over us, and that they may, in ways that we can only partly understand, give us real strength, accessions of courage and power!

Jesus, at any rate, believed that all the worlds were one; that they were united, mingled together; that that life and this interpenetrated; that from that life flowed in light and power and inspiration for us here; and that the end, meaning, outcome, of all this life, was to find its result, its natural culmination, there.

Such was the teaching of Jesus; such in its main outlines, I hope, is true.

Dear Father, if we are Thy children, let us live worthily of that fact, no matter how burdened we may be or how

troubled at the time. Let us carry the burden patiently, however much it may chafe. Let us, if we fall, climb to our feet again and go on, even though stumblingly and poorly. However we do it, let us go on; for over yonder is the end, the victory that waits for all honest and earnest striving; and those that love us watch us and are ready to cheer us, and by and by to give us welcome. Amen.



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An Easter Sermon

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THE STORY OF THE EMPTY TOMB.

An Easter Sermon.

My text I have taken from the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Mark, a part of the sixth verse,—
“He is risen, he is not here.”

Easter is not to be monopolized by any one church or by all of the churches taken together. It is a human festival, older than Christianity, older than Moses. As we look away down and off towards the morning and see the first lines of the advancing column of humanity emerging from the mist of the twilight, we know that they brought with them in their hearts the Easter hope, and they celebrated the Easter festival.

Christianity adopted, then, a day which is as old, so far as we know, as human hope. It consecrated it to some new and higher thoughts and, in the minds of a great many, has made it thus exclusively its own. But, as I said, let us remember this morning that it belongs to humanity.

But something specific happened near that tomb of Joseph outside the walls of Jerusalem on that Sunday morning. Something happened which has changed the face of the world. Can we find out to-day precisely what it was?

I shall ask you to go over with me for a few moments the various forms of the story as it has come down to us in the New Testament records,—not in any spirit of scepticism, but for the sake, as you will see before I am through, of leading you to a deeper and higher faith. I ask you to note the variety, the inconsistencies, the apparent contradictions, of these different tales.

The earliest one who tells us anything about it is the unknown author of Mark. This record came into its present shape somewhere about forty years after the crucifixion. What is Mark's story?

When the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James, and Salome came to the tomb with spices, very early in the morning, about sunrise. To their surprise they find the stone rolled away from the tomb. Entering into the sepulchre, they find out what had happened. They see a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment. They were afraid. He said to them: "Be not afraid. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth. He is risen, he is not here. Tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee. There shall ye see him."

They came out trembling and amazed, and said nothing about it to anybody. That is Mark's story. There is no account, as you see, of any ascension.

What does Matthew tell us? At the end of the Sabbath, the dawn of the first day, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary came to the sepulchre. There had been a great earthquake. The angel of the Lord had descended and rolled back the stone, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. The keepers of the tomb were very much afraid, and became as dead men. The angel said to the women: "Fear not. Ye seek Jesus. He is not here, he is risen. Come and see the place where he lay, and go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead, and that he goes before them into Galilee."

They departed quickly from the sepulchre, with fear and great joy, and ran to bring his disciples word. As they go, Jesus meets them, and says, "All hail! Be not afraid, but tell my brethren to go into Galilee. There shall they see me."

Then follows the story that the soldiers had been

bribed to say that the disciples had stolen away the body. Then the disciples go away into Galilee where they saw Jesus; and, when they saw him, some of them doubted. He gives them his command to go and teach all nations, and promises to be with them to the end of the world.

Matthew does not say anything about any ascension.

What is Luke's story? The first day of the week, very early in the morning, the women—he does not say who they were—came to the sepulchre, bringing spices to embalm the body. They find the stone rolled away. They enter in. The body is not there; but, while they are looking about, perplexed, two men stand by them in shining garments, who say: "He is not here, he is risen. Remember what he spake to you while he was yet with you."

They return from the sepulchre, and tell these things to the eleven. It was Mary Magdalene and Joanna and Mary, the mother of James, and other women who were with them who told these things to the apostles. The apostles regarded them as idle tales, and believed them not; but Peter and John had curiosity enough to run to the sepulchre. They arrived there, and stooped down and looked in, but at first did not enter.

Then the disciples were on their way to Emmaus,—two of them. They talked about what had happened as they walked together. As they reasoned, Jesus drew nigh and went with them; but they did not recognize him. He argued with them concerning what had happened, and told them it was what they ought to have expected. They also told him that certain women who had been to the sepulchre had told the story about his having risen from the dead.

Then, upon being pressed to do so, he goes with these two disciples to take supper with them. While he is breaking bread and blessing it, they recognize him; and suddenly he vanishes out of their sight.

They arose and returned to Jerusalem, and found the

eleven gathered together. They reported how Jesus had appeared to them; and, as they talked the matter over, suddenly Jesus is again in the midst of them. They were terrified, taking him for a spirit. He says to them: "Handle me, and see. A spirit has not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." Then he asked for something to eat; and they gave him broiled fish and honeycomb, which he ate before them. Then, after talking with them, he led them out to Bethany, lifted up his hands and blessed them, and was carried up into heaven.

There is nothing said in Luke about the disciples meeting him in Galilee.

John's story: Mary alone goes to the sepulchre on Monday morning. All the others say it was sunrise,—early in the morning or sunrise. John says it was still dark. Mary sees the stone removed. She runs and comes to Simon Peter and the other disciple whom Jesus loves, and tells them they have taken away the Lord, and she does not know where they have laid him. John went to the sepulchre. He saw the linen clothes, but did not go in. Then Peter comes, goes into the sepulchre, and then the other disciple also enters after Peter. As yet, it says, they did not know the Scriptures, that Jesus was to rise from the dead.

The disciples went away to their homes. Mary remained weeping. Stooping down, she saw two angels, one at the head and the other at the foot, where the body had lain. She tells them she is weeping because they have taken away the body of the Lord. Then she turns and sees Jesus, but does not recognize him. She supposed him to be the gardener, and asked him what had been done with the body. Then Jesus speaks to her; and she knows him.

That same evening, when the disciples were in a room with the doors shut, for fear of the Jews, suddenly Jesus appears in the midst of them. He shows them his hands

and his side. Thomas would not believe it was really Jesus until he had made this personal examination.

After eight days the disciples are again gathered together, and the doors are shut; and suddenly Jesus appears in the midst of them. Afterwards he is seen by the disciples by the sea of Tiberias. He stands on the shore while the disciples are fishing in the lake. Then they come ashore, and cook some of the fish; and all of them dine together. Then follows the conversation about when the beloved disciple should die. There is no story in John about any ascension.

There is another account in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. You need to remember that the tradition is that the author of Luke is also the author of the Acts, so you may expect to find similarities in the story. Jesus, according to this report, shows himself alive to many persons. He was with them in and out, going and coming for forty days. He tells them to stay in Jerusalem until the gift of the Holy Spirit comes upon them.

Then, one day, he is taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight. While they stand looking after him, two men in white apparel come and say to them, "Ye shall see him come as ye have seen him go." This occurred on Mount Olivet.

In the fifteenth chapter of I Corinthians Paul reports that Jesus was buried and rose again the third day. He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve, then after that by about five hundred brethren at once, and then of James; and, last of all, Paul says he was seen of me also.

This last saying refers to the vision which Paul had on the way to Damascus. You will note another thing—that Paul makes no distinction whatever between the way in which he saw Jesus and the way in which the other disciples are said to have seen him; and Paul says nothing about any story of the ascension.

It is not specially important, but interesting, to note that, had not Luke's narrative come down to us, we should have had no record of any ascension at all.

I ask you to look these records over, and compare them quietly by yourselves, see how natural, how perfectly human they are, but how utterly inconsistent they are with any theory of infallibility. They are just such reports as you would expect coming from earnest, interested, devoted, but fallible men.

Now can we find out to-day just what it was that took place? If you notice the narratives with a great deal of care, you will see that there is no first-hand evidence whatever as touching the resurrection at all. We have no testimony of anybody who claimed in the ordinary way to have seen Jesus after the crucifixion. We have simply the records that somebody saw him, that somebody says that somebody saw him. They are reports, however, that are not in the nature of what to-day we should call reliable evidence. We have no first-hand witness.

Can we believe, perhaps I might say on any kind of testimony, that a human body, after it has been dead and laid in the tomb, has come back again to its ordinary earthly life? There are large numbers of stories like this which have been told in different parts of the world; and yet it is perfectly safe for me to say that nobody ever thinks of believing such a story as that except as it is a part of his religious faith. Any ordinary, human record we put one side, and say that there must have been some mistake.

Can we believe that a body of flesh and blood and bones ever ascended into heaven? We must note here what a profound change has passed over the intellectual life of the world. To the ancient Jews heaven was only, so to speak, an upper story of the universe. It was a little distance away, and for aught they knew the

atmosphere which we breathe was the atmosphere of heaven.

It was easy enough, given the adequate power, to lift a human body up through the intervening space and have it disappear out of sight in a cloud and pass on into the visible presence of the angels. No change was necessary. There were no standards of probability to be considered. There were no intellectual difficulties of the modern kind in the way.

But we are in another universe; and we know that no ordinary human body could live a moment after it had passed a certain distance above the surface of the earth.

These stories, as they have come down to us, as they are embalmed in church tradition, as they are consecrated in the memories of our childhood, are to-day to any educated man, to any competent thinker, simply unbelievable. If a man says he believes them, it means that there exists in his mind entirely another kind of world in some department in the universe, where anything can happen, where the standards of evidence, the canons of probability, do not exist.

There have been men, famous men, who have frankly admitted this, and have yet said they believed. Faraday, for example, one of the greatest men of the modern world, one of the most distinguished scientists, frankly admitted this distinction. He says, "When I go into my closet to pray, I shut the door of my laboratory; and, when I go into my laboratory, I shut the door of my closet."

Here are two worlds to Faraday, one of them a religious world in which anything might happen, and the other a scientific world, where he demanded the utmost carefulness in the application of the rules of evidence.

But I am not saying these things for the sake of starting doubts in your mind. There are no doubts in my

mind, but a greater belief than that which has come down to us by tradition from the ancient world.

I believe that Jesus was seen by his disciples, the real, living, thinking, loving Jesus, the Jesus that walked with them by the common roads in Galilee, that sat with them on the edge of the lake, who taught them from the side of the mountain. I believe they saw him and talked with him, and heard him speak to them.

I do not believe, however, that the body which he wore before the crucifixion ever came to life again. I believe that they saw him in the spiritual body, with which all those who have passed through the change which we call death naturally are clothed upon. They saw him as he is now, and as all those we love are, and as they might, were the conditions right, be seen.

Whether you agree with me in regard to this or not, one thing at least is certain. The disciples had a tremendous revolution wrought in their minds and their lives. They were cast down, they were disappointed, they were discouraged. They became enthused with a great hope, they became fired with a master conviction; and this great conviction transformed the world.

Think of the attitude of Paul, for example, towards death. He says frankly to his friends, To die and be with Christ is a good deal better than it is to stay here. He looked forward to it with joy. In another place he says, "To die is gain." In another place he cries out, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

In some way there came into the heart of Paul not only, but into the lives of the great mass of the disciples, what they took to be a great, new knowledge. It was no mere faith, no mere hope, no mere trust. They *knew* that Jesus was alive; and, knowing that, they doubted not that they also should live beyond that change which is called death.

Now what did this new knowledge do for them? It made the slaves of the Roman empire men; it abolished all earthly distinctions; it humbled the great; it lifted up the low; it cleansed the lives of the vicious; it made the worldly spiritual; it made the timid brave, and the weak strong.

Gentle, delicate women went without tremor into the arena, and faced the tigers and the lions with a smile, and with songs upon their lips. Death had no terrors. The common disciples became so enthused with the idea of this great life that awaited those who were faithful that they even sought after martyrdom as a crown to be worn with gladness, as a method of sealing the reality of their devotion.

In other words, this great knowledge that the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea was empty,—this great knowledge gave them power of conquest over themselves first. They were no longer animal men. They climbed up, under the inspiration of this knowledge, out of the animal into heart and brain and soul.

And, when they had conquered themselves and when death had utterly lost its terror, do you not see how of necessity they became invincible? There was no might on earth that could stand before them; and during the first two or three centuries, they conquered and held in their hands the mightiest empire which up to that time the world had ever seen. They mastered Rome. And it was the knowledge that that tomb was empty which gave them this power and won for them this marvellous conquest.

I believe the tomb was empty. I believe more than that,—for I am coming now for a little while to this modern world of ours,—I believe that every tomb on the face of the whole round earth is empty. It is only our foolish fancy, our fond imaginings, which bury our dead. I believe that what the modern world needs more

than all things else put together is the great practical, working, overmastering conviction that all tombs are empty.

I have not time to go into it this morning; but, if I had, I could show you how this belief, a real belief, coupled with our knowledge of the universal and eternal law of cause and effect, might cleanse, purify, lift up, and redeem the world. Think for a minute. If everybody not merely dreamily hoped or believed, but felt that he knew that tombs were empty, and that no tomb was to hold him, but that he was to go on through the incident we call death alive, and more than alive, as he has been here,—if he believed that, if he knew it, do you not see how everything else would be of slight moment?—how all the troubles that perplex the world in the light of such a conviction would practically fade away and be dissolved?

I wish to note for a few moments a few things that this great conviction can do for us. I will say that this great conviction has largely done it already for me. It will take away the fear of dying. This has been the one great fear that has brooded over and darkened the world. It has been a skeleton at every feast.

And, then, that fear of something after death, that which is involved in dying. It has been the one great terror that has faced humanity, that has taken the sweetness and meaning and beauty out of life. I think, if we have this great conviction in our hearts and then look reasonably at the matter, that dying will cease to be anything more than going away to us.

I have suffered a hundred times more, perhaps a thousand times more, than I ever expect to suffer dying. It never gives me a moment's pause. I have no fear of it whatever. I do not expect to know when I die any more than I know just the precise moment last night when I fell asleep.

We suffer pains and sickness and sorrows as we pass

through life; but in most cases the mere physical act of dying is painless, something of which we are entirely unconscious. But no matter what it be, if we know that it is not the end, then the fear of it has vanished forever.

I was talking with a gentleman the other night, and he said: "Oh, I hope for a future life. I really expect to live; but, if I only knew, why, then, it would be nothing to me, any more than taking a journey into another country. And since, as I am getting older, and so many of my loved ones have already gone, I should feel that the majority pull was on that side, and perhaps, on the whole, be rather glad of the summons."

Another fear it will take away. This fear I believe to be very widely prevalent, and yet utterly irrational. How many people are there who have suffered all their lives long over the thought of the grave, of being buried! But you will not have to be buried. I do not expect to be buried. I have no more fear or care about that than I have as to what shall be done with an old and outworn suit of clothes. What difference does it make to me whether it is hung in a closet or put in a box or what disposition is made of it after I am done with it?

Socrates was wiser than most moderns; for, when some of his disciples asked him how he wished to be buried, what disposition he wished to be made of him after death, he said, "Why, you can bury me anyway you please if you can find me." He did not expect to be there or to have anything to do with the matter of burying.

So this story of the empty tomb should take away from us all fear of the grave. I believe we ought to detach so far as possible our imaginations from the grave.

One thing, let me say, in passing, seems to me lamentable, seems to me—may I venture to say it?—wrong. There are persons who spend thousands of dollars in cemeteries, in monuments over graves that are empty. A lovely, brave woman was talking with me during the

last two or three days; and she said: "When I die, I do not want you to spend money even for one flower. If you have any money to spend, spend it for somebody who is suffering, and do it in my name, so that I may feel I am healing and helping instead of wasting the world's hardly accumulated wealth."

If the millions of dollars that are in the cemeteries of this country could be spent to help the broken-hearted, the poor, the struggling, the suffering, the needy, how much more human, how much more civilized, it would be! Let us get away, then, from these empty graves. My friends are not in the hill top by the river, down in the village where I was born. Hear the word,—"He is risen, he is not here"; and look there where they are.

I do not mean by all this that the spot where the body is laid shall be indifferent to us. We should make it beautiful. I would also have simple flowers in and about the casket, if the body is to be buried. I speak against only excess and extravagance in this matter. I would look forward and upward instead of back and down.

There is another thing that the belief in the empty tomb ought to do for us; and that is, take away from us forever the fear of being separated from those we love. We are separated from friends here for a little while; and we do not mourn over it. Some one we love makes a tour of the world, and is gone a year. We do not put on mourning. They go to Europe, they go to Southern California, they go to Japan, or they are separated by the exigencies of business,—one friend lives in one city, and another in another. We do not break our hearts over it. If we believed, if we knew, that those we call dead were alive, and separated from us for how long nobody knows,—a month, a year, ten years, twenty perhaps, but only for a little while,—and if we knew they were only in another room of God's great house, remembering us, loving us.

waiting for us, all this delusion that love can ever be bereft would pass away.

Whittier says—I am not quite sure that I can quote it exactly:—

“Alas for him who never sees,
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
Who hopeless lays his dead away
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play,—

Who hath not learned in hour of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.”

That is the great truth I believe in. God has given us love, the sacreddest, dearest thing in all the world, that which alone makes heaven, that which can turn the earth of pain and labor and weariness into heaven; and the fact that he has given us this is to my mind a hint that it is ours forever. I do not believe it is possible ever to lose that which is really bound to us by the ties of the deepest and truest love.

There is one other thing. This belief in the empty tomb should take away from us the great sorrow which broods over so many hearts, the fear of going out into the unknown alone. There are those, sensitive natures, that cling so tenderly to those for whom they care, they would not be separated from them, if they could help it, even for a week. They are lonely, they are homesick, unless they can look upon the familiar face, hear the familiar voice, feel the touch of the familiar hand; and such as these, even though they believe ever so strongly in the future life, approach the journey's end with fearfulness, with the dread of being launched on that ocean all alone. That means more to them than dying, more to them, perhaps, than any other sorrow.

But Jesus is reported as saying to his disciples in that

perfectly human way, "I go to prepare a place for you; and, if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself." I believe that is a universal human truth. When we come into this world, we come expected. We know nothing about it, but love is here waiting for us, making a place for us, and we are clasped in arms of tenderness and care.

So I believe those who have gone away are not growing into tall, intellectual, spiritual angels, who have no sympathy with any commonplace thing like our human life here any longer. I believe this is an utter perversion of the whole conception of spiritual development. Those who are the highest and mightiest spiritually are the tenderest, and the ones that stoop the lowest to gather in their arms the very weakest and most needy so as to carry and comfort them.

So our friends are not growing away from us. They are not getting off into some other sphere where they will forget that they ever lived on so plebeian a place as this little planet, and forget they were ever associated with common folk like us. They are waiting for us, they are working, thinking, planning, loving, and some of them will be there when we go over; and as we look and peer through the haze and it breaks, revealing the harbor and the hills of the Eternal City, there will be known faces, with love in their eyes, looking for us, and hands held out, and welcome that shall make us feel at home.

With this great conviction in our hearts, let us go through these lives of ours without fear, taking the accidents and the incidents only as happenings by the way, seeing the meaning of all yonder; growing old, not pushed by an inevitable force from behind, counting the new gray hairs every day, and watching the wrinkles in the face, and shrinking from and dreading the time when we must confess that we are old and

feeble. Let us grow old as plants and fruits grow, riper, richer, juicier every day, carrying with us the accumulated experiences, getting into that land towards the sunset where the activities and feverishness of the past are somewhat abated, looking towards the declining sun, not as though it was the end of everything and was going to leave us in the dark, looking and rejoicing in the glory as he goes down to light the other hemisphere, fixing our eyes on the stars that rise, revealing to us countless other and grander worlds, and knowing that just beyond is to be the dawning, the dawn of a day whose sun shall no more go down.

Father, for this great trust that all tombs are empty we give Thee thanks; for Thou art not the God of the dead, but of the living. Thou art the source of the Easter hope that has illuminated the pathway of humanity from the first, and Thou art the giver of life now and its giver forevermore. Amen.



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THE GRACE OF GOD.

"By the grace of God I am what I am; and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain: but I labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."—1 COR. xv. 10.

This brief sentence epitomizes the philosophy of a great man's life. It presents the apostle Paul to us, taking a retrospect of his long and chequered career, from his boyhood's days at Tarsus to his early manhood in Jerusalem, down to his conversion on the way to Damascus, and on through his long wanderings and woes as Christian missionary to the Gentiles. He surveys it all, with eyes of wonder and surprise, scans its victories and defeats, its joys and sorrows, its gains and losses, and finds that the greatest factor in his experience is not his own independent effort, but the grace of God. While he must have felt that much was due to his own initiative, still the regnant forces of his life, which moulded his disposition, and made him the man he was, were helps and inspirations from another and a higher source. His indomitable energy, his marvellous versatility, his genius for abstract thought and practical organization, were not to be accounted for on any common theory of cause and effect, such as comes within the vision of the ordinary biographer. No doubt he tried to span the gulf which lay between Saul the persecutor and Paul the apostle, to explain to himself why he failed here and succeeded there, and, most of all, to interpret his escapes and deliverances on sea and land, in his own country and among strangers; but when every circumstance had been weighed, and

all had been seen that could be seen, the fact still remained, that the primal forces of his destiny were invisible. There did not seem to be anything in his origin or early history, in his parentage or education, to foreshadow his career. The subtle conjectures by which so many biographers and autobiographers seek to follow up the logic of great personalities fail here, as they do in so many instances. Genius doubtless has a history, but how seldom it can be written with anything like fullness and precision? The bare facts can be recorded easily enough; but the personality which lies behind them evades analysis. We do not blame the contemporaries of Jesus that they discovered nothing in Nazareth to account for his works, or the students of Saint Paul's life, that its secrets lay neither in Tarsus, nor in Jerusalem. There is nothing in Stratford-on-Avon to account for Shakespeare, or in the log hut and its environments to interpret the genius and history of Abraham Lincoln. To the question how these personalities arose from obscurity to eminence, from lowly station to conspicuous positions, there is only one answer. Saint Paul's confession solves the problem in each case, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

The phrase is familiar to us. The sequences of personal experience are not easily traversed. There are abrupt breaches in the record which no philosophy can repair. While many men boast of being self-made, and thus relieve Providence of considerable responsibility, the vast majority, I think, are ready to acknowledge, that by far the largest part of their lives is due, not to any inheritance which they can distinctly trace, nor to any effort which they themselves originated, but to the grace and goodness of God. Genius seems to indicate the point where God specially touches human life for his own purpose, and in fulfilment of his plans. It is there that we almost lose trace of human initiative and come on the track of divine grace.

And what is grace? It is a free gift, a gratuity, a benevolence. The grace of God is the magnanimity of God, not representing a reward due to merit, or something that is found by long and persistent seeking, but a blessing thrown in by the way. It is said in the opening passages of the Fourth Gospel, "The law came by Moses; but grace and truth by Jesus Christ." Here we find an explanation of Saint Paul's conception. Judaism was a system of exact rewards, of merit and demerit, in which goodness received its benediction, and sin its curse, by undeviating and relentless justice. But under the teaching of Jesus Christ, the grace of God often gave without desert, and paid more than was earned. Jehovah was a task-master, exacted measure for measure, allotting to each virtue its own reward, and to each vice its own penalty. There was no room for injustice and no ground for complaint; but law was omnipotent and inflexible, regulating wages according to labor. It was otherwise with the God and Father of Jesus Christ. He overwhelmed men with unmerited mercies, and could pity and forgive.

This aspect of the divine character is too little understood. Our modern conception of what God is, and of what he can do, is still hampered by Judaism. Not only do the traditions of the past cling to it; but the study of exact science, both in nature and in ethics, has led us to lay too much stress upon method in the universe, and too little upon the unmechanical spontaneity of God. So overwhelming is the sense of law, that we are more apt to feel ourselves part of a vast contrivance than children of a common Father. Under the Jewish religious economy, God was eternal power and justice, the rewarder of righteousness and the rectifier of wrong, but little else; whereas, under the Gospel, he is personal, spontaneous, and sympathetic. His grace took no account of ancestry, was just but tender. He was not

exacting to the last degree, but had mercy on whom he would have mercy, and made no contracts or bargains. He loved men with a total disregard of their claims upon him. He was the rewarder of them that diligently sought him; but he sent his mercy like his rain upon the just and the unjust.

Such a conception of the divine character is in keeping with the noblest illustrations of human affection. There is nothing less rigidly mechanical in its operations and more spontaneous and gracious than parental love. If fatherhood and motherhood best symbolize for us the nature of God, then we shall have to relinquish our rigorous mechanical ideas of the universe, and particularly of human life. It is not inexorable fate with which we have to do, but a personality, free, sympathetic, and gracious. If a child were to ask of a mother, Why are you so kind to me? Why do you love me so constantly and tenderly, and out of all proportion to anything that I deserve? What makes you so patient when I am so obstinate, so persistently loving when I am so thoughtless and apparently so thankless, so gracious when I am so rude? the answer would be a very simple one: "Because you are my child, and love is my prerogative." The sacred element in mother-love is its magnanimity. Through long years it never tires. Waywardness cannot discourage it; forgetfulness cannot quench it; insult does not lessen it; misfortune only strengthens it. It toils, it suffers, it forgives, it fights, it conquers, it is defeated, it triumphs. Through all changes and vicissitudes, it remains the same constant, loyal, magnanimous, victorious love. No mother doles out her affection, exacts measure for measure, or loves arithmetically.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
 No banner to gleam and wave;
 But, oh! those battles that last so long—
 From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still, as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town:
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

Of all conceptions of the love of God, whether in the Scriptures or out of them, in poetry, philosophy, art, or religion, this, it seems to me, comes nearest to the essential truth of things, and best satisfies the needs of mankind. Any idea of God without this personal, sympathetic, magnanimous quality is surely a mere idol of the mind, cold, bloodless, inoperative. If motherhood be the most perfect symbol of Deity as I maintain it is; if one who has the right and power to judge us, forgives us; if one whom we have wronged still loves us; if one infinitely above us still bends to our necessities, then we must believe, we cannot escape the conviction, that God is no mere abstraction that comes at the end of a syllogism, but a loving Father, who takes the poor, soiled, orphan child of earth into his capacious love, and does for all his children what they have no right to expect, and what they have done nothing to merit. Did not the whole life of Jesus exhibit this spirit? Was he not the friend of publicans and sinners? Did he not pick up those whom the world had thrown down, and rescue those whom the Pharisees had overwhelmed with an avalanche of social lies? Were not his comrades chosen, not for their worthiness, but for their need? Was not the parable of the prodigal son his favorite picture of the pity and clemency of God? Did he not proclaim that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance? The sovereignty of God, and the supremacy of righteousness were the familiar truths of Judaism and classic Paganism; but here was a phase of the divine character too little known, and too little emphasized; so, as David looked back over his strangely chequered career, and confessed that the gentleness and forbearance of God had made him

great, Paul looks back upon his tumultuous history with tears of astonished happiness, and says, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

The whole secret of Christianity lies in this one word—grace. The religion of Jesus is the gospel of grace. Into no other religion whatever does this element of grace enter. It did not enter into Oriental cults, which were reared upon a thin meditative mysticism; it did not belong to Judaism, which kept an exact debit and credit account of human conduct, a reward proportioned to desert, like Shylock's demand, to a fraction of a fraction; we seek in vain for it in Stoicism, the ethical flower of classic idealism. In all these, there is a conception of moral order, of regulated routine and discipline, excellent enough as far as it goes, but a poor stopping place, something to grow into, but only preparatory to the higher religion of love, of self-sacrifice, of illuminating moral enthusiasm. In these great systems of religion, man gets just what he deserves, and no more. A plan is given to him of the way to blessedness, and he must walk the long journey solely by his own indefatigable effort. He receives no sympathy from above, no help or comfort by the way. There does not seem to be anything to supplement or inspire his flagging energy. The heavens are deaf to his cries, a cold atmosphere encircles him above and around. But Jesus changed all that. He revealed gracious outlines in the face of God, and filled the moral universe with a warmth and glow, previously unknown. His first sermon at Nazareth threw a flood of light upon the relation between the All-Father and his children. He spoke of a God who is love, and love pities, heals, forgives, and that not by stint and measure, but out of its own spontaneous unregulated affection. The thing man had not the means to buy was thrown to him as a boon. The strength he could not muster from his own resources came to him unsolicited from above: the sympathy he needed, and did not al-

ways deserve, was bestowed upon him without measure. That was a new and fascinating message. No wonder that the common people heard it gladly; and to the poor, despised, forlorn, it was a revelation, more quickening, inspiring, consoling, than any that had ever fallen before from human lips. It enhanced the value of every life, breathed hope into the despairing, put fresh heart into the penitent, and yielded comfort to the disconsolate — this personal touch of God in human life, this intervention of a grace that gave something that had never been earned, and followed the painful steps of the sinner and the sufferer with a pleading and an abounding grace, and wrought upon the soul in any way it pleased, converting unpromising and almost hopeless creatures into "sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty."

And this leads one to reflect, that all religion worth the name has its centre in God. The vital nerve of morality and religion is not to be found in any theories of man's nature and development, but in conscious relations with the Infinite Father. Sever that cord, or weaken it in any way, and everything else shrinks and suffers; strengthen and cultivate it, and conduct, character, helpfulness, grow in unlimited measure. So Jesus says, "Forgive, not because it is virtuous to forgive, but because God has forgiven you. Be merciful, not because it is a virtue to be pitiful, but because you have received mercy. Be perfect, not because perfection is the goal of human attainment, but because your Father which is in heaven is perfect." The hope of mankind, therefore, does not lie alone in any adjustment and readjustment of human circumstance, but in a deep, passionate love and service of God.

If, therefore, we seek the secret of the wonderful triumph of the primitive Christian Church, or for that matter of the Church in any age or place, we shall find it, in this revelation and diffusion of the idea of a personal,

sympathetic, magnanimous God. The power of religion, as a potent force in all human affairs bears exact ratio to the emphasis which is placed upon that fact. To the extent that God becomes an unreality religion becomes a futility. This message of a God in personal and tender and helpful relations with mankind swept over the pagan world of Saint Paul's day like a wave of sunlight. It brought relief to the distressed, comfort to the sorrowful, hope to the despairing. It transfigured every aspect of life. It was the one theme of the apostles, the grace and love of God revealed in the face of Jesus Christ. And at various periods of the world's history, this message has been reuttered with the same result: by Luther in the great Protestant Reformation; by John and Charles Wesley in the English Evangelical revival, which began like a spark at Oxford, and burns like a beacon light in every part of the world to-day; and by Channing in the palmy days of New England Unitarianism. No other truth has so completely shaken the human heart to its profoundest depths. It has broken upon masses of men like a voice from the eternal sphere, moving some hearts to tears of penitence, and others to shouts of rapture. If you ask me the secret of the new movement of to-day, which calls itself Christian Science, I should say that whatever power it possesses lies in its assertion of the reality of God. That is the only justification of its existence, and is the interpretation of its influence. It comes to an age, which is not as sensitive as it might be, to the presence of the living God: to an age of tentative opinion rather than of vital conviction; an age of religious formality and conventionalism; and proclaims its realistic message. We may laugh at its vagaries, its ill-digested speculations, and meandering volubility, but we cannot deny its depth and sincerity of conviction. There is nothing about it to justify its existence as a new Christian sect, with a sepa-

rate ecclesiastical life, but it is a new birth of the spirit, a revival of the ancient faith in Him who is ever-present and ever-near, and a fresh assertion of the reality and potency of prayer. Its fundamental truths are not new; its principles are those which belong to all churches, and which are realized with more or less force. To call it a science is to misname it, and to assume that it is in any special sense Christian is an exaggeration, and may easily become a perversion, of the teaching of the New Testament.

There is, however, no getting over the historic fact, that the way to all kinds of moral reformation and redemption is through the love of God. That is, and ever has been, the sole fountain of ethical inspiration, and men have been induced to respect their own natures, and to love one another, only as they were impelled thereto, by full consciousness of their spiritual relationship. In the development of religion the love of God has preceded the love of man. A sense of filial dependence breeds a feeling of brotherhood, notwithstanding the fact, that he who loves not his own brother whom he hath seen can hardly be expected to excel in the love of God, whom he hath not seen. The most powerful impulses to right-thinking and right-doing are heaven-born, come from above rather than from within, or from below. We gravitate upward only as we are drawn by the mysterious magnetism of Infinite Love. The fire that drives us on our way, and fills us with a living glow, is a Promethean flame snatched from those piercing heights, which tower so far above us, and which seem to skirt the border-line between earth and heaven. The divine enthusiasm which lifts us up and remains with us, in the strength of which we dream our dreams and fulfil our best desires, is not kindled by us, out of any material we can ourselves create. The light is light from heaven, a flash from the upper world, unseen, unknown, and not

the chance product of our own ingenuity and skill. If, therefore, we seek to uplift mankind, to raise the level of common human life, it is foolish to imagine we can accomplish our purpose by rubbing rocks on the earth, and trusting to such sparks as we can start by friction; but by going, as often as we may, where light strikes all mundane things, first touching them with a roseate dawn, and then bathing them with dazzling splendor. All civilization, that is worth the name, begins in religion, thrives under spiritual culture, and dies down with the neglect or decay of the religious spirit. Take it out of the home, and the fairest flowers of domestic affection first languish, and then die; eliminate it from social life, and society becomes a hollow masquerade; drop it from trade, and commerce instantly degenerates into a rivalry of greeds; divest public life of its saving power, and pure patriotism quickly descends to greedy partisanship. There is no substitute whatever for that grace of God, which seasons human kind, and preserves the sanity and sweetness of our common life. The preaching of practical ethics alone, even by the most eloquent lips, does not deeply move the masses. They are not quickened by reading the decalogue, or listening to a dry statesman of human virtues. But, the moment a strong God-fearing man, dominated by religious conviction, goes out to them, and in plain forcible speech tells them of a God who loves them, and recalls them in accents of sympathy from sin and misery; of a Leader, who shared their needs and carried their sorrows, and was tempted as they are tempted, and who brings that God very near to them; of an eternal life, not remote and veiled in ethereal mist, but entered upon now and perfected hereafter: that moment they receive more life and fuller, and turn to God with serious purpose, and love him in newness of life.

The story of the religious awakening of great reformers

like Paul, Augustine, Luther, Bunyan, Wesley, does not vary a hair's breadth. It is the assurance of moral redemption, not as an attainment altogether, but as a gift. The grace of God came to them like a flash of light. It came unsought and effected a change in the atmosphere of the soul, and fitted them for the conspicuous part they played in the religious life of the world. They did not create it. They could not resist it.

But, further, not only is this the best reasonable explanation of great spiritual movements, which have left their mark upon mankind; but it is impossible to arrive at any coherent and philosophical theory of the world, without including the grace of God in it. After all our efforts in almost every direction, to interpret the ways of God in nature and in human life, we find that there are forces which defy analysis, and events which though by no means capricious, are not to be squeezed into any of our categories. Our disposition to account for everything has been quite wonderful; but it has met with many a startling rebuff. Our theological system-building is frequently upset. An incalculable force traverses all our knowledge and experience, or an unforeseen fact brings our air castles to the ground, and compels us to build again from the very foundation. God, we realize, is an immeasurable and inscrutable factor in life. We cannot comprehend him, or speak too confidently of his ways, or set any limitations to his activity. We feel that he is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, but cannot foresee what he will do or undo. Let us speak as learnedly as we may about heredity and environment and development; but we must not suppose that these terms offer any satisfactory explanation of all the things that happen in life any more than similar terms did on the lips of Lucretius. Heredity is true, but the bulk of human life is not to be cramped within its narrow sequences. The root still springs out of a dry ground; the unheralded and inex-

plicable kings of thought and action rise out of sequestered vales, and humble dwellings; and, when I come face to face with Augustine and Bunyan, Luther and Abraham Lincoln, I am bound to say that there is some other force at work in human affairs besides heredity, which is commonly supposed to explain almost everything. And what is it? *The grace of God.*

Environment is true within its limits, but no one can say that it is infallibly and automatically true. It has no arbitrary power to determine destiny. There is nothing more incalculably mysterious than the personality of a little child. It defies dissection, and repels too close a calculation. No one can fix the exact orbit in which it will move or draw a chart of its course. Even those who know it best and love it most are perplexed by its apparently vagrant impulses. Its life is full of surprises, and there are strange possibilities lurking in its will, and latent energies which sometimes tear the scientific gospel of heredity and environment into rags and tatters. Herein lies its imperishable worth as a human soul. If its personality could be warped or invaded, it would lose its dignity; if its life were simply like clay in the hands of the potter, it would forfeit its majesty and moral beauty; if it were the slave of circumstance, the sphere of its existence would be no better than a treadmill or a dungeon.

Let me plead then, in conclusion, for the spontaneity of God, the right of the Infinite to live and love as he pleases without any conditions or restraints except those which are self-imposed. God is not, as is too commonly supposed, an inflexible automaton, moving always with machine-like precision, and never acting on his own prerogative. He lives without fetters; he does what seemeth best to him; he gives and takes away, and acts in any way his goodness prompts; he loves as he desires, and must be lord of his own volitions. My contention is that

our modern conceptions of Deity are far too mechanical. Emphasize as much as we will the dignity of law, it is nevertheless incumbent upon us to leave room in our thought for the divine will and the free play of infinite grace. God is love as well as law; he forgives, pardons, pities, and that not by stint, but in the exercise of a limitless personality. Say that this is anthropomorphic if you choose, imperfect it must be; but all other alternatives have the same defect and in a worse degree. This alone makes religion possible. Life in all its higher reaches is inexplicable without it. We need a being in whom are centred all perfections. There must be a voice that answers our cries; there must be a power which controls and shapes our destinies; there must be a love that calms our fears and responds to our affections. There must be a great royal heart which folds us in its vast embrace, and enables us to say with trustful and immeasurable contentment and joy, "Our sufficiency is of God."

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XI. The Common Faith of Christendom

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THE COMMON FAITH OF CHRISTENDOM.

My text is in the Epistle of Paul to Titus, the first chapter and the fourth verse, three words, "A common faith."

Is there a common faith in Christendom? When one studies the history of the last nineteen hundred years or when one looks over the face of Christendom to-day, one is struck with such divergences of belief, with such differences of spirit and temper, with such jealousies, such rivalries, such antagonisms, as seem to deny the existence of any common faith.

When the great, seething, new life of the first two or three centuries had at last taken shape, there was an attempt to combine the whole great movement under one head; but, partly on account of differences of belief,—which to-day seem to us of very slight importance,—perhaps more largely on account of the jealousy of those who wished to rule, Christendom was split asunder, and from that day to this there has been the Greek Church and the Roman Church, the Church of the East and the Church of the West.

The Western Church maintained for centuries the appearance at least of unity. Those who look with a little care beneath the surface will see that there existed wide differences; but they were suppressed or controlled. This condition lasted until the sixteenth century. Then came the great Protestant Revolution, which split the Western Church into two great halves. Since that day the process of divergence and apparent disintegration has been going on.

The fundamental principle of Protestantism is the right

of private judgment. This has naturally led to the existence of a good many apparently divergent, if not antagonistic, sects. So, as I said, the differences appear to be more prominent and more marked than any observable unity.

Many of the differences seem to me to be superficial, slight, such as perhaps ought not to exist; but there are some of these great antagonisms which represent questions of truth or error, right or wrong, and they will inevitably have to be fought out to some final issue until the truth makes itself apparent and the right comes uppermost.

Ordinarily, as we carry on our every-day work, as we are doing what seems to us the best thing to be done from day to day and week to week, we are within the limits of our own little organization, we are apt to become self-centred, a bit provincial, possibly censorious, as we look over the rest of the world. It seems to me, then, that it may be instructive and profitable for us to note, for a little, the great unities of Christendom and to draw some lessons from their existence.

In the first place, all the different parties and sects of Christendom believe in revelation. We believe that God has spoken to the world. We believe, however we may interpret that faith, that he is still speaking. Here, then, is a most important starting-point for a consideration of the great unities that underlie the superficial divergences of Christendom.

We believe that God cares for his children, and that he speaks to them, telling them what is true, telling them what is right, giving them light enough, at any rate, so that they may take the next step onward and upward towards the fulfilment of some high, if not at present clearly seen, destiny.

Some parts of Christendom believe that this revelation is contained in a book, and that that book is infallible; that in every part of it it is God's word: that it not only contains the truth, but contains nothing but the truth.

There are other sections of Christendom who believe that God speaks through an organization or through the individual soul. The Catholic Church, for example, holds that the Church itself is the medium through which God teaches and leads mankind.

The small body of Friends, or Quakers as they are popularly called, believe that God speaks to each individual by some inner monitory, guiding, lifting voice. But in some way we all believe that God speaks to his children; and that, after all, is, is it not, the great, central, important thing?

Those of us who cannot accept the infallibility of the Bible still believe that divine truth is in the Bible. We believe also that divine truth may be found in other Bibles, may be found in other books than those that are called Bibles. We also agree with the Catholic that God frequently speaks through organizations. We believe with the Friends that God speaks in the silence of the listening individual soul.

But the great thing, more important than any superficial distinctions or antagonisms, is the common faith of Christendom that God does care, that he does speak to men, that we may hear, and may find his word.

We are coming, I think, more and more,—and this is true of the whole Church, as education and civilization advance,—to hold to the idea that no word is infallible because it is found in a book or because it is uttered through an organization or because it comes to the reverent listening of a single soul. We are coming rather to the acceptance of the great, profound principle,—first put into words, so far as I know, by that noble woman, Lucretia Mott,—“Truth for authority, not authority for truth.”

The world, then, is coming more and more to recognize the fact that, wherever a truth is found, by whose lips uttered, in whatever land, under whatever sky, in the far-off times or to-day,—wherever a truth is found, there is

found a fragment of divine revelation; and, just as fast and as far as truth is discovered and organized into a system, just so fast and so far is the Bible of the ages being written. Here, then, is the first great unitary truth of Christendom.

In the next place, we all believe that the word uttered in the olden time is true,—“The Lord our God is one.” In this sense, though not in the technical theological use of the term, all Christendom is Unitarian. We believe in the oneness of God, “one God, one law, one element,” one life, one force, one aim, one end. This we all believe.

It is true that the great majority of Christians still believe in the Trinity, still teach it, still hold to it; but, though to us it seems incomprehensible, though we cannot accept it as true, those who hold it will declare with the utmost earnestness and sincerity that by their doctrine they do not mean to impugn or deny the essential, eternal unity of God. They only mean by it that there is some mysterious way in which this unity combines a tri-personality or manifests itself in three different ways.

I suppose that, as the world goes on, as more and more these great problems are studied in their historic origin and significance, less and less emphasis is laid on any particular form or definition of the Trinity. There is one, and only one, historically orthodox definition; but I suppose that in my life I have asked hundreds of people to give me their definition of the Trinity, and I have never found one yet who could give it accurately; so little have people thought in this direction with consistent clearness.

I remember a friend, a prominent Congregational clergyman in one of the great cities of the country, who told me one day that his Trinity was something like this: He said, “The first person of it is the Universal Spirit and life of the world. The second is Christ; and I regard Christ as the manifestation of the Divine within the sphere of hu-

manity. The Father,—that does not mean anything to me.” That was his definition of the Trinity, which, as you will see, is no Trinity at all.

The point I speak of is not to discuss the problem of the Trinity, but to emphasize the fact, in justice to those who are Trinitarians, that they are as strenuous defenders of the doctrine of the unity of God as are we. So that, whether we may be able to reconcile the facts or not, Christendom is at one in regard to this great, central truth of the universe, of religion and of life.

Another unity is found in the doctrine of Jesus. You may be a little surprised that I speak of this in just this way; but it seems to me that the fact of the oneness concerning the point I am about to mention is unspeakably more important than any of the divergences of opinion which may be held in any quarter of the Christian Church.

We believe in the humanity, the manhood of Jesus. Every orthodox church believes in the utter, perfect humanity and manhood of Jesus as truly as do we. The difference is that they believe something else, which we cannot accept; but the great central, eternal truth of Christendom, the significant truth, that which has made it important and mighty among the religions of the world, has been, it seems to me, the doctrine of the clear, perfect humanity of Jesus.

The orthodox churches tell us that Jesus was not only perfect man, but that at the same time he was complete and perfect God, the two natures being somehow mysteriously united in him, so that he should have only one will. All this seems to us not only incomprehensible, but unnecessary. We think we can trace historically the growth of these ideas, and see how they sprang out of philosophic speculation rather than any clearly revealed word from above.

It seems to us that this doctrine is something which

it is utterly impossible to establish intellectually as being true. I, for one, confess to you I see no possible way by which it could be proved, even if it were true. Think for a moment. God puts into a man, let us say, all of divine that a man can possibly hold, and remain a man. Suppose you put more in. He must inevitably cease to be a man. Suppose he works miracles. But men have been reported as miracle workers in all ages. Suppose he utters astonishing truth. But men have been supposed to be inspired to utter God's truth in all ages and in many nations. By what mark should we be able to know that a man was God, even if it were true, as I say?

People discuss to-day with a great deal of heat and earnestness the opinion of John or Peter or Thomas or some one of the Fathers concerning Jesus. But suppose we had an undoubted and unquestioned affidavit from John or Peter or Paul or any or all of the Fathers. Suppose they had written out, and we had the record still in their handwriting, certified before some proper official, what would it mean? Would it be anything more than the opinion of John or Peter or Paul? How could it be anything more, or in what way could it be established as a fact?

This I speak of, in this way to hint our attitude towards the subject; but the great, significant thing is that Jesus, regarded as divine in all ages, has been perfect man in the thought, in the faith, in the theologies, of every part of Christendom.

And here is the secret of the power and the hope. This means, do you see, a likeness between God and man. It means what John Fiske has put into some of his scientific teachings,—the fact that the power manifested in the universe is a quasi-human power. It means what Browning sings in that marvellous poem, "Saul,"—that, when we see the face of the Divine, it is a human face that we see.

The great, significant point in the whole teaching is that God and man are alike, and that God can be in a man, fill him full, and he be only a man, not transcend the limits of manhood, and that so we may believe that the mighty power at the heart of the infinite universe is like ourselves, and that he can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, that he can think and feel as we think and feel. And so we are not alone, we are not orphans. It is our "Father,"—our Father because Jesus was a man.

However the doctrine may have additions made to it, however it may be defined or perverted, as we think, this is the heart of it, this is the essential thing; and here all Christians are at one.

There is another point that illustrates our unity. We believe substantially the same thing in regard to the nature and condition of man. This may seem rather a strange, startling statement to you, when you remember the doctrines of the fall and of total depravity, and how men like Luther said that natural virtues—virtues on the part of a man not yet converted—were only a sort of splendid vices,—it may seem strange to you that I assert that Christendom is here substantially at one.

Where is the unity? All Christians believe that men are imperfect, that they are involved and meshed in evil, that they need to be delivered from this evil. There is the great central fact. They differ in their explanations as to how he got into this condition, they differ as to their methods of getting him out of it; but the fact that he is there, that he is ignorant, that he is evil, that wrong exists, and sorrow exists as the result of this wrong, and that men need to be delivered from it,—there is the great central fact of the teaching of Christendom in regard to the nature and the condition of man.

You are aware, of course, that the world for centu-

ries has believed in the story of Eden and the doctrine of the fall, and that that tells us how evil came into the world. You are aware, of course, that there are certain sections of the Church who say that the one way for a man to be saved is for him to repent, and become specially converted as the result of the miraculous power of the Holy Spirit.

There are other sections of the Church which say that, if you baptize an infant after a certain fashion, the child's nature is changed by the mercy of God through the means of that ritual, and that he becomes saved.

There are others who say that, if you partake of a certain sacrament, after a prescribed form, and become a member of a certain divine organization, you thus become partakers of God's life, and so are made over,—re-created into the divine likeness.

But these, after all, are comparatively superficial distinctions, not of so much importance as is the general recognition of the condition and that we are all trying to find a way out of it.

Now note another thing which is growing, the complement of this great fact, which is increasing and being more and more generally accepted by Christendom year by year; and that is that the test of a man's salvation is coming to be recognized everywhere as residing in the fact of character. What is the man? not What has he done? Has he been converted, has the holy Spirit wrought a miraculous change in him? Then let him prove it. How? By the way he lives, by the spirit he manifests, by the service he renders.

This test is coming to be more and more applied by every department of the Christian Church. They are beginning to recognize the profound truth of the words of Jesus: "By their fruits ye shall know them." They are beginning to apply the test that was set down by one of the disciples and recorded in the New Testa-

ment hundreds of years ago, "If any man say, I love God, and loveth not his brother, he is a liar; for, if a man loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?"

So, I think, there is no church in Christendom to-day which will tell you that a man is saved if he does not live like a saved man. If he is hard, if he is cruel, if he is sensual, if he is unjust, if he is a slanderer, if he is a defrauder, if he is an oppressor of the weak or the poor, no matter how many churches he belongs to, nobody believes that he is saved in the sense in which a man needs to be saved to become what he ought to be as a child of God.

So here, again, in spite of the superficial divergences and distinctions, Christendom is coming to be more and more at one. A man is saved when he is a true man, when he loves, when he tries to find the truth, when he serves, when he is kindly and gentle and good, when he cultivates the divine qualities. And no matter how many sacraments he has partaken of, nor how many churches he has joined, nobody believes that he is what he ought to be unless he is what he ought to be, and illustrates it in his life.

There is one other great principle on which, in spite of appearances, Christendom is really at one. We all believe in punishment for wrong. We may call it natural results, or we may call it whatever we will; but the fact remains, and the fact is the point to which I wish to direct your attention. We all believe in retribution in this world; and, if we believe—as I certainly do—in another world, we believe in retribution there, too.

A few years ago, unless I misinterpret their attitude, there was a section of the Universalist Church which believed that in a certain miraculous way, as a result of the atonement, people were saved at the time of death, and all of them alike entered on a condition of felicity

in the other life. I do not believe there are any Universalists to-day who hold that opinion.

There are, of course, very different ways of expressing this belief. There are some who hold that the punishment for sin is to be endless in another world; but the number of people who are really civilized, who hold this idea, is becoming smaller and smaller every day.

I have never found anybody in my life, I think, who believed that his own friends, his own immediate circle, were in danger of endless punishment. It is only somebody away off somewhere, or some very bad person, who is to suffer in this way.

But the great thing that we need to fix our attention on is just this: we believe in the inevitable result of punishment and suffering, as following on the heels of wrong. We believe it in this world, we believe it in all worlds. Just so long as sin exists, just so long as wrong is committed, just so long as law is broken, consciously or unconsciously, intentionally or unintentionally, just so long suffering must exist.

Here, then, is the great, central, underlying unity in the Christian belief. We believe in the existence of evil, and that men must be delivered from it in order that they may be delivered from sorrow. Heaven is the blossoming of goodness; and hell, as Omar Khayyám has expressed it, is nothing but

"The shadow of a soul on fire."

And that shadow must inevitably follow the commission of evil in this world or in any other.

Here, then, I have noted some of the great essential unities underlying the superficial diversities of Christian belief. It seems to me that it is worth our while to fix our attention now and then on these unities, in order that we may get the impression into our minds that the word "Christendom" covers some real, great,

historic movement, that has homogeneity, that has conformity to some central idea, and that is moving to some grand end.

It is not these differences of opinion that in themselves are harmful. Nearly all the evil of the past as touching these differences has grown out of one fact: that this department of Christendom, that that department, that the other department,—that each one of them has assumed that it was right, that it had the infallible truth, and that everybody else was wrong. Out of this has sprung intolerance, spiritual pride, religious conceit, cruelty, persecution, hatred, alienations of every kind. All the blood that has been spilt in the contests between different departments of Christendom, all the pain, all the heartache, all the persecution, the inquisition, the rack, the thumb-screw, the alienation of friends, the hatreds, the wrongs,—all of them have come from the fact that each department of Christendom has claimed that it, and it alone, had God's truth; and it has generally assumed that other people, not only ignorantly, but wickedly, denied it,—wickedly shut their eyes to the truth, because they did not desire it. And they have assumed that they had a right to act for God in the infliction of punishment upon people who were wilfully going astray.

One thing we liberals who have suffered from this attitude of other religious bodies need to guard against,—growing bitter; and we need to guard against cultivating the same spirit ourselves. We think we are right. I think in the main we are, or I should not stand where I do; but let us not assume that we are infallible in the sense that we have a right to pronounce judgment on other people.

There is only one thing that you have a right to be intolerant towards; and that is what? It is intolerance. Do not tolerate intolerance, but tolerate anything else.

"Tolerate",—I do not like the word. I sometimes use it; but I always feel like offering an apology when I do. I do not want to be merely tolerant. I do not thank anybody for tolerating me. I claim the right to hold whatever opinion commends itself to me as truth. There is something of conceit, something of looking down upon others, something of offensive patronage, in the idea of tolerating another man.

I claim the right to my opinions; and I as freely concede the right to other people to hold either my opinions or any others which they find they must. The right—let me guard that by one suggestion: I have a right to hold my opinion; but that right is limited. You have no right to coerce me in the matter; and I have no right to coerce you. I have no right even to hate you; and you have no right to hate me.

But I have no right to hold any opinions except true opinions. In other words, I am under the highest conceivable obligation to be ready always to test my beliefs and try and find out if they are true; for no man has a right to believe anything except the truth. He must believe what seems to him the truth at the time; but he must be always open-minded and ready to welcome new light from any quarter, if he will be true to himself and true to God.

Another point. As we look over the world, let us see how inevitable it is that there should be these differences of opinion. Look at the different races. See how differently constituted they are, what differences of inheritance, what differences of opportunity, what differences of temperament, what differences of culture, and then see how inevitable it is that they must look at these great world problems from different points of view, must see partially, one a little fragment here, another a fragment there.

And so let us learn that there is one thing more im-

portant than the immediate fact of our being intellectually accurate in our opinion; and that is, our being spiritually sympathetic and helpful towards all men. The spirit, the temper of our lives, the attitude we maintain towards people, is more important than that we should be accurate just to-day in our belief concerning this matter or that.

Let us be sympathetic, broadly, tenderly, lovingly sympathetic towards people, and remember that, just as in the case of the Sabbath,—“The Sabbath is for man, and not man for the Sabbath,”—so beliefs are for men, and not men for beliefs. Let us not dare to sacrifice our love, our sympathy, our helpfulness, on the altar of any intellectual system. Let us know that the one great thing is that we help people,—help them think, help them live.

I remember that Oriental apologue, so beautiful, so instructive, how Abraham in his bounteous hospitality waited at his tent door, ready to distribute alms or to welcome any one who needed it; and an old man came, tottering and weary, and Abraham said, “Come into my tent, and break with me my bread, and partake of my salt.” And, as they sat at table, Abraham uttered his blessing in the name of God, and he noted that the old man did not join with him, and he reproved him for it; and he said, “I am of the religion of the Parsees.” Then Abraham arose in his wrath, in his religious zeal, and started to drive him from his door, when suddenly a white-robed angel appeared, and said: “Abraham, God has borne with this old man for eighty years. He has blessed him with sun and rain, with friends, with life, with hope. Cannot you put up with him for one night?”

Let us try to be, then, as broad in our sympathies as God. If he puts up with people, he who is perfect, let not us, so imperfect, dare to be hard or bitter towards

those who differ, however radically, from our service; for at the end the one great point is here.

In the very last part of the Gospel according to John it is recorded that Peter said to Jesus, "Master, and what shall this man do?" And Jesus said: "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." We are not responsible for other people. We are indeed responsible for loving them and tenderly doing all we can to teach them the truth, to lead them unto the right way as we understand it; but our responsibility ends there.

So we must not waste our time because this man does not walk in the way in which we think he ought. We must take heed to the one supreme matter,—as to whether we follow the light, follow the truth, cultivate the tender, genuine spirit of the highest religious life. "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

Father, we are glad that we may have part with Thee in helping deliver men from error and evil and wrong. We are glad that we can study and try to find the way, glad that we may set our feet in the steps which Thou hast taken. Let us, knowing our own weakness and errors, be, oh, so tender, so patient with others! Let us try to help them up, even if they are bitter, hate us, even if they persecute us. Let us remember him who said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." And so, at any rate, let us be faithful; and we can render so the one service possible to us,—that of following after Thee. Amen.

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THE FUTURE OF THE RELIGION OF JESUS.

My text you may find in the third chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians, the thirteenth verse,—“The things which are before.”

What is the use of our trying to forecast the religion of Jesus, to tell what shape beliefs and customs are to assume in the future? The use of it seems to me here: If the universe is against us, then there is no use in our making any effort; for that means that God's methods are not ours, and we cannot pit our puny strength against omnipotence. But, if we can believe that the tendency of things is, on the whole, good, and if we can find out what that tendency is, then we can gain heart and encouragement from noting it, and we can co-operate with it and help it on.

So it seems to me that it is worth our while, if we can, to forecast a little what is to come in the next few generations in the way of the growth and development of the religion of Jesus.

How shall we undertake this task? Patrick Henry, in that famous speech of his, said—I cannot quote him verbatim—that he knew of no way of foretelling the future but by a study of the past. If we can see the way in which things have been going, the way in which they seem to be going now, then we can make a fair estimate as to what is likely to be their outcome next week or next year.

Some years ago, when General Greely was at the head of the Weather Bureau in Washington, I went

with him to his office, and he talked to me in regard to the methods of predicting the weather. He told me, what I did not know at that time, and which seems to me we ought to take account of when judging the wisdom of these predictions,—that he was obliged by law to make a definite forecast, even when it was largely a matter of guess-work. He had to prophesy.

He took me to a map, and said: "Here, for example, is a storm, now in Texas. Its general course is north-east. We know now at what rate of speed it is traveling. Of course, it is very easy, supposing it to keep on just as it is going, to tell where it will be to-morrow; but nobody knows where it will be to-morrow with definiteness and certainty, because something may occur either to retard or accelerate its movement. Conditions may be met which will deflect it north or south, so that the best we can do is to calculate the probabilities."

And he said it was not an uncommon thing for him to ask his first assistant to make a prophecy, and for him also to make one, and to find next day that both of them were wrong.

But it is only by noting how things have gone in the past and how they seem to be going to-day that we can forecast the probabilities of the future. You see a man pursuing a certain course of conduct. Enlightened by the history of human life in the past, you say, If he keeps on, such and such a thing will be likely to result. It may be a matter touching his health, or his character, or his methods of doing business. But it is in this way that we can reasonably prophesy. It is not necessary to follow the course of the Mississippi River from its source to the gulf, in order to tell which way it is going. If you note its trend at a certain point near its source, and then a hundred or two hundred miles below, in spite of its turnings and changings and

eddyings, you will know with practical certainty where it will empty.

When we can study the history of a nation, the peculiarities of a people, the great principles which are working themselves out, we can tell what is likely to be the issue in a hundred years. In this way, and in this way only, can we study the religion of Jesus, and see what it is likely to become in the future.

Religion has always existed in the world, and in the nature of things it always must exist. I have not time to go into this matter this morning, neither is it important; but it is very easy to show that religion, by its very nature, is something that must last as long as humanity lasts. Its essence resides in the eternal and universal relationship which exists between us and the infinite Power manifested in the universe.

All nations, all tribes, all peoples everywhere, have been engaged in the one, same, universal, eternal religious search. They have been trying to find God, trying to find out what he desired at their hands, trying to the best of their ability to obey him. This is what people always and everywhere have been trying to do.

And it is perfectly natural—nay, it is inevitable—in the early ages of the world's history, when man was savage, weak, ignorant, crude, that the manifestations of his religious life should be savage, weak, ignorant, crude. Man cannot think better than he is able to think. He cannot do better than he is able to accomplish. So the early forms that the religious life of the world assumed were just what we ought to expect to find there.

President Schurman, of Cornell University, in a remarkable address which he gave some years ago in Boston, outlined three great stages in the advance of the religious life of the world. They will serve as a framework for some part of our thought to-day, so I wish to point out what they were.

He said that in the early ages the one important thing as estimated by the opinion of the people at the time was the cult, the ceremonial, the service. Very little stress was laid on morals, what we mean by conduct to-day. Very little attention was paid to the creed. The principal thing was the sacrifice offered to the gods. This sacrifice must be of a particular kind; it must be on such or such an altar; it must be accompanied by such and such ceremonies. The priest must be dressed in some specific fashion. He must face towards certain points of the compass. He must pronounce certain formulas, and in definite tones of voice, and with particular inflections of those tones. All this external form, ceremony, ritual, was, as they supposed, insisted upon by the gods; and this was the one thing which was important.

It did not make much difference how you behaved, what you believed; but it made all the difference in the world as to whether you conformed to the prescribed ceremonial. This, President Schurman said, represents the first great stage in the religious history of the world.

The next one was that of creed. He did not mean by this that ceremonial ceased to exist, only it comparatively fell into the background. It was regarded as of less and less importance; and the one great thing was what men believed. This is a condition of things which existed in the early ages of Christianity, when the Athanasian Creed, for example, came into existence, and when it is solemnly declared at the end of it that such and such things men must believe or perish everlastingly. They continued their interest in the ceremonial; but the great thing was what they believed, accuracy of intellectual ideas.

President Schurman says that, though the ceremonial still persists, and though there are those who lay a great deal of emphasis still on the creeds, relatively these

are becoming of less and less importance, and that the great thing in the civilized world to-day is the spiritual attitude, which way a man is looking, how he feels towards the great spiritual realities of the world.

If a man is reverent and tender and helpful in spirit, if he is trying to find the truth, to serve and help his fellow-men, then he may use whatever ritual he pleases, and he may be very free in regard to his intellectual ideas. These are of less and less importance; what your spiritual attitude is becomes the principal thing.

Undoubtedly, these great stages of advance do represent in some rough way the progress which the world has made up to the present time. But now I wish you to go back with me for a little and see how Jesus anticipated this tremendous advance of the world. Let us note for a little where Jesus stood nearly two thousand years ago. It seems to me that this is not sufficiently well appreciated, that we do not regard the wonder of it as we might.

What did Jesus do? More significant yet, what did he not do? You are familiar with the fact that he organized no church, he said nothing about any one else's organizing one: he left that to take care of itself. He said nothing about any formal ritual: he established no ceremonies whatever: he left that again to take care of itself.

He did, though, one very significant thing in regard to these, or, rather, said one very significant thing. I think it is fair for us to interpret his attitude as something like this: He said in effect, The ritual is well; but he distinctly and definitely declared that something else was of unspeakably more importance.

You will remember (for I have referred to it more than once) how he said, If you bring your gift to the altar—you see he did not object to their bringing it—but if, when you have brought it, you remember that your brother has aught against you, if you are out of right relation to your fellow-men, then leave your gift there, and go and be

reconciled to your brother first. Then come, if you choose, and offer your gift.

But the essential thing, the preliminary, the one thing of supreme importance, in his estimate, was the relation in which we stand to our fellow-men. This was the teaching of Jesus in regard to ritual.

Again, Jesus never wrote any creed, never directed anybody else to write any. He said nothing about any creeds being binding on men. He never made an intellectual belief the condition of entrance into the kingdom of God.

You see, then, that Jesus, nearly two thousand years ago, anticipated the position which President Schurman tells us we are only beginning to approach and realize in this twentieth century after his time.

But, as is perfectly natural, Jesus was away ahead of his age. The people were not ready to appreciate or understand these great spiritual teachings and principles which he enunciated. So for the first fifteen hundred years at least, after his crucifixion, the Church itself insisted upon those things which he had relegated to at least a secondary place.

The Church insisted upon organization, and made this organization a condition of future felicity. A man must become a member of this organization in order that he may be a partaker of the divine life, and so be delivered from the anger of God and admitted to the glory of his kingdom.

Then, again, the Church insisted upon the ritual. It reinstated it at the top after Jesus had subordinated it to something higher. It said that no man can be saved unless he becomes a partaker of my sacraments; and so thoroughly was this believed, so dominant was this idea during the Middle Ages, that the head of the Church, the one who held control of power that could bring all Europe to his feet, the pope, had simply to deny the sacrament to the people of any particular kingdom, and the king

himself was uncrowned and his sceptre snatched from his hand by the fear of the people. He was obliged to conform, so that salvation once more might be conferred upon those who came by the only specified and acceptable way.

The Church again reinstated the creed after it had been put in a secondary position by the Master himself; and until very recent times intellectual beliefs have been made the condition of salvation. So, as I said (and it is perfectly natural), the world took hundreds of years for progressing to the point that Jesus himself occupied nearly two thousand years ago; and only here and there have the most enlightened reached that position as yet.

We are ready now, from these cursory glimpses as to the trend and tendency of things in the past, to estimate a little which way they are moving to-day, and what are to be the important things in the religious life of to-morrow.

In the first place, is there to be any great church union? One thing that is very largely and prominently discussed at the present time is the union of all Christendom under some one great head. Every little while the Catholic Church issues an invitation to all the other branches of Christendom to come to her and recognize her as the leader. The Church of England has extended a similar invitation to all other Protestant bodies.

The idea seems to be that there ought to be a union of all the different forms of Christendom under some one great head. Is there any likelihood of this? If there is not, then we need not waste our strength in working for it. If it is not desirable, we should put our enthusiasm into some other channel.

Here is one reason, you see (and which applies all along the line), for us to try to estimate which way things are going and which way they ought to go; for from

the beginning of the world there has been a waste of energy, of money, of time, of thought, of effort, of enthusiasm, in endeavoring to accomplish impossible results, or results which we have found out after long experience ought not to be accomplished.

Ought we then to dream of, to believe in, to work towards the union of Christendom, as it is called? I believe that a negative answer must be given to this question. If we study the progress and growth of things in the universe, we shall find that they are in precisely an opposite direction. Evolution, which is only another name for growth, is, they tell us, always from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. Let me give you one or two illustrations.

Astronomers tell us that all the matter which composes this present solar system of ours used to be diffused as a fire-mist or a nebula through space. There was homogeneity, sameness, the union of likeness; but the progress of evolution meant the breaking up of this sameness, the destroying of this union, and in place of that we have sun and planet and moon and asteroid, an infinite variety, making up, however, one great, beautiful system, swayed by one law and moving towards one end. The growth of things, then, is away from similarity, away from this likeness, and towards multiplicity, variety.

There is a certain kind of union in an acorn,—sameness, homogeneity; but let it burst and grow, and what do you have? You have in time the century-old oak, with an infinite variety of unfolding and development,—a unity? Yes, but a unity, not of sameness, but of diversity.

What is the tendency in horticulture? Take as an illustration, for example, the development of the rose. I suppose, if we go back far enough, we shall find perhaps

some one ancestor of all the roses that are now familiar to the lover of flowers. But what has been the tendency? Are men to-day trying to make all the roses grow alike? Are they selecting some one pattern, and trying to conform the rest to that?

I remember some years ago in the West I visited the grounds of a man who prided himself on having twelve hundred different kinds of roses; and I suppose that a very large number have been produced since then. It is not sameness that people are looking for here: it is variety; and the man who makes himself famous is he who can develop something new, another kind of rose, another kind of fruit, another kind of shrub. So the method of nature is not towards sameness, homogeneity: it is towards infinite unfolding, expansion, and variety.

The adherents of the Catholic Church sometimes criticise the Protestant because it is broken up into so many different sects and factions. Let them criticise the factions as much as they please; but I see no reason why we should shrink from being criticised on account of the different sects. If there is jealousy, controversy, antagonism, these things are evil; but the variety of unfoldment is not an evil, nothing for which an apology is required. In this way rather does the infinite variety of human nature and human life come to its full and complete expression.

Let Christianity, then, assume as many forms as shall represent different expressions, and different types of real life: only let there be at last this great union of spirit, of love, of endeavor after truth, rivalry of service, consecration to the highest and best things. This, it seems to me, is what we are to look for in the future, and is the only kind of unity which we are to desire.

One other great change has been going on and making very rapid strides in the last hundred or two years.

Even when I was a boy, the one dominant idea of the only kind of Christianity with which I was acquainted was fixed on the effort to save your own soul. Expression of this may be found in a hymn which I used to hear sung, and with which I was very familiar. I remember and think I can quote one verse of it as a specimen: —

“’Tis a thing I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I saved or am I not?”

Here was the one great anxiety of the Christian,—to be sure that his soul was saved. This was the one thing that was preached, the one thing that was pressed upon the attention of men. And I remember well the horror of this uncertainty, how I longed and wept and prayed in the endeavor to find out as to whether my soul was saved or not. In those sad days I never was able to satisfy that longing; I never could find anything that seemed to me definitely to determine the matter.

But in the progress of Christianity in the last few years (a progress which we can see making way more and more, and which I believe is to be dominant in the religion of Jesus in the future) is the forgetting all about the salvation of the individual soul. Did not Jesus—indeed, I wonder how people so completely forget his teaching—say that “he that saveth his life shall lose it”? Did he not teach that the way for a man to become divine was to lose all consciousness of the endeavor to become divine on his own account, separated from his fellows?

And is it not perfectly clear that he uttered here an eternal and changeless principle? That which makes a soul divine, what is it? It is love, devotion, pity, sympathy, helpfulness; and these things mean the forgetting of self. So that the way to save your soul is to forget

in your absorption in your work for the world as to whether you have any soul or not. Pay no attention to your own soul. "Look out and not in, look up and not down, look forward and not back, and lend a hand," as Edward Everett Hale has taught us to do.

This is the way to save your own soul. You cannot possibly save your soul by devoting yourself to it. You cannot help saving your soul if you devote yourself to the work of the world.

So the Church in the future is to change its emphasis completely. The old revivals are things of the past. I do not believe that the world in the coming years is going to get excited over the question of the deliverance of the soul from the wrath of God or from punishment in another life. No man is going to be worried in the future over problems like that.

The great thing in the coming time—and this is our next step—is going to be service. This, again, Jesus taught nearly two thousand years ago: "If any man will be great in the kingdom of heaven, he must serve." Jesus "went about doing good." "He made himself of no reputation." He consecrated himself to the service of others. And this (we are beginning to see it now as a self-evident truth) is the one great thing in the religious life. We are to care for humanity; we are to give ourselves to the service of the world.

Churches are to exist? Yes, I believe churches will exist, grander and nobler in the coming time than they have ever been yet in the history of the world; but they will not be organizations to which the people will come for the sake of saving their own souls. They will be organizations for the purpose of increasing the power of the individual, so that more can be accomplished for the world.

The principle of organization in the Church will be precisely the same as it is in commerce, in industry, in any

other department of human life. It will be a device for the increase of power, for the accomplishment of larger and more wide-spread results.

Ritual will remain? Yes, because there are some people who love ritual, because there are many natures who find in it the natural expression of their emotions, their feelings, their aspirations. On the other hand, there are those who dislike it as completely as others are devoted to it. So this will be a matter left free for everybody.

Have all the ritual you will, if only it is the natural expression of your religious life; but it is not in future to be regarded any more as a condition of life. We are not to believe that children are saved from the wrath of God by having a little water sprinkled on their foreheads. We are not to believe that a reprobate old man is to be suddenly transformed into a saint and made capable of entering into eternal felicity by having the ceremony of extreme unction performed over him in the hour of death.

We are not to devote ourselves to these external forms, as having in them the secrets of life. They are well in their place and as the expression of life; and that is all.

Again, the creeds are to remain, or, at any rate, creeds will continually come into existence in the future. Any man who thinks and is only half-intelligent must have a creed. That which he believes, whether he writes it down, whether he promises to abide by it or not, is his creed. So creeds will remain; but they will not be regarded in the future as conditions of salvation. They will be only the expressions of the ever-advancing and widening thought and theory of man.

These things, all of them, will remain, but they will take the secondary place that belongs to them; and the great work of the Church in the coming time will be to serve humanity. In what particular way? In every way. The Church is broadening all the time in her prac-

tical charities, serving the needs and alleviating the sufferings of human bodies; but these are only the alphabet. Here is only the beginning of her ministry; and these things are relatively of the least importance among all those which she ought to aim to accomplish.

The Church serves man better when it helps him in his industrial life, when it helps him in his social life, when, above all these, it helps him in his intellectual life. The Church of the future is to be a leader of thought, a teacher of men, teaching especially those things which touch the practical worth and conduct of human life.

And, then, the Church is to serve men by holding up ever before them the supreme objects of love, of admiration, and of worship. The Church, in other words, is to serve the heart and the inner life of man; and then, beyond all, it is to cultivate the soul. More and more, as it seems to me, in the coming time it is to be recognized that the one great thing to be done in the world is to develop the human soul,—not in any selfish way, but in unselfish ways; to have this as the high, leading, luring ideal of life. Browning has put this into a few words: "The development of a soul: little else is worth study."

That seems to me to be the keynote of the future,—the development of the soul. This is the thing that the Church is to devote herself to in the ages that are to come.

And, carrying this point one step further, the Church is to recognize and teach what is coming more and more to be seen as the great central truth of human life. It was said of Jesus that he came "bringing life and immortality to light." This, I believe, is true. He came bringing life and immortality to light. The one great thing which he gave to the world was life,—"I come that ye may have life, and have it more abundantly"; more life, fuller life, deeper life, wider life,—life. This is the thing to cure the world of its weariness and its weakness, and to make us feel immortal.

The Church is to teach, as its great ideal, that every man is naturally deathless; that he is a spirit now, living in a spiritual world now. This world is no less spiritual because we are clothed with bodies that we call material, because we are in the midst of all this brave and wonderful show of things. We are essentially spirits; and the recognition of this fact is to be the capital one, in my judgment, in the teaching and the work of the religion of Jesus in the coming years.

Men are to learn more and more that they are souls, that they are children of God, and that they are living here in this world as a part of the education, the training, the development of themselves as children of God; they are to learn that everything else is secondary, subordinate; they are to learn that the body is important for the development of the soul; they are to learn that joy is important, that sorrow is important; that gaining things may be important, that losing things may be important; that all the incidents of our career are only subsidiary to this,—that everything is intended to minister to this.

Here, I believe, is the secret of life. Here is the central, essential meaning of existence. This is what we are here for; and, when we have learned this, all the difficulties, all the troubles, all the burdens, all the cares, all the incidents and experiences of life, will take their places as experiences by the way; and the principal thing will be the way and the end towards which it leads.

Father, we thank Thee that we can believe that under Thy guidance the world is moving towards liberty and light and loving service, that in Thy hands all things are well. We thank Thee that we can co-operate with Thee, can accomplish a little in helping on some of the results which we can dimly foresee. Let us be heartened and encouraged by these thoughts, and let us consecrate ourselves to such service. Amen.



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GROWING THINGS

A Sermon for May

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GROWING THINGS.

A Sermon for May

My text you may find in the Canticles, or the Song of Songs, the second chapter, beginning with the eleventh verse: "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone,"—you must remember that this is written in a country where the rainy season was the winter, and took the place of snow,—“the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The vines are in blossom; they give forth their fragrance.”

If the phenomena of May occurred only once in fifty or a hundred years, how much attention they would call forth and receive! how it would be looked forward to, how it would be studied, how it would be remembered! Those who were born and were so unfortunate as to die in one of the intervals between the appearances of this wonderful month would be looked upon with sympathy, as having lost some great, some significant thing.

The wonder of it, and the meaning! The earth for so long covered with snow, everything apparently dead, or sleeping in such a deep slumber as appears like death, and then the sun begins, as we say, his northward journey, or the old earth swings in her orbit so that the rays of the sun fall more directly upon these northern lands, and the wonder begins!

Something unseen, something unnoticed, at first, down beneath the surface of the ground, among the roots of

the trees and the plants, hidden beneath the bark,—a marvel at work. What is it? That mysterious thing that we call life. What is life? Nobody knows. Life, the mystic manifestation of the presence and the work of God.

The mystery begins to manifest itself. There is a softer look in the sky. If you climb up on a hilltop, as I love to do, where I can get a glimpse of the sea, there is a tender gleam on the far horizon, and the ocean pulls with such a longing as, in my case at any rate, can find expression only in glad tears.

Then the branches of the trees begin to look strange and blurred. Nothing definite, and yet a change has come. The leaves begin to spring forth. In the country the earth begins to cover itself with green. Even in the city the transformation is manifest. Those that have been prisoned,—the "spirits imprisoned," to borrow a Bible phrase,—the spirits of the plants, the grasses, the flowers, those that are hidden away in the crevices, between the paving-stones, those in the softened places on some old ruined wall, those that the wind has scattered in some out-of-the-way nook by the side of an old tumble-down building,—not in the wide parks, but in the little breathing-spaces,—these spirits that have been imprisoned begin to come forth and rejoice in the light of day. Everywhere beauty and wonder and glory, and the year is all alive, that which seemed dead, and it is all beautiful which seemed ugly, and it is all color which was bare and brown, and it is all fragrance and sweetness.

What a wonder it all is, what a delight! how it calls out in us all the poetry, the remembrance, of our youth! how it stirs hope and gladness!

Noting this wonder, this miracle of it, let us pass on for a little to see certain phases of these growing things which have moral and spiritual truths to tell us.

In the first place, the marvellous transmutation that is going on. I remember to have referred to this once. I do not recall just when; but so significant is it, so marvellous, that I think it will not seem trite if I refer to it again.

There have been philosophers in all ages until very modern times who have wondered as to whether base metals might not be transmuted into gold. Nature in her laboratory is all the time engaged in working this wonder. It does not seem strange to me that men, until they have studied more closely, more carefully, the laws of the universe, should suppose that such a thing might be possible. The marvel of it to me is right here. Let me see if I can suggest it, and if you will catch the significance, the meaning, of it all.

Here are different kinds of trees, shrubs, plants, growing in substantially, so far as we can see, the same kind of soil. The same air is blowing over and breathing around them, the same sunlight shines upon them, the same dews condense out of the air, the same rains fall. The conditions seem substantially the same; and yet each shrub, each tree, each plant, each flower, each vegetable, gathers out of this common storehouse that which enters into and builds up its own distinct and peculiar life. That is the marvel of it to me.

Here is an oak-tree. Everything it absorbs from the earth and the air, the sunshine and the rain, is turned into oak. Here is a willow. Everything it absorbs out of the same storehouse becomes willow. Here is a rose-bush. Everything that it gathers up into itself becomes rose, beauty of color, daintiness of perfume. Right beside it is a Canada thistle. Everything it gathers out of this storehouse it turns into thistle,—repulsive, repellent, prickly, injurious.

Here, close beside both these, clambering over a wall, is an ivy vine; and all that it absorbs from earth and air,

by some subtle alchemy that we cannot comprehend, becomes poison. Side by side grow the edible and the poisonous toadstool,—the marvel of a chemistry we cannot comprehend.

And, then, do you ever stop to wonder, to bow the knee, to bend the head, to humble the heart in reverence and worship, as you think about the mystery of these things going on all around you, that have no explanation except as we say, reverently, God? And that is no explanation from the point of view of science. It is only the utterance of our deep heart of religious trust and love.

How do these things out of that which has no color produce color, out of that which has no fragrance produce fragrance, out of that which apparently has no life produce life, out of that which is wholesome produce poison, out of that which is poison produce that which is wholesome? How are these marvellous transformations wrought?

And then the wonder of a man, when you catch a suggestion of which Emerson has made much in some of his essays, and remember that each of us puts our stamp on the whole of this external nature. There is no noise there: it is here. There is no music there: it is here. There is no color there: it is here. There is no fragrance there: it is here. We are the key and the interpretation of this mystic universe which is the expression of the life of God.

But there is a lesson here which I do not wish to overlook nor have you forget. The rose selects from earth and air and all that makes up its surroundings the materials for the construction, the building, of its beautiful, fragrant flower. The thistle selects that which makes a thistle; the poison ivy, that which makes the poison ivy.

Now each of these is under, I suppose, a necessity.

It takes what it must; and it produces what it can. But we,—I do not propose to raise this morning that old question of foreordination or free will, of liberty or necessity,—but we do feel conscious in ourselves that within certain limits, at any rate, we are free; and we show that consciousness in the fact that we are ready, sometimes all too ready, to judge other people, intimating that we have regarded them as free, and therefore as responsible.

We are here,— and this is the point of my lesson,—men and women of all degrees, of all kinds of character, good, bad, indifferent, mixed of one and the other; and we are all in the same circumstances substantially. We are rooted in the same soil. We are breathing the same air, the same sunshine is on us, the same dews around us.

But we pick out of these reservoirs of possibility that which goes to the making of what we are; and we at any rate, if the plants are not, within certain limits, however narrow, are responsible for what we select and what we build. This is the point I wish to emphasize for a moment.

Here is a man, for example, down in Wall Street. He is in the midst of the same conditions as his neighbor, who has an office across the street. One man builds himself into what kind of a character? He becomes selfish, hard, suspicious. He thinks all men are dishonest. I have had a business man say to me, If you had been in business as many years as I have, you would not have your cheerful, optimistic view of the average character of the average business man: you would have learned better, as I have. This man, out of these materials, selects the stuff which he builds into a selfish, hard, suspicious, uncharitable man.

But right across the street, perhaps a member with him of the same exchange, engaged in the same kind

of business, is another man, who out of this same reservoir of potentialities has selected the materials out of which he has built himself up into entirely another kind of character. He is loving, gentle, tender, unselfish. He feels charitable towards other business men. He will give you an optimistic picture of the present condition of things and of the possible outlook for the future.

Have you not noticed among your own children in the same household these opposites of character develop themselves? This means, does it not, that the individual has something to do about it, and that it is not entirely in this case a matter of circumstance, of condition? The man has sought that which was like himself; and he has anticipated his own peculiarities.

Now there is one important lesson which I would like to direct your attention to here for a moment. I meet men once in a while who have become bitter, confirmed pessimists. A man prominent in the literary life of this country told me, not a great while ago, that, in his judgment, any sensible man by the time he was fifty had to be a pessimist. That was the summed up result of his experience of the world and of human life.

Now I did feel, as I was talking with him, that possibly he might not regard me as specially intelligent or sensible; but I have lived in the same kind of world as he has, and I am not at all a pessimist. I believe more and more, year by year, in God, in the integrity of the universe, in the goodness of things, in the hopeful outcome of human life.

The point is,—and it seems to me important,—because a man has become a pessimist, that does not at all prove that the conditions in which he has lived have been such as to nourish only the tendency to pessimism. It is a matter of his own individual character; and his judgment of the universe is no more to be taken as the

sane and final judgment than is that of a man of opposite character.

Indeed, I believe this to be true,—the men who deal first-hand with the miseries, the sorrows, the evils of human life, so far as my knowledge of these things is concerned, are more likely to be the ones who are filled with trust and hope.

A man spends his afternoons, after his business hours, or perhaps more than his afternoons if he has retired from business, at the Union League or the Century or the University or the Metropolitan Club. He takes no more active part, perhaps, in the world's affairs, has money enough so he can live as he pleases, is somewhat selfishly absorbed in magazines, in books, in his own indulgences. He looks out on the world from this point of vantage; and it seems to him a pretty poor place. The average men and women, particularly the laborers, the workers, the common folk on the East Side, are not very high up in the scale of civilization; and he is apt to think the world a pretty poor affair.

But go over on the East Side, find a resident in some one of the settlements who comes in first-hand touch with these common, struggling, striving, working people day by day. He sees the newsboys, the poor women of the street, the off-scouring and the refuse of society; and time and again you will find a man or a woman like that carrying a great trust as well as a great pity and tenderness in his or her heart. Such persons are apt to feel that here are the possibilities of great and noble things in these common people, and to look forward to some fine outcome in the future that shall not only justify, but glorify, all the process through which we are passing.

Remember, then, that, because some one picks out of his immediate environment the materials out of which he makes himself a hard, a selfish, or a hopeless kind of man, he has not thereby exhausted those possibilities;

and thousands of persons in his immediate surroundings have found the stuff of which to construct another, entirely another, kind of character.

Let us turn sharply now for a moment, and note a phase of the suggestion of these growing things which would seem at first to contradict what I have been saying. I have shown how out of similar conditions entirely different results may come. Now I wish to note that we are to learn to judge very tenderly, very sympathetically, when we note how the limits of conditions and possibilities of growth sometimes determine meagre or distorted results.

Climb a mountain away to the edge of the snow-line, and nothing can grow there except what the conditions make possible. There at the north you come upon hardy pines, hemlocks, firs, trees that can stand the chill of the winter and the blasts of the stormy winds. In the southland you find the abundance, the glory, the color, the marvellous development; or you find these in hothouses, where artificial shelter is provided, artificial opportunity is given.

Now there are men, women, children, who have such limited possibilities of growth in the way of soil, in the way of atmosphere, in the way of snow and rain, that we have no right to judge them harshly. We should learn to be very sympathetic, very patient, very indulgent.

You take a boy who is born in a tenement, where he comes in contact with nothing, or very little, in the way of love and care, where he is cast out on the street to fight for his life, in rags, in cold, in hunger. Will you expect of him the same results as you have a right to look for in the case of a boy who is sheltered and guarded after being born into a beautiful home?

Will you pass the same severe judgment on a young girl who, broken and gone astray, has become among

those that in polite society we hardly dare to name, because she has never had the opportunity to know or dream of the fine, sweet things that we love to provide for our wives, our sisters, our daughters?

Take the delicate, dainty, costly vase for which thousands of dollars are paid, and which has some special pedestal on which it is to stand, and where it becomes a show-piece for the wealthy owner, among his friends. Take that and expose it to the kind of usage that is bestowed upon the pots and kettles and pans that are beaten together and broken, abused and neglected, in some poor hovel, and to what would all its beauty and daintiness come? It is a matter of opportunity in thousands of cases.

I have known people who have said, in regard to a struggling boy, for example, who wished to get an education, wished to make something of himself: "If it is in him, it will come out. Do not trouble about him; do not help him too much; do not give him very much encouragement. If it is really there, it will find a way."

I do not believe a word of anything of the kind. There are thousands of boys and thousands of girls who have never had any opportunity, and consequently have never come to anything. Do you think that all the poets, the possible poets of the world, the possible painters, the possible musicians, the possible philosophers, the possible statesmen, the possible generals, have developed and been known in the history of the world? Or do you believe, as Gray expresses it in that "Elegy," as he muses in the country churchyard, that many a Milton sleeps here who has never sung, many a great man that the world has never heard of?

Do you not believe that there is many a gem hidden on the bottom of the ocean that no eyes have ever seen, many a flower that blossoms and dies in the wilderness and wastes its sweetness on the desert air?

Consider for a moment. If we had had no Civil War in this country, would the world have ever found out that we had here a general worthy to stand beside Napoleon, Hannibal, Cæsar, the greatest that have ever lived, and superior to these in manliness, in character, while their equal in genius?

Would the world have ever known that we had, in a little town in Illinois, a commoner equal to the noblest men that have ever trod the earth, if not the one standing supreme above all others save him, the gentle Nazarene? These men would have been unknown, had it not been for the Civil War.

I believe that the history of the world has been full of men and women having in them all the possibilities of greatness, but with no conditions to call them out. I trust that they will have an opportunity of blossoming and bringing forth their fruit over yonder.

Let us remember, then, as we judge people, as we judge ourselves even, that justice compels us to take account of conditions, of possibilities, of hindrances.

Another thought. It comforts me,—this consideration which I now have in mind. I sometimes find myself overburdened with a sense of responsibility, worn, weary, as though I had the world on my shoulders, and must by and by give an account of the total results of its failure or success. I know there are a great many who carry no such sense of responsibility. I have had a great many times in my own life when I have not felt it perhaps enough; but those who are earnest, those who are alive, those who are keenly sensitive to the conditions of the world, I believe are apt to carry too heavy a load, and that it is worth their while to learn this lesson of the growing things, and now and then to rest.

The thing that comforts me is this: At night I go to sleep, and forget myself. I am being recuperated in that unconscious hour. But, while I am asleep, the world

does not stop: the plants are growing, the trees, the flowers, the fruits are ripening,—the whole process of the world is going on.

The farmer, after his ploughing and planting and looking after the weeds, does not need to sit on the fence, or lean over it and worry as to whether things are going on or not. It does no good; and he ought to remember that he has taken God into his partnership, and that he is working for him, even when he forgets or is asleep.

And let us remember this: If God really wants the things done that we want done, then some time they are going to be done. That is sure. If he does not want them done, then, struggle as we may, they are not going to be accomplished, because he is mightier than we are.

I have a friend, a minister in Boston, who once in my hearing gave utterance to what seems to me a very wise word, though a very simple one. He said, "We ought to remember that it is a very little that we can do, but that we are under obligation to do that little." It is not a great deal any of us can accomplish. We are not, therefore, freed from the obligation of doing that little; and it ought to comfort us, what Luther has said,—I quote only his idea,—that even God has need of strong men.

God works through us. We are under obligation, then, to do what we can; but, after we have done what we can, let us trust and sleep and rest, and believe that the affairs of the world are going well. Let us, if we can, echo that immortal song of Pippa,—

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

It may not seem right at all to us; but, if God is in his heaven, it is right, or it is in the way to becoming right. That does not release us from the obligation of doing all we can to help on the conditions of affairs; but it ought to take a great burden of care from our hearts.

I think I must have spoken of it in this place some time; but I frequently remember the saying of that wise old minister, as he got along in years,—I think it was Dr. Lyman Beecher,—who, when somebody asked him how he was getting along, said: “A good deal better than I used to. I have about made up my mind to let God take care of his own world.” He had been trying to manage the whole thing himself, and had become weary and exhausted and disheartened.

It is well for us to remember that there is somebody in heaven who cares as much as we do, and a good deal more wisely, and so, while we work, comfort ourselves with these considerations.

There is one more lesson that the growing things have to teach us,—one more that I have time to speak of this morning; and that is that growing things are to be treated as growing, and not as finished.

Suppose, for example, that some tiny creature could be born, and have its life confined to an apple-tree, living amid its branches a life of one week, though it might seem long to this creature; for, you know, there are millions whose lives span but a day or a fraction of a day. Now suppose this creature were able to observe and reason and pass judgment. Along in May, the last of the month, it would come across a little, tiny apple beginning to grow, just shedding the blossom perhaps. It would taste this apple, and say: This thing is what this tree is to bring forth. Why the apple is hard. This is a curious kind of result for such a wonderful world. The fruit is bitter. It is not possible to eat it: it is not worth anything. And this is the outcome of all this great, wonderful place in which I am born to live my life and where I die.

Is not that kind of criticism very much such as we ourselves are continuously passing? We live forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, possibly ninety years, just a little

span; and we watch this great world, we study it, we test it here and there. Our life, as compared with the life of man on the earth, is but a moment. This earth has existed millions of years. Humanity has been here hundreds of thousands of years. Civilization, as we call it, covers a period of four or five or six thousand years, possibly, in places here or there.

Can we attempt to pass judgment on the scheme of things? But we must remember that this little earth, though so old, and this little humanity of ours, though covering such a period of time, is only one little planet in the midst of thousands and millions of worlds that we can see and concerning which we can question; and yet we attempt to judge and pronounce final verdict upon the meaning of things!

We are beginning to learn a little better, though the key, as I think, the master key to our difficulties has only come into our hands during the last fifty years. John Stuart Mill pronounced this judgment upon the scheme of things here in this world. He said: God cannot be almighty and all-wise and all-good. It is not possible that he should be all of these, because things are not good. If he was almighty, he would be able to make things what they ought to be. That means that he does not know how, or he does not want them as they ought to be. He is all-wise, he said. Then he cannot be both almighty and all-good. If he is all good, he either must be weak or not all wise.

And this logic of Mill's was unescapable on the old theory of a finished universe. The answer to it is in the one word "evolution." We have learned that the world is growing. It is going somewhere. It is in process; and we must wait until things are ripe, until we know what the outcome is to be, before we have any right to pronounce an ultimate judgment.

And so in regard to every different department of the

world. Let us not judge our children during any special phase of their development. Let us be patient, and wait until they have time to ripen. Let us not judge any specific cause or reform while it is in process. Let us not judge the industrial situation, the economic situation. Let us not judge government and peoples while they are in process. Let us wait, and give them time.

Let us not even judge ourselves too harshly. We are trying, trying to make something more and better of ourselves than we have yet attained. God is interested, I believe, even in this. Let us wait for him a little. Let us give ourselves the opportunity to become wiser and better, to get ripe.

Let us judge the whole world as in process. So let us not be discouraged, let us not fall by the way, let us wait; and, as we see the procession of human advance reaching out into the shadow, the ranks following each other into the Silent Land, let us believe that this is only the prelude to the great drama, and that something is enacting and unfolding over there which shall put a meaning into all this confusion, and shall make us know that God was in the beginning, the bitterness, the unripeness, the opening of the blossom, and that he was only preparing the magnificent fruitage, the glory of which shall be revealed to us hereafter.

Father, we thank Thee that we may trust, that we may believe, that we may hope. We thank Thee that, in the growing things around us, the opening of the bud and blossom, the starting of fruitage, we may see parables, hints, suggestions, and that, following them, we may take heart, and consecrate ourselves to more hopeful, and so more successful, lives. Amen.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

My text I find in the first chapter of the Prophecy of Jeremiah, the eleventh verse,—“Jeremiah, what seest thou?” The same question, with like implications, may also be found in the Prophecies of Amos and of Zechariah.

The answer to this question will depend, among other things, upon the point of view. An object seen from the east is one thing; seen from the west or the north, it may appear to be an entirely different thing.

I have stood at my hotel window, on a clear morning in Geneva, and looked out over the lake, and seen, away in the distance, the glistening peak of Mont Blanc. I have seen the same mountain from its base at Chamonix: others—I have not—have looked down upon it from its own summit. These three different points of view give at least three definitely distinct and different mountains.

One may look from a certain position over a landscape, and the one particular thing that will seem to give character to it and impress the beholder is a beautiful lake; from another point of view it will be a great, noble clump of trees; from still another, rolling uplands, patched with grasses and different-colored grains; from another still it would be a hill-nestled valley. And yet it is one landscape.

No one photograph of the Capitol at Washington will give a complete idea of the noble structure. You must have many different ones taken from many different points of view, and all of them together are necessary for you to comprehend the idea of the builder.

There is a story with which you are familiar, I presume, of the competition between two sculptors for a statue that was to occupy an elevated position. Each completed his work; and the people, as they passed by, looked at the result, and pronounced their judgment. Nearly all of them were in favor of one which seemed to be so much more beautiful and finished a piece of work. But the day came when they were hoisted into place; and that which popular taste had selected was almost invisible, while the large, grand outlines of the other seemed to become a part of the structure itself and of the nature that formed its background.

What is true of these things is true also of great historic events. The French Revolution,—what was it? To one of the nobility, an adherent of the old régime,—one who believed in the divine right of kings, that the nobles held from the king, and that the people belonged in their relatively subordinate positions,—it was the twilight of civilization, leading on to a dark, murky, disastrous, chaotic night.

To one of the common people it was the dawn of a new day, when the old barbarisms were to be outgrown, and man as man was to have an opportunity to develop and to find himself.

The same thing is true in regard to our judgments of men. What kind of man was Napoleon? All admit that he was a great genius; but what was his character? Read Scott's Life, and you would suppose that he was practically an incarnate fiend. Everything, almost, that was evil was possible to him, and hardly anything that was good.

Read the life of John S. C. Abbott, and you will be surprised to find him almost a saint. He was the friend of civilization, the lover of his people, devoted to liberty, consecrated to helping on the advance of mankind.

These things result, you will see, from the different

points of view occupied by those who study and observe. So it is in regard to events which touch our lives. Somewhere this spring, as the farmer is turning over the soil with his plough, the nest of some mouse, who has been snugly tucked away during the winter, is being overturned. From his point of view, it is the end of all things,—the destruction of his universe. From the farmer's, it is the preparation for bursting buds and for ripening grain: it is the preliminary to the harvest.

Now I wish you to note—and I shall go on very soon to give you some more prolonged illustrations of this—the lesson which you are to apply all the way through this morning, that no one view of anything exhausts it. And we may as well carry along with our thought this other idea, that our ability to see, even from one point of view, is limited, is partial, and very likely prejudiced.

But, at any rate, no one point of view enables us to see the whole of anything. We need to remember this, whether we are able to put ourselves in the position to get the other views or not: we need to get as many views as we can before we pronounce judgment; but, if we are not able to get any more than one, we must remember that that one must be partial and cannot exhaust the object at which we are looking.

We need this,—why? We need to remember this, that we may be just in our judgments in regard to historic events, in regard to individuals, as to their character and their action. We need to remember this for another reason.

It is important that we cherish kindly, charitable views as we study the world movements, and as we study individual characters. And, then, for another reason we need to remember it: the one thing necessary to us, if we live in this world and are to be of any account, is that we shall occupy such a point of view as shall give us hope.

The man who has no hope is not only unhappy, not only does he stand in the way of his own advance, but he stands in the way of the advance of the world. He is a hindrance and not a help. If it is possible for us, then, to get such a point of view in looking over human affairs as shall lead us to cherish hope as we look towards the future, then to do this is of the utmost importance.

I wish now, because I want further to illustrate this principle, and because also the different matters that I shall bring to your attention are alive and important, to turn, one after another, in several directions, to find how this principle works when practically applied.

And, first, within the sphere of religion. Paul, when he was a young man, was a persecutor. After his conversion he devoted himself to the service of the cause he had misunderstood and hated. Now Paul, both before and after, was the same man,—the same devotion, the same enthusiasm, the same earnestness, the same consecration. He was one of those men who had to give his whole self to whatever he believed, so he was a whole-souled persecutor; and he tells us that he verily thought he was doing God service. Afterwards he calls himself the chief of sinners because he had done it.

What I wish to note here is that the difference in the two Pauls is simply the difference in his point of view. In one case he was an earnest Jew. He believed that God had given an infallible revelation to his people. He believed that the religion in which he had been trained from a child was the manifestation of the Divine within the sphere of our human life.

But afterwards he gained another point of view; and, while he did not condemn the old, except as relatively imperfect and as a stepping-stone towards something better, he saw that the new meant a higher, grander, nobler life for the world.

There is another phase of the religious life of the world in which the Church has been persecuted that I think is very commonly misunderstood. We are accustomed to think that the old Romans, when they persecuted the young Christianity, were purposely, wickedly cruel; that they hated God; that they hated truth; that they were opposed to the religion of the Nazarene. If we study the matter a little more carefully, I think we shall be ready to do justice to these old Romans, while at the same time we rejoice in the triumph of the young Christianity.

The Roman had no objection to the God of the Jews or the God of the Christian. He had no objection to Jesus or to the teaching of Jesus. It was not Christianity as such that he was opposing himself to and fighting against. What did it mean?

I speak of this because constantly, in books and in speech, I am hearing this whole attitude of the ancient Romans completely misapprehended and misrepresented.

To the Roman, from the beginning of the republic, his religion had been a part of his patriotism. Every good Roman must take part in the public service. That was an essential part of his citizenship. The Christian could not do this, because it savored to him of the worship of false gods.

The Roman, then, did not judge the early Christian because of his religion. From his point of view he was unpatriotic, he was an enemy of the State. Rome would have been willing that they should worship one or three or twenty gods, and worship them in any way they pleased, if only they would be good Roman citizens, and take part in the Roman worship which belonged to their citizenship.

I am no lover—to pass to another illustration—of the Catholic Church, as such, as an institution. I think, however, as we look back over its past history, that we

are apt to misunderstand it and condemn it blindly. The Catholic, in the past, has condemned and persecuted the Protestant. Why? Because he was more cruel than the Protestant, less humane? I think not. The Catholic has been trained from his childhood to believe that his religion is the infallible voice of God, the only means vouchsafed to a lost world whereby the souls of men may be saved.

It is, then, from his point of view, the highest of all duties that he should defend this infallible truth; that he should stand by the Church for the sake, not of the Church, but for the sake of human souls that need this instrumentality to deliver them from evil and fit them for the kingdom of peace.

So, as we study the persecutions of the past, while we do not condone them, while we do not believe in the principles on which they were based, while we rejoice that human freedom has won its way and that these barbaric things are a part of the past, let us try to get the point of view occupied by those who have been, wittingly or unwittingly, the enemies of man, so that we may think as highly as possible of the past out of which we have grown, as kindly as possible of those who radically differ from us to-day.

For, remember, if we think a little clearly, we can make a sharp distinction between an error and the man who holds it and fights for it. We can hate a sin, hate a wrong, and fight it to the bitter end, and yet not hate the people, not hate the men and women who have cherished these false or wrong ideas.

How are we situated to-day? I am preaching to myself generally when I am preaching to you: particularly if I am doing it with any great earnestness and apparent vehemence, you may feel sure that I keep in mind my own weaknesses and ignorance and foibles.

We find it difficult to-day to feel charitably and kindly

towards those who radically differ from us on the fundamental principles of religion. See how hard it is for us to understand each other. Here is a man, for example, who believes that the Bible is absolutely infallible in every part, in every word; that every word is the word of God.

I cannot accept this idea. I believe that the Bible is the expression of the religious beliefs and feelings and aspirations of the times which produced it; that it is full of limitations, full of errors; that it is no wiser than the men who wrote it.

Now how can I argue with a man who occupies the opposite position? We have no common standing ground. His point of view is entirely different from mine; mine, entirely different from his. He is certain to judge me as an enemy of religion: I am certain to judge him as only a partially educated friend to religion, to say the least. So you see how difficult it is for us to do justice to each other; how difficult it is for us to argue the points at issue, and come to any satisfactory conclusion.

These are not only illustrations of the importance of getting the right point of view; but they are practical problems which touch our mental attitude towards people, concerning the question whether we shall be sweet and tender, charitable, good-tempered, and helpful, or whether we shall withdraw ourselves in bitterness from those who happen to hold opinions different from ours.

I spoke a moment ago about how important for us it is to occupy the point of view which shall leave us hopeful in regard to the world-conditions of which we are a part. Let us see how our principle works here.

If I believed, for example, that God had made a perfect world in the first place, and then, either on purpose or because he could not help it, it had fallen in ruin; if I believed that the evil of the world was caused

by the invasion from some part of space of a malign and almost almighty spirit of evil; if I believed that the slip of our first ancestor had been visited in this way upon all his descendants; and if I believed, as has been held for hundreds of years, that only a few out of the great myriads were to be saved; if I believed that the world was plunging on and down at a tremendous speed towards some catastrophe in which it all was to end,—I should have no heart, I should have no hope.

Why should I work? Why should I consecrate myself to the effort to stem a tide like that? But here are all these facts of evil, just the same: here are sins, here are cruelties, here are depravities, here are sicknesses and pain; here are all the things that can be drawn in the very blackest picture.

But suppose I take another point of view. Instead of believing that we started perfect and are growing worse and worse, I believe that we started away down yonder in the jungle; that our far-off ancestors were the animals; that we have, through the presence and the power of God working in this evolving, wondrous life, climbed up into men; and that, age after age, the world is growing a little better.

Suppose I believe that the tiger and the wolf and the snake in us are being gradually, however slowly, outgrown; suppose I believe that man is coming to more and more; that we are climbing up into heart and conscience and brain and soul; that the world, under the impulse of the Almighty hand, is moving in that direction, that there is some

“Far-off divine event,”—

why, then I can smile, I can be cheery, I can rejoice, I can be glad even in the presence of the calamities and the sorrows, the heartbreaks and the tears. No matter how bad things are, it makes all the difference in the

world as to what your point of view is, as to where we started and which way we are going.

So a man who believes these later ideas can plunge into the midst of the world's turmoil and trouble and evil and sorrow, and feel that he is coworking with an Infinite Power that is by and by to leave the "low, sad music of humanity" far behind, and that it is to be turned into a song of triumph by and by.

In the same way, it makes all the difference in the world as to how we judge the lower races of mankind. I have heard people speak in a pessimistic strain because they looked down upon these lower peoples and saw how animal and unintelligent and sordid a kind of life they seemed to lead.

It would be something unbearable, I suppose, if I were taken to-day and compelled to live with and share the life of the Fiji Islanders or some of the inhabitants of the South Seas; but it is not unbearable at all to them. They have come to it from the other direction: they are not missing the thousand things that I should miss; and we are not to judge their life and its satisfactions from our point of view. We are to judge them from their point of view, and then we can find much in which to rejoice, and, as we look forward to the possibilities of the future, much for which we can hope.

Just as, for example, to take another illustration, we look over the world's poverty. I suppose, when I was a little, barefoot, ragged boy in the streets of the village where I was born, if some man had driven by in his carriage and looked at me from the point of view of his wealth and his culture, he would have said, There is a poor, pitiful little urchin: I wouldn't like to be in his place.

Of course, it would have been bad for him to have been suddenly thrust down into my place; but I did not ask for any one's pity. I was healthy and happy, and I was

brimful and bubbling over with hopes and ideals and dreams that turned what appeared to be a sordid and common life into fairyland. It makes all the difference in the world as to your point of view.

If a man has been having an income of ten thousand dollars a year, and has adjusted his life to that,—his wants, his ideals, filling out his ten thousand, so that there is nothing left,—and then he is suddenly reduced to eight, he is poor; everything has shrunk. He has to cut off in this direction and that, and his life seems very hard indeed.

But, on the other hand, take a man whose income has been eight hundred dollars a year; and he has been careful and saving, been able to put by just a little even from that, and suddenly give him a thousand, and he is rich. He is rich on what the other would consider practical starvation. So here, again, it is the point of view.

I wish now to turn to another direction and work out for a little the same principle, and to ask you to consider it carefully, because in the next two or three or ten years it is going to be an intensely practical matter for you.

When the great Civil War started in 1861, as we look back at it now, we know that it grew out of the fact that there came into conflict two entirely different ideals. If the North and the South could have occupied the same point of view, it is a commonplace to say that there could not have been any conflict. But the conflict came; and, as I said, it was two great world-ideals which were being fought out on so large a scale.

The North was very bitter towards the South during all those years. The South was very bitter towards the North. It was almost as much as a man's life was worth here at the North if he dared to express any sympathy for the South. It was as much as any man's life was

worth in the South if he expressed any sympathy for the North.

And yet, unquestionably, there was a good deal of sympathy in thousands of hearts, both South and North; and we have learned now,—so many years away is it all,—to understand that, if we had been born and trained in the South, we should have occupied their point of view and shared their sympathies and fought on their side. And they are learning the same truth in regard to us.

So that out of this is coming a new birth of sympathy and comprehension. We are to remember, I think, as we look back and read that history, that we are able to take an entirely different point of view to-day to that which we occupied while the conflict was going on. We are not to think that slavery was right. They do not think it down there, the most of them. The most of them would not wish it back again. We are to remember that the world is better and civilization has advanced because the decision came as it did, because liberty triumphed instead of the opposite idea.

But to-day we are face to face with some of the most real problems that this nation has ever had to deal with, and these problems are growing out of the old conditions of the past. We are to try to solve this question as to how two races so utterly unlike each other are to live together.

There is no use in our thinking it is unfortunate that they are here. They are here. They are not to blame for being here. If anybody is to blame for that, we are. So we are not to punish them or abuse them for that which is our fault, if it is the fault of anybody.

But here the negroes are, here the white people of the South are, here the white people of the North are; and here is another element which is ordinarily overlooked, but which, in my judgment, is quite as important as any that come to the surface of this great

deep,—here are the men of mixed blood, neither white nor black, men who have a little at least of African blood in their veins.

And, curious fact, the man with one drop in a hundred of colored blood in him is a colored man. No man is a white man unless his blood is all white. It is a curious fact, but one that we have to meet.

Now here are all these points of view. We occupy the position here at the North of being able to treat it as almost entirely a speculative thing. It does not come home to us, it does not touch us, it is away off down there; and it is a very easy thing for us to tell them how they ought to feel about it, and what they ought to do. We can do it dispassionately, as we think, because it does not touch us; but it does touch them. touches them financially, socially, politically, touches them vitally at every point of their life and development. Is it strange that their point of view is different from ours?

I beg you not to misunderstand my attitude, nor to misreport it. I do not say that wrong is right down South any more than it is up here at the North; that oppression is right, that cruelty is right, that selfishness is right, that depriving any man of his opportunities is right.

I believe that the negro should be given every possible opportunity to become everything he can, and to do everything he can. But, if we are to be just towards the men of the South, if we are to work this problem out to a successful issue, we must try sometimes to put ourselves in their places,—to get their point of view: to be a little patient, sometimes, even if they are impatient; to be a little kindly, a little generous, and to ask ourselves the question as to whether we should do much better if the cases were reversed.

Here are great practical problems. We have got to

face them. The prosperity of the country depends on our facing them practically and working them out successfully. Let us try to get the right point of view, to understand how much and what is involved, and to work comprehendingly and sympathetically instead of from the point of view of antagonism and enmity. This is what we must do.

Now, at the end, I wish to suggest that this same principle applies to our personal judgments of our neighbors, of other people, of our friends as well as of our enemies; and it applies even to the judgments which we apply to ourselves.

I think I spoke of it some time within the past year; but I wish to refer again to a fine illustration of this principle. A man died in the city of New Orleans within the last year. He had been reputed to be a hard, selfish man. He had never been known to give anything in charity or help a person in need; but for years somebody in secret had been carrying on the tenderest and most loving charities. Coal and wood mysteriously found their way to the doors of the poor who were cold. Clothing was furnished, coming apparently out of the air, for those that needed it. Help of every kind was extended, and nobody knew from what source.

After this supposedly hard and selfish man died, it was found that he had been doing it all. Those who had judged him from the point of view of their ignorance, of their partial knowledge, of their superficial contact with him, had judged him all wrong.

How many times does this occur in our relations with other people. Here is a person who holds certain particular ideas as to the way Sunday ought to be observed; and, if anybody does not observe Sunday after his fashion, it is almost impossible in his view for that person to do anything right. That one difference of opinion and practice seems to vitiate all.

I know a man who has never read a novel in his life, and thinks it is wicked to read novels. He has never been inside of a theatre, and thinks it would be wicked to go. Now a man might be ever so charitable, kindly, and helpful; but, if he read novels and went to the theatre, from the point of this man's judgment he would be a child of sin, an enemy of God and of his fellows.

This is an extreme illustration. But is it not possible that you and I have got some little, petty, private standard of our own which we set up, and in the light of which we judge other people?

I wonder if I may venture—I do not know whether I ever spoke of it here or not—to use, by way of illustration, the humorous case of the woman who came home from church, and began to criticise another woman there because of the expensive feathers on her hat. When somebody said, "But, my dear madam, the ribbons on your hat cost more than the feathers that you speak of." "Well," she said, "perhaps they did; but we have got to draw the line somewhere, and I choose to draw it at feathers."

Is it not quite possible that all of us have some little place where we choose to draw the line, and we judge people from that point of view, when possibly their method of living is quite as good as ours,—it may be even better? They may be quite as kind, charitable, helpful, and devoted as we; but they do not come up to our standard, and therefore we think them wrong. Let us remember that we are to judge things from a wiser point of view than this.

Are the beliefs, the courses of conduct, the characteristics of men, helpful to the world, or do they stand in the way of the world's welfare and happiness? This is the standard by which they are to be judged at the last.

And let us be careful that we do not judge ourselves from the wrong point of view. I know people who are so comfortable in their own minds, who think everything that they think, that they do, is just right,—happy in a blind conceit.

I know other people—and I think they are more numerous—who underestimate themselves, who do not think they know anything rightly, who do not think they have ever done anything of any account, and who, when they are alone, call themselves up to the bar and pronounce sentences which are severe and condemnatory.

Let us remember that, just as a man may give himself overpraise, he may give himself overblame; and let us be thankful that God, who sees all sides of all subjects, of all things, of all world movements, of all persons, is the final Judge, and that from him we are to receive the award of that kind of justice which shall prove mercy and salvation.

Father, we are glad we are in Thy hands; glad that Thou canst read us through and through; glad that Thou canst read all our past, that past which is inheritance from the ages gone; glad that Thou canst read us all as we are to-day. We leave ourselves in Thy hands, and ask for thy mercy not only, but Thy guidance and thy help. Amen.



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EMERSON THE PREACHER.

I TAKE as my texts from the first chapter of Ecclesiastics, the first verse—"The words of the preacher,"—and from the eleventh chapter of Matthew, the ninth verse,—“But wherefore went ye out? to see a prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet.”

I am not to lecture on Emerson this morning. I am to preach a sermon. There is a curious superstition still lingering in the minds of many who ought to be wiser. If I should take as my theme to-day the name of anybody mentioned in the Bible, however obscure, however disreputable even he might be, no one would think of its being anything but a sermon; but, when we select the name of some one who is not mentioned in the Bible, some one in this grander, higher, deeper, wider, more divine world, then the impression is made that the subject suggested must somehow be secular.

Emerson has taught us a great truth, which we ought by this time to have learned, not only from his lips, but from many another,—that the world is getting not more secular, but more sacred. As we break down the barriers between that which has been regarded as sacred or divine and that which has been looked upon as common and human, it does not mean that religion is growing less, but that it is growing more.

Emerson the preacher. But you will notice that as a part of my text I have chosen some words that speak of a prophet. But preacher and prophet, properly understood, are identical. No man is a true preacher who does not get his message first-hand and speak, at any rate so

far as the conviction abides in his own mind, as a messenger of God. This is what the word "prophet" means.

If you will study carefully the Old Testament, you will find that in the earliest times he who afterwards came to be called a prophet was a seer. He was a person who had visions. He had direct insight, as he and his followers believed, into truth. Then, afterwards, he was called in the Hebrew by the word "Nabi." And I think it is unfortunate that this word should have come to have been translated by a Greek word which meant "to foretell"; for the Old Testament prophet was not primarily or essentially a foreteller at all.

Indeed, it is a serious question as to whether there is one single, definite attempt at foretelling in all the Old Testament which was ever literally fulfilled. Almost always, if you will study the prophets carefully, you will find that their "prophesies" consist simply in warning individuals and nations as to what must be the necessary results of courses which they are pursuing.

The Old Testament prophet was no soothsayer, no person who claimed to have some supernatural insight into the future, by the foretelling of which he was to astonish his hearers. He was the minister of God, the messenger of the Divine, the man who believed that he had heard God's word, and that it was his business to give utterance to it to the people. In this sense Emerson was a prophet: in this sense he was a preacher.

One hundred years will have completed themselves to-morrow since he was born in Boston. I need take no time in talking about his education. He graduated at Harvard, after having distinguished himself not so much as to his text-books as he did in the matter of his general information. At the age of twenty-six he was settled as the minister of the Second Church in Boston. He held that position a little over two years, resigning when he was twenty-nine.

But, though he preached no more from the pulpit of any particular church, he never did anything in his whole life but preach. He was always the proclaimer of God's truth, no matter what his audience, no matter what his theme. He always spoke as though his lips had been touched by the divine finger and his heart kindled by a divine enthusiasm.

Why did he leave his pulpit? Noting the reasons for that for a moment will lead us to consider the first great message which as preacher and prophet he had to deliver to his century. He left because the church was too small for him. He left as a young eaglet leaves his egg,—breaking through it as the result of the natural expansion of his life, and that he might have freedom for his wings.

In other words, the Church in Boston at that time was narrow and hard and fixed in its ways; and Emerson could not endure to cramp himself to its dimensions. The specific reason which he gave was that he could not consistently administer the Lord's Supper after the forms which were in use and which were supposed to be of authority at that time.

This leads us now to note Emerson's first great message to the world. He delivered to the nineteenth century a proclamation of emancipation,—emancipation of brain, of heart, of conscience, of life. He called upon all men to rise and be free.

If you will read history, with even superficial attention, you will note that the great men of the different epochs of the world's advance have in their turn been liberators, as Emerson was in his,—Abraham, Isaiah, Elijah and his fellows Paul, Savonarola, Huss, Wycliff, Luther, Wesley, Channing, Parker, Emerson. What were they all but men who roused their time to new life, who called upon their age to exert and use their freedom?

For it is a strange fact of human nature that we tend

to get formal, to become repeaters, imitators of the past, until the real life is stifled out of us, and we are only copiers of those people who used to be alive.

Take, for example, in regard to the matter of custom,—custom in society, custom in government, custom in church, custom everywhere. Where did it originate? Nobody knows. Why should we conform to it? Nobody knows. And yet not one in ten million dares to do other than conform.

Organization,—political, social, religious, artistic, literary,—how it dominates the world! We are slaves to some organization,—nearly all of us. Only a few people dare to act under the impulse of any individual initiative or to have any confidence in their own thoughts, their own impressions.

How true this is in literature! In any particular age of the world some literary ideal is dominant, some artistic ideal is dominant; and most people, parrot-like, repeat the opinions which they hear about them. If they do not agree with them, if these opinions do not seem to them real and alive, still they hardly dare, unless to some intimate friend under their breath, express a dissent.

I speak of this simply to indicate this tendency to become slaves of organization.

Then in the matter of the creed. A creed becomes dominant in a church. Who made it? Generally, we do not know. Somebody, hundreds of years ago. Have we any reason to suppose that the people who made the creed had exhausted the sources of knowledge, that they were infallible? Did they have any way of knowing what is true that we do not?

Consider for a minute. To take a specific case, the Westminster Confession. Did the men who formed that know any more about the Bible than we do? They did not know half as much about it. Did they know any

more about the universe than we do? They did not know a thousandth part as much. Did they know any more about the origin and nature of man than we? They did not know nearly as much. Did they know any more about God than we do? They did not have the means of knowing anywhere near so much.

And yet we stand afraid in the presence of a formula which these men framed. We are slaves, we are cowards, we are shaped by the inadequate opinions of dead men.

So in regard to rituals, forms, services. Where do these come from? The most of them did not originate even with the Christian Church. Nearly all the symbols and rites and special formulas which we find in Christendom to-day are pagan in their origin.

Did the people who first originated them know any more than we do? To ask the question is to answer it. We keep on going through these rituals and routines merely because we have been going through them, and our fathers went through them, and their fathers went through them. I say nothing against forms; but forms were made for men, and not men for forms.

Emerson's first great message to men was the demand that they rise up and be free, that they think and feel for themselves, that they use their own eyes and their own ears. This gospel he insisted on, over and over again, and from the beginning of his life to the last.

And, to take one short step, and find out why he said it, we need to note another one of his messages. He told us that we were in the same universe that these other people had been in, and that there was no reason why we should not get our opinions first-hand. Other men have noted this besides Emerson; but he has emphasized it and put it forth with such brilliancy and power as to make the message very largely his own.

He said: Here is this wonderful universe; here are the stars. We can look at them to-day as well as the

shepherds on the Chaldean hills,—the same stars, and we have the same eyes with which to look, only of course better instructed than theirs. We can listen just as well to the voice of nature, to the whisper of the Divine Spirit. And so he appealed to men to get their opinions fresh, first-hand, from the universe, from God.

He said: God is not dead. God has not done speaking. Listen to him, then, for yourself, look for yourself. Note how this chimes in with the entire progress of the modern world. How is it that we have a new astronomy, that we have at last more nearly correct ideas of the origin, the nature and the movements and meanings of the heavenly bodies?

People went on under the sanction of custom, under the traditions of the universities, under the authority of the Church, for hundreds of years, looking at the heavens through the medium of the Ptolemaic theory, and saw nothing but what Ptolemy saw or thought he saw. But at last there arose a man who said: I have eyes as well as Ptolemy. I have reasoning faculties as well as Ptolemy. I have better instruments for investigation than he had. And, instead of going to Ptolemy to find out about the heavens, he went to the heavens themselves, and found out that Ptolemy was all wrong.

So in regard to geology, the nature of the earth. People believed that the Bible told all that was necessary to know about the earth. For hundreds of years they never thought of studying the earth itself, hardly dared even to ask a fresh, new question, lest they should be charged with impiety. But at last we have the great science of geology.

How have we got it? We have got it, not by going to Genesis, not by going to some man who wrote about Genesis, and not by going to some other man who went to the man who wrote about Genesis. We have got our knowledge of the earth by going to the earth, asking the

hills and the fossils and the rivers questions and letting God in nature speak to us himself.

So we have a new chemistry, so we have new conceptions of knowledge in every direction. We have learned by going first-hand to the sources of knowledge instead of repeating the traditions which have been a hundred times repeated before. So Emerson said in regard to religion and ethics that we were to go to nature and to God first-hand, and get fresh answers.

And, to take another short step along this same line, pushing the truth a little farther, it leads us to the next message,—the message of self-respect, of standing upon your own feet, of being yourself.

Here is the meaning of Emerson. Emerson said: Here you are. You are not merely a copy of somebody who has lived before, and you are not to be only an echo of some other voice. No matter whether you are as great as Plato or not, you are as real as Plato, you are as rounded and completed an individuality as Plato.

Then he would say: Do not be a poor copy, a caricature of Plato. Do not be an echo of Plato's voice. Be yourself, and have a voice of your own.

This is another of Emerson's grand messages that, as a prophet, a proclaimer of God's truth, he gave to the century. So he taught us all to stand on our own feet, to look Nature in the face for ourselves, to listen to her voice. He believed that the man who could stop talking long enough to listen, listen reverently and intelligently, could hear something,—hear something worth while.

One of his significant teachings was—I do not quote his words, but only his thought—that most people were such poor listeners, most people found it hard to listen patiently to another man. They rather prefer to display what they think to be their own knowledge. But Emerson's chief complaint was that so few people would listen when they were alone.

What did he mean by that? He meant that all of us had some secret access to the Divine; that there were open channels, or channels which might be opened, though they now perhaps were clogged, through which the divine life might come into us, through which the divine whisper might make itself heard. We then, instead of being echoes and copies of other people, however great, were to listen for ourselves.

There are sentences in the use of which Mr. Emerson has been charged with not showing sufficient reverence to the person of Jesus. I think the key to his attitude will be found right here. Mr. Emerson in the presence of Jesus himself would have said: I am profoundly grateful for all your wisdom, all your tenderness, all your love, for the messages you have heard and have delivered; but I, too, though not your equal, am a son of God, and God will speak so that I, too, may hear. And I prefer to hear some of the things which he would say to me rather than to hear them reported from the divinest lips that ever uttered God's truth.

I come now to consider another one of Emerson's great messages to the world. He did not originate it. It was in the air, so to speak. It was coming. Glimpses of the truth, as is always the case in regard to the great advances which men make, had been gained before; but Emerson taught us in a most magnificent way the spiritual integrity of the universe.

Nature, by the average theologian in the past, has been vilified. It has been supposed to have been touched and tainted by the fall of man, to have shared in the lapse of our first parents. It is a great organization, infused throughout with tendencies to evil. God was not supposed to live in nature. It was a mechanism which he had created and set going; and he was beyond it. Now and then he broke through for some specific purpose; but he did not reside in it.

This was the old idea which dominated the world for centuries. Wordsworth began to catch a glimpse of this idea of the divine immanence. He said,—

"I have felt a presence
That disturbs me with the joy of elevated thought."

He felt the sense of the sublime fact that God was throughout all the forms and forces of what we call Nature.

This was the idea of Emerson. Emerson believed that nature was simply the expression of the divine ideal, divine wisdom, divine truth, divine beauty, divine goodness, as well as divine power.

We are not, however, because Emerson was an idealist, to think that he held to the thought that nature was unreal. There is a curious belief diffusing itself through the modern world to the effect that nature is somehow an illusion, that it is not a fact, that it is only the shadow of the mind of man.

Emerson held to no such type of idealism as that. Emerson believed that a tree was a tree, and a leaf a leaf, and a sunset a sunset,—not that these facts of external nature were necessarily precisely what they are reported to be in our consciousness, but that there was a real power, a real life, a real glory there, which manifested themselves to us under these different conceptions and forms.

But there was no defect in nature to Emerson's thought. There was not an atom anywhere in space that was imperfect. There was not a law, not a movement, which was not the expression of the Divine.

And so, to take one step in advance and combine a new thought with this, Emerson believed that the Universe was profoundly religious through and through. It is very strange to me to watch one tendency that I think I see in the modern world. Men become what they regard as "emancipated." They lose the old fears;

They get a new conception of God and human nature and human destiny, and misinterpret these facts. Thousands of them get the impression that religion somehow is passing away, being outgrown.

Emerson did not share this thought. Let me read you just a sentence from him, and make it the text from which to press home a little more closely his idea. "Religious worship is the most important single function in the life of any nation. When I was at college, I derived more benefit from the chapel service than from any other exercises which I attended. Even when I am in foreign countries, I habitually join in the religious service of the people of whatever town I am in." This was the attitude towards religion, towards the Church, of the great emancipator.

And think for a minute. I regard the reasoning which leads to a distrust of religion as singularly superficial and shallow. What is it that has been impeached? The reality of the universe? No. The power at the heart of the universe that we call God? No. The religious impulses and aspirations of the race? No. The great hopes of humanity? No. The great consecrations and devotions and services and loves of the race? No. They were never so vital as they are to-day.

What is it that the modern knowledge of the world has impeached? Nothing but certain intellectual conceptions and interpretations of things. That is all.

So, when Emerson wanted to be emancipated from the Church, it was simply from a church that was too narrow, not from the Church as such. He went out to broaden the Church and make it as wide as the horizon, as high as the zenith, as deep as the Nadir, as comprehensive as humanity and God, so that there might be room in it for the intellect and the soul.

But Emerson showed the practical conclusions he came to by the fact that throughout nearly all his life long, in

the village of Concord, he was one of the most regular and faithful attendants at the church services, and one of the most inspiring listeners to a minister. What shall I say? What I have in mind and wish to express is this; that Emerson did not think himself released from attendance at church because he did not regard the minister as a great man, or inspired, or because he thought himself wiser than the minister, and that he could preach a better sermon if he chose. He was wiser, and could have preached a better sermon; but it was religion, the habit, the training in religion, the building up of a religious conception of the universe, which he believed in and to which he gave expression; and for this reason he was a loyal attendant at church and faithful servant of the religious needs of man.

One other message I must suggest. Emerson taught with a power and beauty, such as perhaps had never found expression in this direction before, the moral integrity of the universe. He taught that the moral law was as universal and as inevitable as gravitation.

The popular impression has been throughout Christendom, perhaps in almost its entire history, that a man might, by good luck, outwit God, get the best of the universe, cheat the Power which is at the heart of things,—in other words, get some good thing by foul means.

Emerson insisted by the whole power of his enthusiasm and his logic that this was absurd. The man who thinks he can outwit the universe is a fool. There is no possible escape from the inevitable results of things. You break a law of the body, and you may cry as much as you please, you may pray and read the Bible as much as you please, and you may do anything else as much as you please; but you do not change the fact any. The result follows. A penalty is a part of the nature of things.

You break a law of the mind, the intelligence, the con-

ditions of finding truth; and what is the result? Error is the result, mistake is the result, a blunder is the result, folly is the result. You cannot possibly break a law of the mind and have things happen just as though nothing had been done.

So in the spiritual realm, if you are not in right relations to the spiritual life of the universe, then you are cut off from the source of life, or partially cut off; and the result is inevitable. So Emerson taught that, in the realm of practical life, the man who thinks he is sharp and shrewd and gets money in some dishonest way fools himself if he supposes that he has accomplished a good in so doing. He has inevitably hurt himself; and it does not take any devil to enforce the law, and he does not wait for any judgment day or Gabriel trumpet.

The laws enforce themselves on the instant and in the act, and a man is what he makes himself; and neither he nor God can help it, except as he turns around and makes something else of himself. So Emerson delivered this great message, which the world sadly needed,—the moral integrity of things.

One other message, growing out of all these and a part of the same great gospel,—the importance of the soul, the fact that the soul is the only thing that is important. You are familiar with this as one of Browning's teachings. The world is coming more and more to see that the soul is the one and only thing worth living for, and along with that—and here comes in again the integrity of the universe—the fact that no man can do it wrong, and the counter-fact that the universe never does any man wrong, that nobody can harm a man's soul except himself.

Suppose a man is rich. The one thing for him to do is to use his wealth so as to build himself a nobler soul. Suppose he is poor. Be patient, faithful, noble, honest, so that the poverty shall be compelled to make you a nobler soul. Suppose you are in joy. Let the joy min-

ister to your growth. Suppose you are in sorrow, in despair. Look the despair in the face, and say: I will not be bitter, nor shrunk, nor mean. I will be a man in spite of you. And then the sorrow has no power to harm you.

Suppose a man cannot live an honest life because of his conditions, and finds himself starving to death. Then let him starve. He starves as a man, and goes out into the next life a man, making even the starvation feed and nourish the immortal part of him. The integrity, then, and the importance of the soul.

Now, before I close,—it will seem perhaps to be departing from this high level, but it is not,—I wish to speak of one more lesson of Emerson's life. Emerson was an idealist. To many he seemed to live in the clouds. He dealt in abstractions; he cared for great truths, for spiritual verities; he believed that these were the real things of the universe. And yet he taught his time a lesson which we need specially perhaps in this country to remember to-day: he set the example of being one of the noblest commonplace citizens that this country has ever produced.

He did not live so far away from the fact of the need of good roads and honesty in the collection of taxes and in the distribution of the public money, and faithfulness on the part of public servants, that these were of no account to him. These common things, right here in every-day life, were, from his point of view, the practical illustration and application of his great, eternal, divine, ideal principles. He was an ideal citizen. That meant an honest, true, fearless man.

He attended the town meeting. He took part in debates concerning every practical matter that affected the welfare of the town. He was never blinded by the brilliancy of any man's success, by the greatness of his intellectual power. He was never swept off his feet by

public opinion. He looked with that clear eye of his until he saw the fact, the principle, the right, the wrong; and then he spoke in the face of all the world that which he believed to be the manly, honest thing.

So these high, ideal principles of his only made him the better neighbor, the truer friend, the more faithful citizen.

Now, at the last, there is something about Emerson a good deal greater than anything he ever said, greater than anything he ever did; and that is what he was. He was one of the noblest men, one of the grandest personalities, that the world has known.

And right in there is the secret of his power. A man may speak great words; but, if there is not a great manhood behind the words, the hollowness and the unreality appear, and the accomplishment is defeated. But Emerson was a great personality.

And, after all, it is these great men that have swayed and lifted and led the world. As we look back down the years, we find here and there some lofty summit, reaching above the ordinary levels of life and commercing with the skies. These summits are like the mountain peaks of the world.

I do not feel so sure that I envy them. We are not to think that God has treated us unfairly because he has not made us all great. The man who is able to read, to see, to hear, to appreciate, to make his own the things the great men have said and done, perhaps gets more peace and happiness out of them than they had in the work of producing them.

The mountain summits are lonely. They are snow-crowned, they are cold, they are lightning-smitten; but from them run down the streams that fertilize and beautify the common valleys, the lower levels of life. And so these great personalities are the ones to whom we owe such an unpayable debt.

You come into the presence of one of them and you are lifted and better. You take up Plato to-day and you read him. You do not necessarily agree with all the ideas to which he gives utterance. You recognize the fact that his point of view was necessarily different from ours; and yet you are stimulated and touched and ennobled by associating with Plato.

I love to sit at the feet of the Nazarene, to hear him tell me about the Father and his brothers, to see how pitiful and tender he was, how patient, how loving, how wise; and more, even, than the special sayings that fall from his lips the impression of his personality comforts and helps and lifts me.

You are aware of the fact that sometimes you come in personal contact with some one, and your life is drained away. You feel weaker and poorer. Life has gone out of you. You come in contact with somebody else, and it is as though you had sipped a glass of champagne; you are stimulated, lifted, inspired, made better.

So Emerson is one of those great souls who affect us in this way. He came as did Jesus—I quote it reverently, for it is true of him in his degree—"that men might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Men go out into the woods to breathe the air of the spruce and pine. They seek some climate that has health in it, they know not how. They sit in the shadow of the mountains, and are stronger. They sit beside the sea, and drink in a great peace.

So in the presence of Emerson I find a renewal of life, an uplift, an inspiration, a power.

Beside the ocean, wandering on the shore,
 I seek no measure of the infinite sea;
 Beneath the solemn stars that speak to me,
 I may not care to reason out their lore;
 Among the mountains, whose bright summits o'er
 The flush of morning brightens, there may be
 Only a sense of might and majesty;
 And yet a thrill of infinite life they pour

Through all my being, and uplift me high
 Above my little self and weary days.
 So in thy presence, Emerson, I hear
 A sea-voice sounding 'neath a boundless sky,
 While mountainous thoughts tower o'er life's common ways,
 And in thy sky the stars of truth appear.

Father, for these great souls that shine like stars in the firmament, we thank Thee; for these mountainous men to whom we may look up for health and strength, we thank Thee; for these broad-minded men, who wash the earth and the air clean as do the wide-spread oceans, we thank Thee. We thank Thee that we may be partakers of their life, and through their guidance be partakers of Thine. Amen.

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"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

VOL. VII.

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No. 35.

N THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
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1903

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IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY.

"I was in the spirit on the Lord's day."—REV. i. 10.

I SUPPOSE we all know what it is to be in the spirit on a week-day, the spirit of the time and place. I go into my study and become absorbed in a book. The author may be dead and gone this thousand years, and no other trace of him remain on the earth; but, if he has hidden his spirit in that book, and I can find it, he opens his heart to me and I open mine to him, and find myself touched as he was touched before he went out of the body to God. I cannot help the tears in my eyes, as I read, any more than he could help them when he wrote, or the strong throb of the heart, or the ripple of laughter. I see what he saw in human homes and human lives, catch the vision of the open heavens he brings me, or the lurid flame and smoke. I am in the spirit of this master of my morning, and his spirit is in me. My senses are simply messengers between his soul and mine. I seem to hear the voice when I read they used to hear who knew the writer. There is a spell on me which makes time and circumstance of no account, and I wonder how my morning has slipped away.

Suppose, again, I leave my study and go down into the city. If it is a busy time, it makes no matter where I go, I find those I seek in the spirit of their week-day business. So I have to tell my story promptly and go. If I should try to make a few remarks on a Wednesday you might hear with a touch of grace on a Sunday, you would listen with a patience born of respect to the minister, perhaps, or his office; but you would be glad when

it was over, so that you could get back to your work. Now this spirit is as true to the time and place as that was by which I was lost in my book. Business, you say, is *business*, and that is what you are there for. Not to be in that spirit is to fail in the task you have undertaken, and to have people to lounge about and get in the way during the hours when business is done in our stores and offices is an insult and hindrance to the genius of the day, because time then is not only money, but it is that precious commodity of which money is only one result. It is the opportunity for doing the thing God has given us to do there and then. You are there in those hours to do something as sacred and supreme in its own way as worship is, and must not be hindered. When Master Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine, left his business and rushed out to the war, and was hard at work one day for his regiment, a minister came to him and wanted to take his time, hearing all about a church he wanted to build to Saint Peter, "No time at all to hear about Saint Peter, mind too full of salt-petre," the busy man answered. "Still, as Peter was the only fighter among them, take that money quick and go away." That was the true spirit, and so it is always. If my friend is the man I am thinking about, doing good wholesome work, I see no reason why I should say he is not in the spirit of the Lord when he guides the springs of industries that reach into a thousand hands as surely as the minister is who preaches a sermon or pours out a prayer which touches the springs of thought and emotion in a thousand hearts.

To be in the spirit, then, in the simplest sense is no mystery we cannot fathom. It is as real and true a thing as to be alive, and is, indeed, neither more nor less than becoming intensely alive to the meaning and purpose of the day. We all remember times when we have gone to our work all out of trim, unable to fix the

mind on what we had to do, half dead, as it were, to the demand, finding, as the day went on, that things were slipping through our hands to no purpose; and, when night came on, we said sadly with the emperor, "I have lost a day." We have lost the day because we have not caught the spirit. But on another day we have found we were so clear of head and sure of hand that we have done the work of two men, and come out all aglow with the spirit which has borne us up as on the wings of eagles. Leave this absorbing and inspiring spirit out of the account, then, and we are powerless to do anything supremely well. We drift with the tide, fall far behind in the race, are like the clock which always loses time, and would have to give up if we had no hope that the old fervent fire would come back to us again and make the spirit equal to the day.

Nor can we help seeing that the best work we ever do has this quality in it above all others. It is done in the spirit, or it is never done as it should be. From nursing a little child to fighting a battle, from forging a bolt to painting the Christ in the temple, and from working in a saw-mill to singing the Messiah, we must have this essence and spirit of all well-doing in us, or else we never do well. You bear with your workman who has no heart in his work as long as you can, because you think he may come round and catch the spirit of his task, and so become a good workman; but, if you find, after all your waiting, that the hand is there, but not the heart, you have to let him go, because to have such a man about your place is like having a bad wheel in a machine, or a broken spring. And so able employers keep those men at last, and those alone, who are in some fair measure one with them in the spirit of the work they have to do; while, no doubt, this is true again that, when we have made a fair allowance for native ability in those young men who begin at the foot of the ladder and climb

to the top, we shall find they are the men who have an absorbing interest in the concern, are watchful and careful, and able to say honestly, "I and my employer are one." This, as a rule, is the story of the young man who begins with no advantage of position or patronage and makes his way to a good place. He is in the spirit of his work, and gives his heart to it, not half the time, but all the time, not grudgingly, but gladly, and not merely for the sake of the salary, any more than your good physician helps us in our hurts for the sake of the fee, but because he loves to do that better than anything else, and makes the work, in a good measure, its own best reward.

And such success is not to be wondered at once more when we think for a moment what it is such a man has done. His shopmates or fellow-clerks will say he has a genius for what he takes in hand, and this is true; but, then, a genius for anything turns on an absorbing love for it, and the power of intense application by which every power is set to its finest edge and directed to the one purpose the man holds in his heart and brain. I think that what we call genius is very frequently something like our power of lifting,—a common endowment at the start, but capable of such a growth by diligent endeavor in a healthy man that it shall become a wonder.

So genius of any sort lies less in the original endowment and more in the power to work steadily in the spirit of what we want to do than we are ready to admit who fall far short of our own ideals. Native endowment is like iron in the ore. Genius is the ore forged to a fine shape and polished and tempered to a noble use. Genius, latent and asleep, is like the gold dust and scales of gold they wash in the mountains. It passes through this spirit, is fused and refined, and wrought into forms that add an almost priceless value sometimes to the mere weight of worth,—such as you find in a vase

by Cellini. It is the gift of God; and then it is our intense and absorbing purpose to make the best of that gift, the perpetual fidelity to Paul's great word, "This one thing I do," and to the greater word of the Master, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

And, if more proof is wanted of the truth of my statement, you can easily find it in the study of those who win the highest honors, and in noticing how they win them. Your great artist is always the man who enters most thoroughly into the spirit of the work he has to do, penetrates it with the fire and tears of his own nature, and so sways the audience this way and that, as trees on the uplands are swayed by the wind. When you follow an actor and say, "How well he plays!" he does not play well, or you would not say so. I saw Ristori once in "Macbeth" with the veil down, which no art can lift in those who are not born into the English tongue. But, when she came moaning of her doom in her sleep, it was not acting: it was the terrible reality. Paul saw when he said, "Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." She was in the spirit.

One man comes here we are always glad to see. His play is as poor a thing as can well be imagined, and goes in the teeth of whatsoever things are true in the favor it shows to a worthless man by comparison with his poor, striving wife, so that I always take the woman's part, and say, She serves him right. It is also the most dangerous thing one can well witness in the glamour it casts over the curse of strong drink in the hands of a weak man. Yet we forget all this in the wonderful witchery of the actor, and weep and laugh at his bidding. The touch of nature makes us all of kin to him, and wins our forgiveness, or, shall I say, prevents our resentment, so that we have nothing to forgive.

How is this done? I will tell you. The man has made this one thing the subject of his intensest study, has felt

his way, past the word into the spirit, and is so absorbed in it that, from the moment he appears with the children hanging about him, he does not assume a character, but is lost in his own creation,—so utterly lost that, while he is often afflicted with a pain he cannot master so long as he is himself, as we say, when he is in this spirit, it never troubles him. So it was with Miss Cushman. She clung to her work in the last years of her life, as I have heard from a very dear friend, because it was her one refuge from perpetual pain. When she was once in the spirit of her noble conceptions, she was free from her great sad burden.

So it is with the advocate who makes his client's cause his own, and feels the cause is worthy of the best he can do. He sways the jury then, and wins the day against the man who cannot for the life of him enter into the spirit of the plea. A good friend of mine, who used to ride the circuit with Mr. Lincoln in the West at an early day, told me once that he always knew when Lincoln was sure to win his cause. He had to feel sure he was right, and then the sense of justice and right so absorbed his very soul that his words were like a hammer and a fire. He was in the spirit.

So no man can ever preach to any purpose whose spirit is not lost in the truth he tries to tell. Take that element out of his effort, and the sermon may be as fine as hands and head can make it, yet the very deacons will go to sleep. But let him be in the spirit, and, though the sermon then may be poor enough, there shall come a time when something which is not in the form of words, but "in the holy spirit," as Jesus says, "and in fire," shall carry all before it like the rushing of a mighty wind. I have heard that Jonathan Edwards preached once, in a dismal old meeting-house in New England, from the text "Your feet shall slide in due time." The people settled down comfortably to listen, as they had done for

many years, and to sleep. And why not to sleep! The preacher hardly raises his voice above the merest monotone, and the sermon is written and read. The man so swayed and stormed them, as he went on with his discourse, and painted picture after picture of the impending doom, that numbers in the congregation clung to the pillars in solid affright, so terrible was the chasm which seemed to open before their very eyes. The earth was shuddering under them, the level floor sloping toward the fires. The word had grown to this. Out of years of brooding, a misconception of God, a monstrous birth, but fearfully true to the preacher, and by consequence fearfully true to the hearer. Jonathan Edwards was in the spirit. And so you may set this truth in whatever light you will, of business or study, of work on the common levels or on the loftiest summits, you touch the one verity everywhere, that to be wholly in the spirit of what you do is the final secret of worth in doing.

Now this is the point at which we touch the truth in my text, and find the lesson we can all take to our hearts. The ancient tradition is that this John was condemned to work in the mines on Patmos for the crime of following Christ and preaching his gospel. If this is the truth, we can hardly doubt that his overseers would keep a stern hand on him, and allow no Lord's day in leisure to rest or time to worship. He would have to dig and delve his full stint, like the slave he really was, until the time came to lay down his pick and go to his hovel. Or, if it was known among his keepers that this day was more sacred to him than any other in the week for the sacred memories that gathered about it, they might take care to make it harder for him then than on any other day, so that it would be marked for him by the rubric of a keener misery.

But that great, dear friend, whose word was the master

key to John's life, had said once that not here or there on Geraizim or Zion should men seek for some special way to the heart of God, but wherever we worship in spirit and in truth, on a mountain or in a mine, as he would read the words, there will be the house of God and the very gate of heaven.

So the desolate island, compassed by the sea, could no more keep God out than it could keep the sun out; and the low, dark cave in which he had to delve would be as true a temple as if he stood between the pillars, Beauty and Strength, where his fathers had worshipped for centuries. His hands would toil at the heavy task while his heart was away in the upper room where they sat at meat once, or on the mount hearing the sermon, or witnessing the wonders which were woven like threads of gold through the story of those three years, and then that spell of the spirit would be on him to lift him out of his misery into these visions in which at last the paradise of God is regained. It was no wild dream which came to him in the clouds at sunset over the blue waters, no possession in which the man himself was of no account. If I understand the nature he shared with us all, the vision would grow out of the intense spirit that possessed him, when he was driven out to work that morning, of being very near to God and to his great, dear friend, with thousands more of the same spirit scattered over the vast brutal empire. They were holding their meetings and singing their hymns, as Pliny heard them. He was alone, and durst not sing; but in the silence he could make melody in his heart, and the prayer his masters could not hear would rise like incense up to the throne, and the angels they could not see and he could not see with the mere outward eyes would come to him with comfortable words, and God would give him the benediction.

He was in the spirit on the Lord's Day, and then the

dismal place was heaven. It was no Lord's day to the poor, tired body. The sacred places of his life were far away over the sea, and the music, if it caught his ear, was the wailing of the wind and the moan and shudder of the mighty waters, no human heart answering to his own, no winsome human faces to be in themselves a gospel, no lesson or prayer or sermon to help him out of the pit. He was in the spirit on the Lord's day,—just that, and no more. But, through that one blessed spell over which heaven was bending, the whole wealth of sacred places, of symbols, music, companionship, prayers, lessons, and sermons, would grow poor and thin as the light of so many candles is thin and poor what time the sun rises and fills the world with light.

It must be true again, if things like these are true, that, if I am not in the spirit on the Lord's day, and do not try to be by giving up my whole heart to it, I can hardly make a poorer investment of my time than that I make in going to church and trying to find a supreme worth in the services. The services are of no more use to me, if I am not intensely alive, than the things are I take hold of in this or that profession when I have no heart in them, and should not be there to look after them if I could have my own way.

The church may be holy with the hauntings of twenty generations, the music may have been caught out of the very heavens, I may see those about me whose eyes shine with the light which is not of the sun, the prayers may be as if God spake through his Christ, and the sermon may touch all summits of sublimity and all deeps of pathos; but, if I am not in the spirit, if I am not in the spirit and the spirit is not in me, the deadness of that service may not be imagined. I have come for bread; and I get a stone, when there might have been in my soul that divine alchemy by which the very stones are made bread.

But I can come in the spirit to the meeting I have been looking for all the week as in stony Arabia the traveller looks forward to the palm-trees. Life is a hard battle those six days, a labor with scant rest, a hunger and a thirst; and then I find that, to be in the spirit on the Lord's day, is a battle-flag and a trumpet, the bread that never moulds, the wells that never run dry, the great, sweet shadow in a weary land. I bear up my minister then on the wings of an eager longing to welcome his thought instead of beating his wings down with the rain of my indifference or my cold, keen criticism. I pour out the oil of my welcome over the dry sticks, perchance, of what he calls his "effort"; and then it is as when the fire came down and licked up at once the offering and the altar, and wrested Israel in a day from Baal back to God. Because this is the truth: that it is no use at all as a rule, to which the instance from Edwards is simply the rare exception,—no use at all for the minister to do the best he ever can do if the people do not bring with them the spirit of hearing as surely as he brings the spirit of preaching. And he cannot pray alone. There must be two or three who agree to ask for anything touching the kingdom, or no kingdom will come. We must be in the spirit on the Lord's day together, and there must be a preparation of the pews as well as the pulpit. If I go to church with no deeper heart in me than to wonder how my minister will discuss that subject, or whether he will make the services run like oil; if we never lift our hearts to God as we come, or set them surely on this divine business for which we gather; if we bring no great longing with us, no kindling spirit, no devout heart, but come weighted instead of winged, waiting on one poor human soul to rouse us, if we are ever roused, to anything above the line of our mortal eyes,—then it is as if one spark should try what can be done with a heap of green wood; and I feel free

to say that the minister never lived who was not driven to despair by this way of meeting him. He shall come into the pulpit quivering with the message: his heart has been set on it all the week, as yours has been set, and with a perfect right, on your business. He has brooded over what he shall say until some things he will say seem in very deed to have come to him out of the inner heavens, but he finds no answering soul. And then it is as if the finger of God pointed to the door, and he has to say with a sad sincerity, "It is expedient for you that I go away."

Now I know the evident reply to this is the one I have in some sense supplied in my argument,—that every day is the Lord's day; that work well done is worship; that the ring of the hammer is as sacred as the striking of the harp, the hum of honest industry as the psalms of the sanctuary, and the long strain of the week-day burden as sacred before God as the Sabbath rest and prayer.

True, true, every word of it true; but did you ever see a picture that caught my heart once, the "Tuning of the Bell," and notice how the workman stands with his hammer waiting on that man with the musical instrument, and how the man is looking upward as he touches the strings as if he would bring down the melody out of the very skies, so that it is a pain almost to watch the intense passion for the true key hidden in his face? The great heavy mass and the man who has moulded it have to wait on the eager searching spirit, or the work, when it is done, will be jangled, out of tune, and harsh. It is the Lord's day spirit to the workman and the work, the interposition and hiding of a fine harmony within material things. It was the instance to me of my thought. We are in the spirit on the Lord's day, and then we may hide the very soul of its harmonies in the week-day work. Then, with good old John, we may

toil with a pick in a cavern, isolated, heavy-laden, and with no hope to be free from the burden until the angel comes of release; but we shall see heaven, and be there when now and then the peace of God folds us in.

One word more. Do I speak to a man or woman who will say, "I wish I could feel this spirit Sunday after Sunday, could kindle at the first hymn, find my heart pulsing through the prayer, hear God speak through his saints or his son in the lesson and go home with a new trust in the eternal love"? "You can only find this worth as you bring the fine seed of it. Is the Bible the last book I ever open, the place where I lose things to find them after many days, and wonder how they got there? Do I lose myself in my paper, look at my watch, and exclaim, "Dear me! I had no idea it was so late," hurry and fret and rush into my church belated and all out of true? Well, the Swedish seer will have it that all things stand or fall by correspondences. The eternal truth and life must be in my preparation. There is no royal road to this noble secret: it comes in the old sweet fashion. I advocate no bondage to the letter. I think the Lord's day should be of all days bright and glad; but, if I am to grow to the true stature of the sons of God, it should be a day when I will be free from the meanness and pettiness which keeps step with my own days, my carking cares, my toil for mere bread, or my greed for money. The Lord's day shall be a whole in the purest and loftiest sense; that is, a wholesome day. I will read wholesome books then, think wholesome thoughts, do whole-hearted and whole-souled things, and be made whole by God's blessing through the radiance, the sweetness, the quietness and cleanness of the Lord's day.

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MESSIAH PULPIT

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(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

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IS IT A DUTY TO BE CHEERFUL?

My text is in the words to be found in the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel according to John, the thirty-third verse,—“Be of good cheer.”

A day or two ago a friend asked me what I was to preach about this morning; and, when I said that my subject was the question, Is it a duty to be cheerful? she replied, “But is not that a matter of temperament?” Of course I answered that it was; but I did not go further, and say what I wish to suggest now, that this virtue of cheerfulness is not peculiar in this regard. All our virtues, and all our vices as well, are very largely with us a matter of temperament, a matter of personal inclination, disposition.

There are certain things that are so easy for me to do that it never occurs to me to regard them as virtues; and yet I know that they would be conspicuous virtues in the lives of some other people. The contrary is true in the case of these same persons: certain things which are exceedingly difficult for me would be very easy for them. So all these things are matters of disposition, temperament, inclination, very largely.

We are apt, I suppose, to look with a good deal of leniency upon our own special weaknesses. There is a couplet in Butler’s “Hudibras” which runs,—

“Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.”

It seems to me that this sets forth the natural disposition of nearly all of us. We are apt to be very hard on sins that we have no temptation to commit, when they are committed by other people; and we are very apt to

be quite easy on sins which we ourselves commit, because they are our own.

It is not easy for us all to be cheerful always, and many times it is exceedingly difficult. Of course, it is partly a matter of mere temperament; but all of us have burdens to carry which crush the life out of us for the time. We have obstacles that seem so difficult that we can hardly believe we shall ever climb over them. We get into rough places, and our feet get very sore. Sometimes the skies over our head are so dark that we wonder if the sun will ever shine again.

Lowell, in one place in the "Biglow Papers," speaks of the fact that sometimes in the mildest south-west weather his

"Innard vane pints east for weeks together."

So it is not always a matter of our external conditions. We cannot account for it; but we can account for many of those things that burden and trouble us.

We lose money; we lose the things we have striven after—not money—perhaps for years. We are disappointed in all sorts of directions. When we started out in life, we expected to become such and such, to do so and so, to realize some high and lofty ideals; and, perhaps, we have found life as we have gone on very commonplace indeed. Our ambitions are beginning to fade away.

Perhaps we have lost our friends—not by death I do not mean now. We have lost friends because somehow we have grown apart. We have grown away from them or they have grown away from us, it matters not which. Misunderstandings have come between us, and life seems lonely. Then those that we have cared for so much, one after the other, pass into the Invisible. And, then, we get disappointed in ourselves. Secretly, we are ashamed of ourselves, though we do not tell it to our neighbors and friends. We fall into the commission of faults so easily.

I need not stop to catalogue them. You know how many, many things there are that tend to depress us, that make it hard for us to be of good cheer. I only suggest them; no matter what may be the cause. The question is as to whether it is a duty for us to be of good cheer in spite of them. It seems to me that it is clearly a duty for us to be of good cheer or to do the very best we can, at any rate, in that direction.

I propose for a little while to offer some considerations bearing upon this matter, to suggest some things we can do, some reasons why we should try, at any rate, to do the best we are able.

There is always one thing we can do: we can put a brave face on matters, even if they are not such as to please us.

"Assume a virtue if you have it not."

And sometimes a virtue will strike in, it will become a part of the mental furniture of the disposition, become second nature. Let us, then, at any rate be Stoic, if we cannot be Christian, in our cheer.

Let us be brave, and face things out, face things down, and not confess to the world that we are beaten. A special reason for this, it seems to me, lies right here. No matter how sad I may be, no matter how over-weighted, how burdened, I have no right to burden other people with my sorrow. I have no right to do this beyond that which is necessary or which may possibly be helpful.

In other words, our own personal unhappiness we should isolate, as the doctors are coming to isolate contagious diseases. We should keep it so far as possible to ourselves. I know this is hard; and I know there are people who find it practically impossible. At any rate, they do not do it.

But think for a moment of the selfishness involved here. I have known persons who waked up in the morn-

ing with a headache; and, instead of saying nothing about it, they brought it to the breakfast table, and spoiled the appetites of the family, and then devastated and desolated the home throughout the whole day.

Now that surely was unnecessary, and could have been avoided. If I have a headache, I can bear it and keep still. There is no reason why I should spread the contagion of it to everybody else that I meet.

I had a parishioner in Boston. He was a noble man, a lovely man in many ways; but I got so, after a year or two, that, if I saw him coming on the street, unless I was in a great hurry, I turned off another way so as not to meet him. Why? Because he was a chronic invalid. Perhaps he could not help that; but he became a chronic nuisance to all his friends. I knew that, if I met him and spoke to him and had the indiscretion to ask him how he did, I should have to listen to an account in detail of his ailments, precisely the same as he had told me the week before, and the week before that, and every week since I had known him.

It is so easy for us to get into the habit of pushing our burdens on to other people. This might be very well, might be entirely excusable, if it helped anybody; but the trouble of it is that a burden of this kind, when you have parted with it, you have kept it. You have given it to everybody you met; but it is just as heavy in your case as it was before.

This is generally true. That is the difference between sharing sorrow and sharing joy. You give your joy away and you keep it, and the world is happier. You give your sorrow away and you keep it, generally, and the world is unhappier.

Now I do not mean at all that we should never tell our troubles, that we should take nobody into the sympathetic confidence of our sorrows and our cares. There are times when it is of unspeakable help to tell some one

whom we trust, some one who knows us and loves us; and it does not burden overmuch this sympathetic friend, because he knows that by taking the burden he is giving help, and he is glad to be of help.

I do not mean cases like these; and we can tell the difference. We can tell when we are giving away our sorrows for the sake of comfort and strength that may come to us from a touch of human sympathy. You know what this means. Men have gone through surgical operations and have been strong merely because they clasped the hand of a friend. It gave them power to endure.

I have said a great many times, if you will pardon a personal reference, that I could face the world in a battle for what I believed to be the right, provided a few friends whom I loved and trusted would stand by me, and I could know that they would stand by me.

Tell your sorrows, your troubles, if you can get help by it; but do not tell them for the sake of extending the burden and the darkness over all those with whom you come in contact.

There is another thing we can do. We can choose our company, we can choose the kind of people we will associate with, we can select the class of books we will read; and so we may create very largely the kind of world we will live in. We can go farther than that. We can determine the kind of thoughts we will cherish. We cannot help unpleasant thoughts, dark thoughts, burdening thoughts, flitting through our minds; but we can tell them whether they are welcome or not, and we can show them the door.

I remember a quaint proverb that I have heard my mother quote ever since I was a little boy. I think at the time I first heard it she was referring to evil thoughts. She said, "We cannot keep the birds from flying over our heads, but we need not let them build their nests in our hair."

So we can look over the world and our lives and decide as to whether we will keep company with the dark and discouraging things or whether we will select the fairer and the brighter things for our associates. They both exist. But you know that there are certain classes of people who live with the dark things so exclusively that they will tell you with all the confidence in the world that all things in the universe are dark, and that there is not any bright anywhere. And you know perfectly well that there are others who live with the bright things until all the world seems bright to them, and it makes you brighter and better merely to be in their company.

And these people are not always the ones we call the fortunate people, either. Some of the cheeriest, brightest people I know are the ones who carry the heaviest loads and bravely face the greatest sorrows.

I have a tiny verse here in this line which I cut from a paper the other day:—

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining:
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining."

Now that is something that comes within the scope of our will power. We can, as I said, determine very largely the kind of world we live in.

Now the next point: I am not ready to admit that there is half as much real evil in the world for which God is responsible as my last remarks may have implied. And here is the point we need to keep in mind: we have no right to slander God's universe; we have no right to misrepresent the world, to misinterpret it, to pile up an indictment against the goodness of God and roll it to the foot of his throne as an impeachment of his justice and his love.

We have no right to do this unless we construct this

indictment out of facts; and nine times out of ten I believe the indictments we do bring are made up of misinterpretations, misunderstandings of the realities of things.

Consider for a moment: the universe in the nature of things must be in favor of the keeping of its own laws; and the keeping of its own laws means health, happiness, prosperity,—all good. It is only the breaking of these laws that produces what we call evil.

Now the ongoing movements of the great universe are all good. The rains, the snows, the winds, the tides of the sea,—all these are friendly to man. I say that as a general statement, while just now, as you know, every newspaper is bringing us tidings of disaster,—the loss of life, the wiping out of property, forest fires, floods, drought, devastation,—these great “natural” calamities, as we call them. And men assume an attitude of helplessness in their presence, and talk as though they were the inscrutable acts of Providence.

Let me make one or two suggestions in regard to these matters. In the first place, so far as these things are inevitable, I wish you to note one thing. The results of the movement of these great natural forces are so largely for good that the incidental evils accompanying them are almost of no account. That is a scientific statement of the truth. This, in spite of the fact that now and then a town is destroyed, now and then human lives are lost, now and then crops perish.

But now I wish you to note something further, which emphasizes this idea. Nearly all of the evil results that so burden human hearts and distract and distress human life are humanly caused, are avoidable. Let me give one or two bald illustrations leading up to this idea.

Pompeii is wiped out of existence, Herculaneum, by the overflow of a volcano. There is a great, inevitable, natural calamity, we say. Is it? When the people re-

built those towns, did they go right to work and build them over again in the same places? They knew that the same thing was perfectly liable to occur again; and we know that they are a part of the inevitable process of the growth of the planet, necessary and good. Nine times out of ten people could avoid these calamities by recognizing the facts and building more wisely.

Take the forest fires, the devastations that we are suffering from at the present time. I wonder how many of you have thought of it; but I believe it to be almost literally true that we are responsible for every one of them. There need be no forest fires. It is laziness, carelessness, selfishness, it is wicked disregard of the rights of others, when there is a forest fire. There is no need of it.

But what about the floods? Floods are sweeping down the valleys of the West, property is destroyed, lives are lost, and we look upon it as a providential dispensation, and wonder how a good God can permit such a thing. Nearly every one of these floods we also are responsible for. Every man, who has given any careful attention to this matter, knows that it is the greed, the selfishness, the carelessness of men who destroy the forests near the head waters of our streams. That is almost the one cause of these devastations. But the spirit in which men go about these things is, I will have what I want to-day; and no matter if "after me the deluge."

And this is almost as true of the droughts, for the droughts and the floods go together: they are the two sides of one fact. There are whole tracts of this planet to-day that are looked upon as hopelessly given over to desert and desolation; and yet they used, centuries ago, to be rich and fertile. And men have done it. They have changed the face of the earth, and then wondered at Providence.

I see this going on in smaller ways all the time. A

mother will break every law that touches the health of her child, and then wonder at Divine Providence that permits it to be sick. A man will break all the laws of his body, and then wonder why God afflicts him so. And so in nearly every department of life.

Take the angers, the hatreds, the jealousies, the envies, the alienations, the unfaithfulnesses, the cruelties, cipher out your problem, add up the evils of the world for which men are responsible, and you will find that very few are left to charge against the goodness and the love of God.

We have no right, then, to wear a long face and a burdened heart, and to make our lives sorrowful, and then say that it is because God has made this kind of a universe.

There is another consideration. We are conceited, all of us are. There are very few of us who do not estimate ourselves and our importance in the universe, and the importance of our having our own way and being happy, too highly. And that leads us to overlook the happiness of other people. If we could only cultivate a little more unselfishness, if we could only bind other lives to ours by innumerable nerves of sympathy, then the joy of other people would come thrilling through these sympathetic nerves into our own hearts and lives; and we should find the world glad because other faces smiled, even if ours could not, and then, through sympathy, we should find ours smiling, too.

I clipped from a paper the other day some verses which carry such a lovely lesson in this direction that I wish to share it with you:—

Some skies may be gloomy,
Some moments be sad,
But everywhere, always,
Some souls must be glad;
For true is the saying
Proclaimed by the seer,
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

Each day finds a hero,
 Each day helps a saint,
 Each day brings to some one
 A joy without taint;
 Though it may not be my turn
 Or yours that is near,
 "Each day is the best day
 Of somebody's year!"

The calendar sparkles
 With days that have brought
 Some prize that was longed for,
 Some good that was sought:
 High deeds happen daily,
 Wide truths grow more clear,—
 "Each day is the best day
 Of somebody's year!"

No sun ever rises
 But brings joy behind;
 No sorrow in fetters
 The whole earth can bind;
 How selfish our fretting,
 How narrow our fear,—
 "Each day is the best day
 Of somebody's year!"

And, in connection with it, these lines that I happened
 upon from Longfellow:—

"'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
 The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

Let us learn to put ourselves, if we can, not always in
 the first place. Remember that the happiness of this
 person, that person, the other, is just as important to
 the universe as ours is. And let us be glad if our friends
 are glad, be glad if anybody is glad, and so learn that
 we are a part of the wide nature of things,—learn that
 lesson which the New Testament taught us so many
 years ago, that we are so a part of humanity that we

ought to rejoice when it rejoices, as well as be sad when it is sad.

Then there is one other tiny lesson; but our lives are made up of tiny things, and the tiny things are more important, so far as related to our happiness or our success, than are those we call great.

We ought to learn to be happy in the little things of life: we ought to learn the lesson—I suppose I must have referred to it a good many times—that the best things of life are the commonest things, and that nobody monopolizes them or can monopolize them. The best things in this universe are yours, if you will take them. Nobody can buy them, nobody can sell them, nobody can fence them off and put out a sign that you are not to trespass there. The millions of Rockefeller and Morgan cannot purchase the best things; and they are yours.

What are they? The breathing of God's air; the sight of the stars at night; the sunshine in the morning or at sunset; the sparkle of the dew; the color and fragrance of a flower; a walk in the country or a tramp up and down the streets, watching the great procession of the tides of life as they flow or ebb; the possession of a friend, the answering thrill of somebody's love; books that unfold the entire history of the past; books that tell us the constitution of the heavens over our head; books that have copied the wisdom of the rock leaves under our feet, that tell the tale of the growth of the earth; books containing the poet's songs; books telling tales of romance that have been written, throwing their glamour over the common life of the world,—these are just a few of the things that belong to everybody.

But the chances are that we overlook these, they become commonplace to us. We fix our attention on some special thing that is impossible to us; and we let all these go by, and charge the universe with injustice, and nurse a secret bitterness in our hearts.

It is the simple people. Jesus said, you know, that God hid the kingdom of heaven from the wise men and revealed it only to babes; that, if you wished to enter the kingdom, you must become as a little child.

"The happiest heart is simple,
None dares to call it wise;
It sees the beauty of its life
With frank and fearless eyes.
It has a knack of loving,
It has a truthful way,—
'Oh, what a foolish heart is this!'
The worldlier people say.

"The happiest heart is childlike,
It never quite grows old;
It sees the sunset's splendor
As it saw the dawning's gold;
It has a gift for gladness,
Its dreams die not away,—
'Oh, what a foolish, happy heart!'
The worldlier people say."

Let us learn, then, to find happiness in the simplest things of life.

There are one or two other considerations I must hasten to touch upon.

If I am engaged to work for a man, I have no business voluntarily to lessen my capacity for work, so that I am less useful to him. Now I believe that we are all under the greatest moral obligation conceivable to work for God and his children, to do what we can to make the world brighter, better, happier. Now I can do a great deal more for the world if I keep a good heart, if I am brave, if I am joyous.

The person who goes to his task as a bit of drudgery, with lagging feet and limp hands, is not apt to accomplish much. It is the man who can sing at his task, who likes it and rejoices in his work and who loves to do it as well as he can, who accomplishes the most.

Now, since I am in this world for this kind of a purpose, I have no business voluntarily to lessen my capacity for work. You are a great deal more likely to be helpful if you are cheery and brave. Every physician will tell you that despair, trouble, worry, interferes with the health, activity, of every function of the body; and there is nothing that gives life so quick as joy. So we ought to try to be cheerful, that we may keep ourselves in condition to accomplish the work of our lives.

There is another suggestion. It appears to be a paradox. Contrary to this, I do not believe that we are to regard this world as bad because there is evil and sorrow in it. Bryant, in one of his hymns, has these words:—

“Deem not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep:
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.”

I think, do you know, that the people who have never had their hearts broken are unfortunate. I do not believe it is a desirable thing to go through this life without a touch of pain, without knowing the meaning of sorrow. In the first place, it is a scientific fact that we know things only by contrast. If a person had been glad all his life long, he would not half know that he was glad. He would not know what gladness meant. I have a young lady friend who told me once that she could never remember the time that she wanted anything that she could not have. I question very much whether she got half as much out of life as did some of her companions who longed for something, waited for it, planned for it, anticipated it, and by and by got it. I believe there is more joy crowded into a minute of triumph after struggle than there is in years of easy having your own way.

Then everybody knows that the rich natures of the world are the ones which have sounded the world's deeps. Would you have Jesus changed? Would you take away

the fact that he was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," that he carried the burdens of the world on his heart? Would you have him simply a bit of sunshine? The meaning, the grandeur, the magnificence, of his life would all be taken away.

If you are in any sort of trouble, you know whom to go to. You would not go to a person who did not know what trouble meant, who never had had a touch of pain, whose life had always been pleasant and easy. The people who can help, the angel souls, the deliverers, the conquerors, are the ones who have known grief and carried burdens.

So let us be cheerful, even in the face of grief, and be glad that we can take our share of it, and so understand the world's sorrows and help towards their cure.

At the end one thought more. I said a little while ago that we are conceited. We are apt to think that we, at any rate, ought to have our own way, and that the universe is not fair and kind if we do not. We are apt to exaggerate the evils of our life and forget the good.

You have heard people,—you know how common it is,—if you look back over your own lives, you will recognize it in your own cases,—who when disappointed, cry out: It always was so in my case. I never have my way. If you want to go somewhere on an excursion, and it begins to rain, and you say, It always rains when I want to do anything, you know it is not true. If you will look back over your lives, you will find that probably the exceptions are more than the cases.

We forget long stretches of sunshine; but a cloud fixes itself on our vision. We forget the good, the pleasant, the cheerful days; and the others make a black mark across our lives that we find it difficult to rub out.

So we exaggerate the evil of life, I believe, immensely, and forget and minimize the good. But deep down under this is an underlying truth, which is so tremendous that,

if this alone be true, it is argument enough to back up with infinite power the saying, "Be ye of good cheer."

If this life be what I take it to be,—if we are beginning here a pathway that is endless, and if we may see it rising, rising, up out towards the mystery, and if beyond the mystery there comes a gleam of light that hints to us the ineffable glories that are beyond; if our feet, when we are born, are placed on the lower rung of a ladder, which, like Jacob's, reaches to the foot of the throne of God; if we have started on a road that is to go on forever, and if there is something which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard," something that has not entered into the imagination of man to dream, over yonder,—then, I say, any soul that is born on this planet into no matter what conditions is unspeakably blessed in the mere fact that it is, and that it has before it all that existence means. For God is under infinite responsibility in regard to every soul he has created. Just because he is God, he is bound by his own nature to see to it that somewhen and somewhere this life shall find good, that after no matter how much wandering or peril it shall arrive.

Merely to be born, then, in a universe like this, merely to be born a child of such a God, merely to have started on such a career, merely to have such a destiny awaiting us,—is not this enough, in spite of all the difficulties, darkness, trials, sorrows, heartaches, pains,—is not this enough to give life and power and beauty and victory to the words with which we started, "Be ye of good cheer"?

Dear Father, we are glad we are alive, no matter where we may be to-day, no matter what the darkness, in how deep a slough, how discouraged, how burdened, how crushed,—no matter, we are alive; and we are Thy children, and Thy power is our guaranty, Thy love the warrant of our hope, Thy wisdom the certitude of our final triumph. So we thank Thee. Amen.



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THE JEW IN CHRISTENDOM.

THE brief text I have chosen you may find in the third verse of the twenty-second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. It is in the words of Paul when he says simply, at the opening of one of his speeches, "I am a Jew."

The first Hebrew is one of the grandest figures in the imagination of the world. The name is supposed to indicate he who is from beyond, or the other side of, the river,—the river being the Euphrates. He looms large against the background of barbaric polytheism which up to this time had covered the world. He stands there against the morning twilight of history. He faces the present, he looks towards the future. He is the one of whom it is said that he heard the voice of God and went out, not knowing whither he went.

He was Abraham, "the father of the faithful." His wanderings led him at last to Palestine, or what has since come to be called by that name. Here Isaac and Jacob and Joseph were born. Joseph is sold into Egypt. He is followed by the family and friends who had been left behind, and comes there to great honor and power. The Pharaoh rises at last of whom it is said that he "knew not Joseph," and the people are given over to slavery. Hundreds of years pass by. Under the leadership of another, one of the grandest figures in the history of the world,—Moses,—they escape. They wander for a generation in the wilderness. Their descendants enter Palestine, and after a time obtain possession of the country, —a little land, hardly larger, if at all, than the State of Massachusetts. For years they are separate tribes,

controlled, governed, led by natural leaders, who spring up in the face of the ever-recurring emergency. By and by there comes a longing for unity; and they are consolidated under Saul into a kingdom. He is succeeded by David, who becomes the hero of the people and the national ideal. The kingdom, however, lasts but a little time. Under David's grandson the land is divided. There is the kingdom of Israel and the kingdom of Judah. Then, after wars against each other and with these two united against common enemies, they are by and by conquered and led into captivity.

Only a fragment of the people returns. Hereafter Israel is only a name, so far as it is supposed to represent any national life. Judah becomes the representative of the ancient kingdom; and from this name, "Judah," or "Judea," we have the word "Jew." There is no more any independence. They fall under the power of Rome; and, though struggling heroically for liberty, it is only a dream, an ideal, which they never attain.

By and by they give birth to the grandest figure of all in their history, to the supreme man of the world, Jesus of Nazareth; and under his followers a new religion, which, however, is nine-tenths Jewish, supersedes the old, and becomes the conquering power of the world.

From this time on the Jews are a people without a country. They are scattered throughout the nations of the world. To-day there are something like twelve millions of them, I am told. Half of these live in Russia. The largest number outside of Russia, in any one place, is found here in the city of New York. There are more here than in all Great Britain, more than in Prussia, more than in almost any other country in the world.

A wonderful people,—a people who, without any land, without any rulers, has kept itself distinct, as the Gulf Stream flows through, but does not mingle with, the waters of the Atlantic. Their traditions, their rituals,

their religious ideals, as well as their love for their own people, have kept them compact and united,—a separate people wherever they are scattered round the world.

I wish now to call attention to some of the wonderful things that we owe this people, show you how Judaism is wrought into the life of all of us.

A babe is born. Jewish words are used in the rituals of his christening; and in New England, at any rate, for two hundred years of Puritan history, the chances were that he was christened with a Jewish name. No other people on the face of the earth has given so many names to Christendom as have the Jews.

The child grows up. In the Sunday-school, in the home, in the day-school, in the church, he becomes familiarized with Jewish history and Jewish geography, until the chances are that he knows more about them than he knows about even his own history: the hills, the lakes, the rivers, the valleys, the fountains, even the wells of Judea, are familiar names to him; and across the stage of his childish imagination passes a procession of Jewish figures, sublime and noble. Glance at a few of them: Adam and Eve, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Aaron, Samson, Saul, David, Solomon, Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, the great prophets; Jesus, James, John, Peter, Paul. What a list of names furnished by this one little people!

The child grows up; and, when the time comes for him to be married, again it is Jewish ritual, Jewish precedent, Jewish sacred words which make up, nine times out of ten, the marriage formula. He goes out into life. He meets with trouble and sorrow. He goes to Jewish words for consolation and peace. He prays for help; and Jewish words and Jewish phrases fall from his tongue. He is in joy; and the chances are that he recites some Jewish song of thanksgiving.

The time comes for him to die; and again he turns to Jewish sources of consolation, of resignation. Jewish prayers are the last, perhaps, that he hears. He looks forward to a Jewish resurrection. He peoples the other world with Jewish angels; he sees the great white throne on which sits the Jewish God.

This has been true through nearly all the history of the Christian world. He goes to church; and, if he knows where it comes from, he recognizes that the church is the lineal descendant of the Jewish synagogue. And, to crown the marvellous story, for fifteen hundred years nearly all Christians throughout the civilized world have prayed to and worshipped a Jewish prophet as God.

I ask you now to turn with me for a little while and consider some of the achievements of this people in other directions. There is hardly a department of human thought or life in which you will not find a Jew somewhere in the very front rank. Note for a few moments. If you should select the six finest and most beautiful lyrics that the world has produced up to the present time, the Twenty-third Psalm would be one of them.

One of the greatest dramatic poems of the world,—dramatic so far as drama at that time had been developed,—one of the noblest in all literature, is Jewish,—the Book of Job. In Isaiah and other parts of the Old Testament may be found some of the loftiest poetry of the world.

If we turn to another department of human life, we find among the world's great composers (a list to be counted almost on the fingers of your two hands), two Jewish names,—Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn.

It goes without saying that the Jewish race has produced the greatest financiers. If you turn to the department of philosophy, there are few names that stand higher in intellectual power, in moral enthusiasm, than that of the Jew, Benedict Spinoza.

Jews have led in the study of medicine, of science, and in almost all the different departments of human achievement. Some of the greatest legal minds of the world have been Jews.

Note one significant fact. It was only in the year 1835 that civil disabilities were removed from the Jews in England; and I can remember when a condition like this existed. The leading financier of England was a Jew. The leading man at the bar in London, the most famous lawyer in the whole country, was Judah P. Benjamin, a Jew. The most famous man as a judge on the Queen's Bench was Sir George Jessel, a Jew. The prime minister was Benjamin Disraeli, a Jew. So that the moment opportunity was offered in England, this marvellous people rushed to the front, and occupied the highest positions in the national life.

If we turn to other departments, we find that there are no more famous names among the world's philanthropists than those of Moses Montefiore and the Baron and Baroness de Hirsch. Almost everywhere, then, this little people comes to the front, distinguishing itself for ability, distinguishing itself for character, distinguishing itself for power.

Take it in the matter of ethics. We admire Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, the writings of Confucius, and many another moralist; and how do we praise them? We say that their ethical principles and teachings are almost, if not quite, as good as those of the Jews. That is the last word we can say in their praise.

And another thing I like to remember in justice to this people. I am told that there are no Jewish paupers in any country of the world left to be looked after by Gentiles. They care for their own poor. I am told—which seems to me to speak wonders for the Jewish character—that in no country of the world do you find Jewish women of the town. This is a remarkable record for one little

people. Can you match it anywhere else in the history of the race?

But we do not like them. When I say that, I am speaking not a personal word, but on behalf of the general public. So far as I know, there is not a race in the world in the midst of which the Jews live where they are liked, or are treated as social equals. There seems to be enmity, antagonism, whatever may be the reason for it, almost everywhere.

I propose now, for just a little, to consider this question of the antagonism. I am going to give a short catalogue of some of the reasons given for the dislike. On some of the points that I shall make I shall comment as I pass along.

The first one is the simple fact of instinctive dislike. You remember the popular verse. It has been translated a good many times. The first form of it, I find, is by the old Roman satirist, Martial,—

“I do not love thee, Dr. Fell:
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.”

A great deal of the dislike of the world is summed up in that witty verse. We do not; and that is all there is about it.

There is another reason for the dislike. It is curious,—it is a remnant of barbarism: it remains over from those days of universal antagonism, when every tribe had to fight for its life,—there is this instinctive dislike for people who are foreigners, who are aliens. We do not feel quite at home with them. We criticise the English. They have characteristics that are unpleasant to us. The Italians, the Chinese, people from India, if there are not too many of them around, we may be interested in them, study them, trace their characteristics; but, if

they get too near to us, we shrink from the contact. If there are too many of them in a community, we do not like them, we do not feel at home with them.

Then it is said that the Jew is pushing, that he is aggressive, that he makes himself unpleasant. He wants to get ahead of everybody else, and does not always take the most polite way to accomplish his end.

That is true, I presume, of a great many Jews; but I question very seriously as to whether that characteristic is exclusively confined to them. When they do try to get ahead, they almost always succeed. Perhaps that is the reason we do not like them any better. We are willing to let a man get ahead of us, if then he stumbles and falls; but, if he succeeds, we do not like him.

It is asserted also that they are clannish. So are we. "Birds of a feather," etc. We like our own kind. Strangers among an alien people naturally congregate to keep each other company.

Then it is said again that the Jews are vulgar, that they love display. That is true of a great many of them. I have met a good many of them in the course of my life who were almost as vulgar in the display of their ornaments and wealth as are some of the distinguished members of New York's "four hundred," who come to the entertainment late in order to show themselves off in the boxes of the Metropolitan Opera House. I say the Jews are almost as vulgar in this display as they are. I do not like it in anybody. I do not know, however, why we should confine our dislike or the expression of it entirely to the Jews.

We must remember, in explanation of this, if it is true, even if it is a race characteristic, that the Jews are Orientals, that the Orientals universally love color, love beautiful ornaments, love this sort of personal decoration.

Again, it is said that the one god of the Jew is money,

that it is the only thing he really cares for,—his money and the power that comes from the possession of it; and it is further said that he is not at all scrupulous in the main about getting it. The Jew is supposed to be universally dishonest. It has come to be a name with us for it, a proverb: "to jew" another is to treat him dishonestly, is to squeeze out of him by any process that which he possesses and which you desire.

There is, at any rate, a wide-spread popular feeling that something of this sort is true, whether this popular impression is quite just or not. I have known a great many Jews in my life. Some of the noblest, sweetest, simplest, most unselfish, most patriotic, most philanthropic, tender-hearted people I have known were Jews.

I speak of this charge against the Jew because it is popularly made. I do not indorse it. I have not had business experiences that enable me to speak with the authority of a business man; but I wonder as to whether this impression does not grow out of the fact that the Jews are congregated together in a city, that they are easily marked as Jews, and that we are very apt, if we have one unfortunate experience with a Jew, to attribute the same characteristic to the entire people.

I do not believe that there are any men more dishonest among the Jews than there are among any other race in the world. Whether there are more of them, that I do not know. I have no right to speak on that subject.

There is another fact which has been the chief cause, probably, of international hatreds, but which is nothing less than an insult to intelligence and a disgrace to civilization: that is the religious hatred. I said a moment ago that we Christians are nine-tenths Jews, both in our morals and our religion. Our ethical teachings trace to the Jewish Ten Commandments; and almost the only thing that distinguishes between the Jew and the Chris-

tian is the fact that the Christian has turned a Jew into a God, and hates this God's own people because they insist that he was a magnificent man,—the crowning name among the Jewish prophets,—but still a man.

Suppose that the Jews did put Jesus to death nearly two thousand years ago. Christians since that day, professedly in the name of the Jew of whom they have made a God, have put to death hundreds of thousands of men by physical tortures unspeakably worse than any that were suffered that Friday afternoon outside the city on the cross.

And think of the hideous absurdity of it. I know it is the foundation of Christian theology,—the whole race damned because the first member of it sinned; and, following that precedent, popular prejudice in Christendom has held the Jewish race responsible for the crucifixion of Jesus for nearly two thousand years.

Suppose a clique, a group of men, did put Jesus to death: are the Jews to-day in Russia, the Jews to-day in Germany, the Jews in New York, responsible? This is visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children with a vengeance. And yet, probably, this religious prejudice, this religious hatred, has had more to do with the way the Jews have been treated than any other one cause.

Away back,—oh, how these horrid superstitions do persist!—away back and down in the days of savagery, it was not an uncommon thing for little children to be murdered, to be put to death, as a part of some religious ceremonial. Indeed, it was very common. It is only a little while since the race has outgrown the practice of sacrificing to its bloody God its first-born child. When Jesus was born, the ceremonial of release from the necessity of this sacrifice was gone through in the temple. It is as modern as that.

And still the superstition prevails. In Russia to-day, if we can get at the facts, one of the principal things that

precipitated the massacre was the charge that the Jews had murdered as a part of a religious ceremony a Christian child. Of course, they had not. The Jews have never done anything of the kind since Christianity began. But, in the midst of an ignorant, superstitious, cruel peasantry, it is easy to get almost anything believed concerning people they do not like.

I suppose in Russia, along with this religious hatred, which is universally prevalent, and this superstition in regard to the murder of Christian children, that there was another great cause of dislike. The Jews are almost universally capable business men: they are money-makers everywhere. I will not characterize it for the present. I simply note the fact. Now the Jews in Russia are money-lenders. The peasant farmers borrow money; and, as a perfectly natural result, they come by and by to hate the men of whom they borrow, and are ready to take almost any course, if they can only get rid of paying. So the Jews, undoubtedly, owned a large part of the money in this Russian village, and the peasants were, many of them, debtors to the Jews.

It is very curious to me to note what a characteristic human thing this is. Take the literature of England. It is full of Jewish money-lenders, and they are always held up to obloquy. Why? I do not know. Here are the young noblemen, the scapegraces, who have gone from the country up to London, and who are calculating on the death of their father and their coming into the property, and who want money to waste on mistresses, to gamble with, to drink with, to lead a roys-tering life; and they cannot get it in any other way, and they go to a Jewish money-lender. And the Jewish money-lender is of course smart enough, as he makes a loan of this doubtful character, to ask a good rate of interest.

And these nice young Christians, who hate these Jewish money-lenders so, are, as I said, the young men who

are counting on the question as to how long the old man—that is, the father—is likely to live; and they borrow of these Jews, promising to pay when he dies.

And throughout English literature these Jewish money-lenders are held up to obloquy; and these young scapegraces are smart, fashionable young men. For which of the two do you feel yourself tingle with unspeakable contempt,—for that kind of snobbish scapegrace or for the thrifty Jew?

The characteristics of the Jew in this matter come out here in New York. Jacob Riis tells us, in one of his books, that down on the East Side the Jew is sure to save money, no matter how little he is paid. He will starve himself, he will go without clothes, he will do anything, but he will save something; and by and by he owns the house he lives in, and the other people who have not saved anything have to pay rent, and they hate the Jew who is thrifty and who has flourished.

To give another illustration. I shall cut across your reverence for Shakspeare, perhaps, in this one. I have been accustomed to say for years that in spite of his faults, if you leave out some of the lovely, beautiful, minor characters, the most decent character in the "Merchant of Venice" is Shylock. He is put upon and abused in every conceivable way, and, after the fashion in English literature, is held up to ridicule.

But who is Bassanio, the noble Bassanio? He is a man who has wasted his fortunes and who wishes to retrieve them and marry an heiress. There is no claim that he loves her. He has not even seen her; but he borrows money to retrieve his fortunes. That is the noble Bassanio. Portia's legal lore is clap-trap and quibble; and, in spite of his faults, the grandest, wholly human character in the play is Shylock.

And, to show the drift of public opinion, the audience is expected to rejoice over the misfortunes of the tender,

lovely, sweet Jessica, merely because she is the daughter of a Jew. Oh, I am ashamed of the human race when I face questions and problems like these!

No matter what the Jews may have been or what they may have done, I can match you their faults in all the other races. But that the Jews have these faults has been admitted by one of their own distinguished writers. I ask you to listen while I read a poem by Israel Zangwill. It sets in contrast his ideal of what the Jew ought to be and what he confesses too many times he is. The title of it is "Israel—Vision and Reality":—

"I saw a people rise before the sun,
A noble people scattered through the lands,
To be a blessing to the nations, spread
Wherever mortals make their home; without
A common soil or air, 'neath alien skies,
But One in blood and thought and life and law,
And One in righteousness and love, a race
That, permeating, purified the world,—
A pure, fresh current in a brackish sea,
A cooling wind across the fevered sand,
A music in the wrangling market-place;
For wheresoe'er a Jew dwelt, there dwelt Truth;
And wheresoe'er a Jew was, there was Light;
And wheresoe'er a Jew went, there went Love."

That is the ideal, and then he goes on:—

- "Hear, O Israel, Jehovah, the Lord our God, is One;
But we, Jehovah His people, are dual, and so undone.
- "Slaves in eternal Egypts, baking their strawless bricks,
At ease in successive Zions, prating their politics;
- "Rotting in sunlit Roumania, pigging in Russian Pale,
Driving in Park, Bois, and Prater, clinging to fashion's tail.
- "Reeling before every rowdy, sore with a hundred stings,
Clothed in fine linen and purple, loved at the Courts of Kings;
- "Faithful friends to our foemen, slaves to a scornful clique,
The only Christians in Europe turning the other cheek.

"Blarneying, shivering, crawling, taking all colors and none,
Lying a fox in the covert, leaping an ape in the sun.

"Tanjalus-Proteus of Peoples, security comes from within!
Where is the lion of Judah? Wearing an ass's skin!

"Hear, O Israel, Jehovah, the Lord our God, is One;
But we, Jehovah His people, are dual, and so undone."

This is perhaps as bitter a charge against the actual Israel as it manifests itself too frequently in the history of the world as anybody has ever made.

But now I wish to ask you to come face to face with one consideration. Grant that the Jews are all that anybody says they are. I want you as Christians to shoulder your share of the responsibility. Did you ever think? For fifteen hundred years no Jew was allowed to own property in real estate, not allowed to own or cultivate the land, no Jew was permitted to enter the civil service of any people in Christendom, no Jew allowed to be an officer in any army or in any navy? Allowed to do—what?

The only thing we have let the Jews do has been to trade; and they have been obliged to trade in such commodities as they could hide or carry away,—jewels and valuable things which they could conceal. And the attitude of the kings and the rulers throughout Christendom has been that of treating the Jews as their property, their victims. One of the English kings in a public document talks about "my Jews"; and he estimates the amount of revenue he is likely to get from "my Jews."

And that meant, if a Jew had any property, he was assessed so much; and, if he did not pay it, he was tortured until he did pay it. We have not let the Jews do anything but be small traders, or large traders, in portable things; and they would have been mighty poor scholars, indeed, if, after fifteen hundred years of Christian drill in this exercise, they had not learned anything.

As a matter of fact, they have learned to be the most expert traders in the world; and we have made them so by our persecution. The Jews were originally an agricultural people, in one of the best cultivated lands in the world; but we have taken away these things from them, and then turned around and abused and beaten and spat upon them because they have been good scholars in the school to which we have sent them!

If there are any mean characteristics of the Jewish people, before you abuse them for them, subtract from the sum so many of them as Christianity has planted and trained in that way.

Now what are we going to do about it? One or two suggestions at the end. It is said that the government of the United States ought to issue an indignant protest to the government of the Tsar. I wish we could. But would not the Tsar have a right to retort, "Physician, heal thyself"? Is not our house made of glass rather too brittle to encourage us to engage in throwing stones?

Let the government of the United States, and the governments of the separate States, send protests first to the barbarism that exists here in America. At a great public meeting the other night Dr. Lorimer suggested that we appoint a committee of notable citizens and send them to Russia to lay the case before the Tsar.

I have no objections to any procedure of that sort, but I would like first to send a committee of notable citizens down to Louisiana to protest against the mobbing and murdering of Italians, out to California to protest against the mobbing and murdering of Chinamen, to Georgia to protest against the mobbing and murdering of negroes, to Kentucky and many another Southern State to protest against the condition of things that turns a whole family into murderers while they fight out, generation after generation, a feud, until the last man of the line is extinguished.

I would like to have this delegation go to Illinois and Indiana. You have noticed what has been taking place within the last week or two. Down in Illinois a colored man gets into a quarrel with a white man; and the latter is shot. He is not killed. Indeed, I believe he has recovered. The negro is arrested by process of law, and put in the jail; but, instead of waiting for the law to dispose of the matter, a crowd of civilized white men, two hundred in number, of the kind of people that we are expected to have join in a protest against Russia, breaks into the jail, beats the negro into almost insensibility, hangs him, shoots him, burns him. That in Illinois.

In Indiana a negro is seen talking with a young girl thirteen or fourteen years of age. Somebody, without knowing anything about it, suggests that he is insulting her. A crowd gathers, of these purifiers of society, and the negro is shot; and the young woman has not been hurt at all, and, so far as anybody knows, no crime has been committed except by these social protectors!

Until we in this country can cleanse our skirts a little, our lips should be closed so far as protest against any other country is concerned.

This is Flag Day,—and I should have loved to take it for my theme,—the day on which we are to cultivate honor and reverence for the Stars and Stripes. I love the flag. I am ready to bow in its presence as being the symbol of liberty, of brotherhood, of humanity, of law.

Oh, this is what it ought to be; but is it? Is it, so long as these things I have been hinting at are true? Let us cleanse our own flag, make it pure and white and sweet, then start, if we will, a crusade round the world for the suppression of inhumanity and barbarism.

One thing we can do: every true man, every noble woman, in this country can lift up a voice against these

things wherever they are perpetrated; and we can help create a public opinion that shall by and by wipe them off the face of a gladdened and purified earth.

But, meantime, I am sorry to say we need to be a little humble about protesting to other nations. We must work for education here in this country,—educate the people of both races, of all nationalities; but that is not enough.

We have found out that intellectual training does not necessarily make people tender-hearted, moral, and humane. We must work for the ideas that the Church stands for. We must work for the love of God and the love of man, create noble and true and fine ideals.

And, then, I am afraid that we must be patient, and wait, wait, wait, until civilization grows, and men outgrow the wolf and the fox and the tiger and the snake, and climb up into the human.

But, meantime, friends, let us, so far as this country is concerned, insist on justice, insist on equal laws for all people, of every nation and every clime; fight for equal opportunities. Let us fight for that civilization which takes the legal, though slower course, instead of joining in the madness of the mob that clutches at justice, but really grasps anarchy and disgrace.

Dear Father, let Thy love be in our hearts and the ideals of justice and truth animate our minds and direct our conduct. Let us be ashamed to be other than humane and just and tender and true in our relations with any people anywhere around the world. Amen.

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STEPS TO PEACE.

My text you may find in the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, a part of the twelfth verse,—“Ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace.”

Peace is the condition of the discovery of all truth, of the mastery of all power, and of the possession of all happiness. The man who wishes to discover the truth must be quiet. He must be undisturbed, not swept by passion, not turned aside by bias; he must go to nature and observe calmly. He must listen intently, so that then may he see and hear.

If a lake is perfectly at peace,—not a disturbance, not a ripple,—then the reflections in it are perfect: they are true; but, if in any way it be ruffled, then everything is distorted.

When astronomers build and plant one of their mighty telescopes, that by its use they may investigate the heavens, they must have it on a solid foundation, so that it will remain in perfect peace where it is placed. The slightest tremor vitiates all the results. The quiver of an eyelid, the trembling of a nerve on the part of an observer, may make all his estimates wrong. If we wish, then, to find the truth, we must find peace first as the condition of the observer, of the student.

If we wish mastery of our powers, we must also be at peace. In the old duelling days every man understood that if he could perturb or excite his opponent, the victory was practically won.

A great general, managing a battle, whose lines perhaps extend over brooks, through woods, up hills, down into valleys for miles, knows that he must “keep his head,”

as we say. He must be at peace. No matter how perturbed others may be, whatever excitement may exist in the rank and file of the army, no matter what the mental condition of the orderlies and inferior officers, he must be master of himself, be at peace, in order that he may be master of all his power.

We know so well that peace is the condition for the attainment of happiness that the loss of peace, unrest, disturbance, worry,—these are synonyms for unhappiness. How, then, shall peace be found?

It is not to be discovered by the use of narcotics. You can narcotize your body not only, but your brain, your heart, your soul; but this is not the way to peace. If you are suffering keen pain, you may find temporary relief by an opiate; but the experience of the world has demonstrated that the over-use of a means like this for the attainment of peace results in disintegration, disease, unrest, and irretrievable sorrow.

Neither is it wise to narcotize the brain for the sake of mental peace. There are thousands of people in the world, there have been in the past, there are many of them still, who become weary of thinking. They cannot bear the unrest. They do not know how to hold their minds in suspense. They must have all things settled after some fashion; and, not being able to settle them themselves, they decide to give up thinking, to narcotize the brain, to turn all these problems over into the hands of some one else, and take an authoritative word of a person or an institution.

But this is not peace. This is denial of the use, the culture, the development of the God-like and God-given power to think, to investigate, to discover the truth. You can try to crush down and crush out the heart, to destroy a love that is unsatisfied or that stands in the way of your peace; but this, again, is not peace. If you succeed in it, it is death.

So this is not the road to peace. Rather should we seek, so far as the mind and the heart and the soul are concerned, the most intense and developed life. The peace which we find in the universe around us in any direction is not the peace of quiescence. There is no quiescence. There is nothing in the universe, so far as we know, that is still. The peace,—I love that Bible phrase,—the “peace that floweth as a river” is the real thing. The river is not a stagnant pool. It is quiescent, and as it flows it reflects beautiful things growing upon its banks. It bears upon its waters pleasure craft and the commerce of the world. It turns the wheels of the world’s industries; it plays, it laughs, it leaps in the sun, it labors, it flows,—flows toward the ocean, to carry out its part in that eternal round of nature that is always begun and never ended.

Peace is not to be found, then, by the process of narcotizing. Neither is it to be found in change of place or scene. How many people there are who, restless, unsatisfied, pursue a mirage, chase a phantom that leads them wandering all over the world, seeking for peace,—some place where they can find rest!

I have seen them, in the journeys I have made abroad, find nothing in one place that suits them, wonder if it will be so in the next, and so, wandering, restless, from one part of the world to another.

When Emerson sang his song,

“Good-bye, proud world! I’m going home,”

and retired into the country, but it was not the country which gave him the peace. He carried the peace with him: he took it into the country. The peace was in himself.

This summer some of you will be permitted, I trust, to go into the country, for at least a time. You will be by the seashore, you will listen to the surf on the

sand: you will see the mountains, you will sit under their shadows. You will rejoice, I trust, in these varied scenes of the outer world; but you will find just so much peace there as you carry with yourselves. The peace is not by the seashore, the peace is not in the mountains. The peace, if it exists at all, is here within.

Neither do men find peace by retirement from the world or from their occupations. I have known business men, worn and wearied with their life-work, who have said, "I have done enough, now I will retire." And, if a man like this has cultivated some taste which he may carry with him into his retirement, if he may be occupied and intent with some sweet and true thing there, then well and good. But I have known some of the most restless and dissatisfied people on the face of the earth among these retired merchants. They had nothing to do. All their old occupation was gone; and they learned too late that the peace they sought was not to be found in this retirement from a particular avocation.

I suppose that in the Church, over and over, it has happened in the past that some world-weary man or woman has gone into the cloister, has taken the veil, has entered a convent in search of peace; and they have worn out their hearts there, learning that peace was not in the quiet of these walls, but it was something to be wrought out in their own nature,—something to be found within.

I propose this morning, briefly and simply as I may, to speak of a few things that stand in the way of our peace, and to suggest how we may deal with some of them. What one person needs for peace, of course, is different from that which is called for by another; but I trust that in this general way I may hit some of the conditions that disturb our lives, and make some few suggestions that may be of at least little service.

One of the worst disturbers of our peace, it seems to me, is the past. There are two ways of dealing with the past of the world or of the individual. We may use the experiences, the discoveries, the achievements of the past as means to enable us to master the present, and create a better future, or we may allow them to burden us, to weigh us down, to discourage, to trouble us.

One of the principal things that stands in the way to-day of the world's advance in general is this very fact of the achievements of the past. The world, so to speak,—I cannot enlarge upon it,—is ruled by the dead hand to such an extent. What people thought, what people did, how people felt ages and ages ago,—these stand in the way of people's thinking and feeling and investigating for themselves to-day.

And a similar thing is true of the past of each individual. How many of us look back with regret! Perhaps some loved one has passed out of our circle. It may have been years ago, but we are not yet done saying, "Oh, if I had only known, if I had only said this, if I had only done that,"—if, if, if; and so the past haunts us and worries us and takes away our peace.

We have done wrong, we have gone astray, we have been unworthy of our highest and truest self, perhaps; and this gnaws at our hearts and takes away our peace, and we are burdened by it.

What we need to learn is that the past can be of service to us, and that then, when it has ceased being of service, we should defy it and forget it,—remember it only to learn its lessons and to gain its inspirations. You will remember that beautiful poem,—I can only read you one or two verses of it,—Longfellow's "The Ladder of Saint Augustine":—

"Saint Augustine! well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!"

And later:—

"We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

.

"The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

.

"Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies.

"Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain."

Do not let the past, either its success or its failures, trouble you; for this one thing is true,—no matter what the past may have been, we are here, and God is above us, and the world is around us, and limitless opportunity waits at our feet. Now is the beginning of a pathway, and that pathway leads to anything, to everything that is noble and grand, if we choose to walk in it.

The one thing that is most fatal, perhaps, in all the world, is despair, the loss of heart and courage. Everything is possible to him who wills, and there is limitless time, and there is no height that you and I may not climb.

There is another thing that troubles a great many people; it disturbs their peace; and that is their perplexity over the unsolved problems of the world. For example, to take a specific instance, I know people who hesitate about becoming members of a church, joining

some organization for the help of the world,—hesitate about entering into the practical things of life—because they are perplexed and troubled over questions of Biblical criticism,—a simple thing like that.

They wonder as to whether the apostle John wrote the Gospel of John, and, if he did not, as to what his opinion about the person and nature of Christ is worth. And, while they are disturbed and troubled about settling a question like this, their practical life is at a standstill, their wills are practically paralyzed.

I speak of this only as an illustration. Some are perplexed over the nature of the universe, whether God is personal or impersonal, what his relation is to us as individuals, over the materialistic and spiritualistic theories of life; and people become involved and enmeshed in these problems, worried, troubled, disturbed over them, their peace taken away, and meantime the work of life waits.

I am not going to hint a solution for any of these problems. I am merely going to say to you that you need not wait for their solution. There is not a single unsolved problem in the world that needs touch the practical problem of your next duty,—not one.

Let the critics and the scientists and the philosophers work at these. Work at them yourselves, if you have the inclination and the time and the ability; but do not let them stand in the way of that one thing for which the solution of all problems is important. The whole intellectual side of the world is valuable only as our dealing with it hinders or helps us to live.

Truth is better than a lie, kindness better than unkindness, helping people better than neglecting them, choosing the nobler and higher things is better than the lower and the poorer. You know enough to do right, you know enough to take the next step, you know enough to pick up and care for the first duty that waits you.

Do not let these problems, then, and the fact that they are not settled, disturb your peace. Take the next step, do the next thing, and, if you come up against a wall, why wait until it opens. But be true to yourself, and be faithful to the best thing you know while you are waiting, and do not let these things disturb you.

Some of the best friends I have had in the world—and this leads me to the next point—have felt that their lives were so unsatisfactory, they were not able to do anything that seemed to them worth while. They had dreams when they were young; but they have not realized them. They expected to do something worth while, to play some important part in life; but, as they have gone on, life has come to seem to them rather cheap and rather poor, or, at any rate, those high ideals are away up there, luring them, and they are down here, and they have never been able to turn them into fact.

So they are disappointed. Perhaps they grow a little bitter. They are troubled. They do not find peace. There is little satisfaction for them in life.

Two or three Sundays ago, I think it was, in some other connection, I hinted to you a truth which I wish to press home again here. The best thing in life is attainable by anybody. For what is that best thing? It is not money, it is not power over your fellows, it is not fame. it is not pleasure, it is not ease,—it is none of the things which the multitude is madly pursuing. The best thing in life is that you be true to yourself; and that a rich man can do, that a poor man can do, that a well man can do, that a sick man can do, that a learned man can do, that an ignorant man can do, that any man can do.

If you have a good deal of money, be true to yourself in the use of it. If you have little, be true to that little. If you have none at all, be true to yourself even

while starving. If you are great, be true to the great responsibility. If you are obscure, develop in that obscurity the qualities which would make you great if the world recognized them. Be true to yourself, be true to God, true to the highest thing you can think, true to the noblest thing you can feel, true to the grandest dreams that haunt your imagination.

And so the world cannot defeat us nor down us. There is nobody in the universe who can harm us, except ourselves. We can win success, because the only great success, the only real success; is working out through the experiences of life, whatever they may be, the development of a true self.

There is another thing that disturbs the peace of the world, is disturbing it more and more as the world goes on and gets more and more civilized. We have been shocked recently by those doings there in Belgrade,—the midnight murder of a king and queen. We are not to think, however, that these things are worse than they used to be. If you will read the history describing the condition of things in the Middle Ages or in the old times of the earth's barbarism, you will find that this which we are shocked by so to-day was very common.

It is not that the world is getting worse: it is that we are getting more sensitive, that we feel these things more, that they become a greater practical problem for us.

So the world's evils, the crimes, the vices, the diseases, the pain, all the wrong of the world, the fact that we can think that "the times are out of joint,"—these things disturb and take away our peace.

Is there any way to face them? There is this. I can make one or two suggestions. In the first place, either God exists or he does not. If God is, if God's in his heaven, then the world is in his hand; and he cares more about these things than you and I do, and he is managing these things, and there is going to be an outcome by and by.

If he does not exist, then there is no use in our fretting about it one way or the other; for we are helpless.

But I believe—and I think that a close study of the past history of the world would bring you to the same conclusion—that this is the best conceivable kind of world. If the meaning of life is that we shall learn how to live, by experience, by good, by evil, by success, by failure, by falling, by rising again; if the best thing in life is learning how to live, the cultivation and development of human character,—then who could devise a better scene, better conditions for the working out of these results?

And, if, indeed, the world is in God's hands, and if there is infinity in space and endlessness in time, then all these things may be wrought out into something so fine and sweet and good by and by that they will not trouble us any more than the darkness of the early morning troubles us after the sun is up.

And, at any rate, to come right close home to our practical relation to it, the way for us to find the true peace and our place in the midst of it seems to me right here. If we allow ourselves to be bitter, over-disturbed, over-troubled, then we become incapable of doing what we can to help.

The patient in the hospital may be excited. His friends may be all unnerved; but the surgeon who is to help must be calm and at peace, the master of every movement, holding every nerve in quiet. So, if we are to help the world in its troubles, we must learn to be at peace, not to be upset and disturbed overmuch by these things, but to do what we can right here to soothe some sorrow, to bind up some wound, to comfort some aching heart.

One last trouble I would speak of; and that is our fear of the future. I began by our fear of the past; but I suppose that the most of us are haunted over and

over again by some troubled wonder as to what may be to-morrow.

In the first place there is no to-morrow. There never was one, and there never will be. The only thing we have to face is what is happening now. There are persons who dread growing old. Growing old ought to be the sweetest thing on earth. If I may be pardoned for speaking of myself, I have never seen a moment in my life when I dreaded to grow old; and, except when I am suffering, it never occurs to me that I am any older than I was a good many years ago. I never think of it. Growing old ought to be growing ripe, richer, sweeter.

And, as we look towards the future, what? Why, the worst that can happen is a sleep, which is perfect unconsciousness, no worry. That is the very worst.

The best,—“it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.” As I study the history of the past, every step has been towards something better; and the fact that the world has been growing gradually a little better is demonstration that the majority power in the universe is good, is loving, is tender, is kind, means well by us.

And so I have no fear about any future. My heart could be wrung and ache, as it has been wrung and ached in the past, by the sorrows of those I love, by the going away of those I love; but what I mean is that, looking at it by and large, I have no fear of the future, no fear of growing old, no fear of anything that the universe may have in store for me. As Walt Whitman expresses it, with his superb confidence, “No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God, and about death.”

I believe so thoroughly in the great love that has brooded over the world from the beginning, the great love that, unseen, folds us day by day in its arms, I believe so thoroughly that life, not death, waits for us,

that I have no fear of growing old, I have no fear of death.

I trust with a great trust, which, so far as that is concerned, gives perfect peace, that, when the mist closes, it will be only as the night closes for a little before the stars are out; that it will break, and that eyes will be seen looking out of it, and that hands will be reached in welcome; and that over yonder is something so much better than anything that we have left behind that we may carry, if we will, a great peace and trust in our hearts, knowing that

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Dear Father, let this "peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep our minds and hearts." Let us trust in Thee so much that we shall believe that "no harm from Him can come to us on ocean or on shore"; and so, having this peace, may we have possession of all our powers, and be able to render service to those in need. Amen.

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LIFE'S EBB AND FLOW

GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
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NOTE.

This issue concludes the twenty-eighth year of the continuous publication of Dr. Savage's sermons. Neither author nor publisher has had any pecuniary end in view. Indeed, so cheaply have they been sold and so many have been given away, through missionary agencies, that the balance has been on the wrong side of the books,—from the money-maker's point of view. The one desire has been to preach what is believed to be the truth to as many persons as possible. Those who believe in the work which these sermons are doing can—if they wish—make it still more wide-spread by becoming regular subscribers and by getting others to do the same. If they so desire, they may also contribute money to help pay for their distribution in missionary fields.

The publication will begin again in October.

THE PUBLISHERS.

LIFE'S EBB AND FLOW.

THE words of my text may be found in the third chapter of Ecclesiastes, the fourth verse,—“A time to weep and a time to laugh.”

I am glad the writer arranged his words in that order,—that the laughter comes after the weeping. May it be providentially arranged so in all your lives!

Everything in the universe is in motion, and all motion is rhythmic. It is a pendulum — back and forth. It is a tide—ebb and flow. As we study the movements of the heavenly bodies, we find that they obey this law. The earth in its motion seeks the sun, passes around it, and then shoots off into space; and on the earth itself there are summer and winter, night and day, the planting and the harvest. There is heat and cold, there is light, there is darkness. Everything changes and alternates in accordance with this rhythmic law.

And so in our human lives. We are born, we advance to the high tide, the culmination. There is the ebb; and we pass away. And so in all the moods of our days. We weep and we laugh, we fear and we hope, we are weak and we are strong, we despair and we are courageous. This is the method of our life.

When the tide is out, then everything indeed seems desolate and bare. Some of you will have an opportunity this summer—which you have had, I trust, many times before—of sitting by the seashore and watching these alternations. When the tide is away out, then noisome things appear, which the floods had covered.

Then creatures, caught and left as the tide has receded, gasp for breath. Their life has gone away. 'Neath the burning sun and without their accustomed element they perish. Creatures are caught in shallows and pools, their lives constrained, hampered, hindered, as so many human lives are when their tides are out.

Vessels that are only fit for the water are stranded on the flats, careening on their sides, their useless sails flapping in the wind.

The tides go out of our lives until the world seems to us a very sad affair. You remember those words of Hamlet, that we could quote and re-echo ourselves in some moods:—

“How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!”

“Man delights me not”; and the heavens seem to be but as a “pestilent congregation of vapors.” We have all been in these moods. We have lost something.—money, perhaps, an opportunity, or our own self-respect, the heaviest loss of all; or we have lost a friend,—something has happened to take the meaning away from life. The tides of our life are out, and the flats are bare; and it seems to us as though the days could never have any meaning again.

But when the tides are out, we learn, as we get older and study this world more deeply, the processes of God in the ongoing of the world have not ceased. When land is lying fallow, some of the most important things in the world are taking place. Indeed, this alternation of fallowness with production is as important as are the planting and the reaping of crops.

So in our own lives, when the tides seem to be out and we seem incapable of accomplishing anything, the processes are not stopped. When we are weary and are resting, the world's progress does not cease. When

we go away on a vacation, the universe does not wait until we get back again.

Those who have studied human nature a little deeply have learned that some of the most important, some of the highest and noblest work goes on unconsciously to those who are the instruments for the production of the results. Modern scientists tell us of a subliminal self,—a self which is below the threshold of consciousness, and so called subliminal. It is as though, to use a figure, I should compare an individual to an iceberg. Two-thirds of the iceberg are submerged and out of sight. So they are beginning to tell us that we know not how large a part, but certainly the larger part, of our own selves is submerged, is below the level of the floor of consciousness of which we take account, and there work is going on. We are working, though we know it not.

There are on record as proof of a process like this, cases of mathematicians, for example, who have wrought out problems during their sleep which they were incapable of solving with their utmost effort in their waking hours. Men have wrought over some problem during the evening, and then have found that it is actually worked out on paper on their desk in the morning. They have risen during the night, and done it, when they did not know it.

If you will pardon a personal reference, I know that a large part, perhaps the largest part, of my own work goes on when I am paying no attention to it. If I am to work out a theme, I plant the seed, so to speak; and it grows, and I see the result,—a result which I had only been partially conscious of having contributed towards.

George Eliot, agnostic that she was, and so biassed in favor of those things that can be observed, tabulated, and verified, has told us that the most important things she ever did seemed to her to be done through her only,

as though she was not conscious of the process by which the results were reached.

We find it on record that a man like Dumas sits at his desk, and his characters seem to be vividly personified, as though outside of himself. They act, they talk, they utter witticisms at which he himself is found to be laughing as though he had heard them from the lips of some other person.

These only as hints of how a part of the work that we accomplish is done when we are not consciously at work upon it.

You are all familiar with the case of Coleridge,—how he composed one of his most wonderful poems during his sleep, and remembered it so that he began to write it down the next day, and has left us a fragment. Unfortunately, he was interrupted, and could not recall the rest.

Work, then, goes on when the tides are out and when we are not conscious of being engaged in any definite occupation. And so the great men of the world, who appear to spend a large part of their lives in leisure, are in the hours of that leisure doing perhaps the most telling things which they ever accomplish.

Milton could not write during the winter. He was not idle during the winter. Processes were going on, as processes are going on beneath the snow of every winter, ready when the sun and the warmth of spring invite to come forth in blossom and in fruitage.

When Dante wandered, an exile, over Italy, finding it so bitter to eat the bread of a stranger and to climb the stairs in a house which was not his own, he was not wasting his time. Through the bitterness, the sorrow, the pain, he was working out that great masterpiece which has made the world so rich in its possession.

So do not think the poet or the artist or the philosopher or the scientist or any of the great thinkers of the

world are wasting their time when they do not appear to be engaged in some useful occupation, as we say. A large part of the work of the world is done when people apparently are doing nothing.

It is in accordance with this law of rhythm that all the great movements of the world's civilization have gone on. Read the story of Nineveh, Babylon, Palestine, Greece, Rome. An empire rises, civilization comes to its flood, and you would think that the world had reached a level from which it could never recede; but there is an ebb, the tide goes out, and now some of the greatest civilizations of the past are known only as expeditions painfully uncover their ruins and bring to light the traces of what they used to be.

The same is true in regard to the world's great movements of thought. These also are rhythmic. Only a little while ago, for example, all the world was apparently sweeping in the direction of positivism, of what is called materialistic science. The great leaders seemed to think that everything would be reduced to some mechanical formula. They expected thus to solve the problem of life itself, of consciousness, of thought. But the tide has turned; and a great flood of idealism is coming in, and the other way of looking at the world has almost completely passed away.

By and by we shall come back to a severer scientific method again, perhaps on a still higher level, then sweep to idealism once more; for it is after this method that the world moves on.

The same may be seen in regard to the world's fashions in art, in literature. A certain school of painters or a certain school of writers seems dominant, so much so that the man who dares to work after any other method becomes heterodox. He is looked upon as something *outré* and strange. He belongs outside the recognized ideals of his time.

But the fashion of this world, as the New Testament has it in another sense, "passeth away." All the fashions of this world pass away, one after another; and then, before we know it, they have come back again. The ebb has turned to flood. This is the way that the world goes on. But every time the tide is high in these world movements something occurs which cannot upon the seashore: the high-water mark is higher than it ever was before, and so the level of the life of the world lifts and rises.

I wish right here, in the light of the working of these forces according to this law, to notice one or two things which ought to come practically close home to every one of us.

In the days of Channing,—later than that, in the time of Sumner, when he delivered his great lecture on "Peace,"—I think we had the impression in this country that there were to be no more great wars; but the peace sentiment, which then seemed to be at the flood, has ebbed away since then, and we have had some of the most disastrous wars in history. The peace sentiment will come again, I hope, and lead the world to a higher level than it has ever yet attained.

But here in this country to-day note what is going on. I am amazed, I am appalled sometimes, at what I witness as I look over the face of our land. Did I not believe in God, and did I not know that the advance of human civilization was in accordance with this law of ebb and flow, I should lose heart and courage and all faith in my kind.

Think of the floods of lawlessness that have swept over this country! And we are not to delude ourselves with the idea that we have imported all this lawlessness from some other land. There are certain things going on among our native American population that should give us pause.

I have no special alarm as to the matter of race suicide, which our President has made a prominent topic of discussion; but it is a little significant, and not altogether encouraging, to notice the fact that our native American population is not even holding its own, but is decreasing. I used to hear France held up as the awful example; but France at least holds her own. Our native American population in this country is not holding its own. This by the way.

But all the lawlessness, the lynchings, the feuds, the disregard of public authority and public order,—these are not confined to immigrants. They are all over the country, and in those parts of the country where the American population is dominant. Let us do all we can to stem a tide like this. I am not discouraged, I am no pessimist; but, when I see men who have a criminal record behind them sitting in the United States Senate and in the House of Representatives, and in our governing bodies all over the land, I think and ask, Is it any wonder that young men come to feel that character is hardly worth struggling so hard for, when it seems to count for so little?

Let us do what we can to stem such tides as these, and to bring back a flood of old-fashioned, shall I call it: no, because I will not disgrace the present as compared with the past,—let us bring back the real sentiments of honesty and honor and manliness and truth. Let us have a tide of these coming in again to overflow and sweep away these disgraceful records that make us put our hands on our lips and stand dumb in the presence of the most outrageous inhumanities in any land.

To come a little closer home. I wish—for my subject permits me to include it—to refer for a moment to our city affairs, and make one or two suggestions as to the duty of all of us during the summer. Let us think of

it during the summer, and be ready to do something about it in the fall.

Two or three years ago the civic life of this great city of New York was perhaps at the lowest ebb in its history. The dirty waters of corruption were at the flood; and sweet and healthful waters had ebbed far out over the edge of the visible horizon. Hardly a department of our city's government but was soiled, tainted, filthy beyond words. Hardly a public official with such a record that we could be sure of the cleanness and honesty of his administration. This was the condition of affairs.

A tide of reform swept over us, now nearly two years ago; and since then an enormous advance has been made. What I wish to do is to suggest that we are in danger of an ebb in this reform, largely through misunderstanding, through misconception of the actual condition of things.

I hear a great many people talk; and I find that they have been expecting the impossible. They have supposed that a transition could be made from Hades to the kingdom of heaven in a month. Such things do not occur in this old world in which we live.

I think, if any one will make a careful, fair, unbiassed study of the matter, he will be compelled to admit that in almost every department of our city's life most wonderful improvement has been made,—as great an improvement as we had any right to expect when we consider the condition in which things were two years ago, and when we remember that it is only ordinary, fallible human beings to whose hands we can trust even the work of reform.

Let us, then, not be disheartened or discouraged. Let us rather do what we can to lift the life, the enthusiasm, the wave of this city's reform, and sweep out of sight and wash away the last vestige of the old corruption that cursed the city so long.

And the thing you need to remember is that we can do it. There is no question but that we can do it. If this city goes back into the hands of the kind of people who have been administering it, then it is your fault and mine. The better element of the city of New York is strong enough, numerous enough, to control it, if it will.

Let us, then, away with petty criticism of our public officials. Let us hold them indeed to strict account for doing the best they can; but let us not hamper them or discourage them or put into the hearts of those we talk with the feeling that there is no use, and so prepare the way for the ebbing of the reform movement which has risen so high.

Let us rather see to it that there shall be a flood of intelligence, of honesty, of earnestness, of straight-out manliness, in the conduct of our city affairs.

To turn now to another phase of the theme. The city of New York is, as we say, getting empty, the tides are ebbing out. In saying this, we do not forget the thousands, nay, millions, of those who will stay here all the time; but those that we are accustomed to associate with and think of are going away. The most of you will go away, at least for a part of the time, very soon.

Let us remember the principle, then, that, as the tide ebbs here, it floods somewhere else,—as the waters leave the city, they rise by the seashore, in the country, among the hills; and I want to suggest to you a few plain considerations about your summer religion.

We are so apt,—so shallow is our thinking,—to identify religion with going into a church, with singing hymns, with joining in prayer, with the offices of public worship. And the newspapers every little while, in their flippant paragraphs, speak of a closed church as though it means the cessation of the religious life of the people who are accustomed to gather there.

Let us remember that an open church, singing hymns, and engaging in public prayers are only the manifestations of the religious life, if it exists. They are not that life. The life, if there is any, goes with you wherever you go.

And I want you to remember this, and carry the power and the saving, helping quality of your religious life with you, by the seashore, in the country, among the hills. Remember that all beauty, the wonder, the on-goings of nature, in the midst of which you are to be, are the symptoms and signs of the immediate presence and activity of God. Remember that you are living in touch with him, face to face with him, whether you feel him, whether you see him or not.

Think of God, then, be sensitive to his presence, and know that you can serve him just as well during vacation time as you can here. You can serve him perhaps in some fresh ways, because you have fresh opportunities. What will you do? I cannot give you specific directions. The conditions will be different in this place from what they will be in that. Study the conditions, notice where you are and what you can do, and then try to help.

I would have you go to church, though there is no Unitarian church there. You need not hide or cover up your beliefs; but help on the religious life of the place so far as it is healthful and earnest and honest, whether it agrees with your ideas or not.

I have known a great many cases where little services were started in places where there was no church, by the reading of a sermon, gathering together to consider these things; and out of such services new churches have sprung, new life has been born.

Do what you can. Find some soul that you can comfort, somebody who would like to have a little counsel, somebody whom you can encourage, somebody who is inquiring and whose questions you can answer. If

you cannot answer them, perhaps you can put them in the way of getting them answered.

So this summer do not think you have gone away from God, and do not go away from your religious life, your religious activity, your religious service, wherever you may be.

One or two other considerations I wish to refer to briefly. I have spoken of our own ebbs and flows of feeling, of emotion, of hope, of fear, of ability, of life. Sometimes we are responsible for the ebb tide, sometimes we are not.

You wake up of a morning, and the heavens are blue, and all the earth seems desolate. There is no meaning in your life. You have nothing to hope for. All the best in you seems to have ebbed away during sleep.

Now it is possible you are responsible for that. I think sometimes our methods of eating our meals, of drinking, our methods of work, our methods of play, have something to do with it. But in other cases it is a matter of inherited temperament; and these moods sweep over us as clouds sweep across the sky, and we have no power to prevent them.

Let us not feel, then, if we are not conscious of having produced these moods, too heavy a burden of responsibility for them. Let them come, let them go; but go you about your daily avocations. If you cannot do very well, do the best you can. If you have not a great deal of courage, work as though you had. If you have, work with delight, and rejoice in it.

But do not carry a burden on account of these alternates of hope and fear, of feeling one way and the other. Remember how many times they have changed before, and the world has gone on.

There is a power mightier than we are at the helm; and just as a ship in mid-Atlantic sails on, no matter which way the tides move, no matter which way the

winds blow, no matter how the passengers feel, so I believe that the great world, under the captaincy of Eternal Wisdom and Eternal Love, sails on to its destined harbor.

I remember a very wise piece of advice, as it seemed to me, which one of our professors gave us when we were in the theological school. He said in regard to our writing: "Do not wait until you feel like it. Write whether you feel like it or not. Write until you feel like it. Then you may write because you feel like it."

Undoubtedly, the best work of the world is done when we feel like it; but, if there is a duty waiting us, we are not to wait and let it wait because the tide of our enthusiasm has ebbed away and we do not feel like doing it.

We are not responsible, perhaps, for these moods. We are only responsible for what we do; and we can do, whether the mood is agreeable or not. Shakspeare, you know, has said,—

" There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."

Let us, then, if we wish to do any great work, watch for the turning of the tide, as the fisherman by the coast waits until the tide is right, and then lets God, through the tides, work for him. So let us watch for God's tides.

But as I said a moment ago, let us not be too dependent on them. It may be necessary for us to reach a certain point, to help some one in trouble, to accomplish some needed reform, to do something that waits to be done, when the tide is against us. Then row, and pull against the tide; but, in regard to the great world movements, remember that God cares more than we, and that, if we wish to accomplish the grandest results, we

must co-operate with God, use the tides which are the expression of his thought, his love, and his life.

Work against the tide, if you must, but trust in Him who holds the tides, both the ebb and the flow, in the hollow of his hand.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that we may believe there is a Power above all the ebb and flow of our feeling, our courage, or our enthusiasm; that there is a Power that holds the world in its grasp, and is guiding it on to some grand haven, unseen, only partly imagined as yet. Let us work with Thee, and be glad that we may be able to help in the attainment of these greatest results. When the tide is out, let us not lose heart; and, when it is in, let us rejoice. Amen.

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